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NOVELS
OF
SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Library Edition

HISTORICAL ROMANCES

VOL. VI.



LEILA;
OR,
THE SIEGE OF GRANADA.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED
CALDERON THE COURTIER,
AND
PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN.

BY
EDWARD BULWER LYTTON
—
(*LORD LYTTON.*)

BOSTON:
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P R E F A C E

TO THE PRESENT EDITION OF "LEILA" AND "CALDERON."

THE two romances which form the contents of this volume were originally published in an expensive form, with pictorial illustrations; and perhaps from the prejudice generally conceived against the literature of works that are supposed to rest some of their attractions on the skill of the engraver, as well as from any demerits of their own, they have been hitherto less popularly known than other prose fictions by the same author. It is true, however, that, in delineation of character and elaboration of plot, the "Siege of Granada" is inferior to the author's other historical romances; but there are portions of the conception—as connected with the position of Almamen between Moor and Christian, and detached scenes and descriptions—which the writer's more matured experience would be unable to improve.

The story of "Calderon," though slight and briefly told, belongs to a higher grade of passion and art than its companion; and the author once thought of converting it into a tragedy.

LEILA;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF GRANADA.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

The Enchanter and the Warrior.

IT was the summer of the year 1491, and the armies of Ferdinand and Isabel invested the city of Granada.

The night was not far advanced; and the moon, which broke through the transparent air of Andalusia, shone calmly over the immense and murmuring encampment of the Spanish foe, and touched with a hazy light the snow-capped summits of the Sierra Nevada, contrasting the verdure and luxuriance which no devastation of man could utterly sweep from the beautiful vale below.

In the streets of the Moorish city many a group still lingered. Some, as if unconscious of the beleaguering war without, were listening in quiet indolence to the strings of the Moorish lute, or the lively tale of an Arabian improvvisatore; others were conversing with such eager and animated gestures as no ordinary excitement could wring from the stately calm habitual to every Oriental people. But the more public places, in which gathered these different groups, only the more

impressively heightened the desolate and solemn repose that brooded over the rest of the city.

At this time a man, with downcast eyes and arms folded within the sweeping gown which descended to his feet, was seen passing through the streets, alone, and apparently unobservant of all around him. Yet this indifference was by no means shared by the straggling crowds through which, from time to time, he musingly swept.

“God is great!” said one man; “it is the Enchanter Almanen.”

“He hath locked up the manhood of Boabdil el Chico with the key of his spells,” quoth another, stroking his beard; “I would curse him, if I dared.”

“But they say that he hath promised that when man fails, the genii will fight for Granada,” observed a third, doubtingly.

“Allah Akbar! what is, is! what shall be, shall be!” said a fourth, with all the solemn sagacity of a prophet.

Whatever their feelings, whether of awe or execration, terror or hope, each group gave way as Almamen passed, and hushed the murmurs not intended for his ear. Passing through the Zacatin (the street which traversed the Great Bazaar), the reputed enchanter ascended a narrow and winding street, and arrived at last before the walls that encircled the palace and fortress of the Alhambra.

The sentry at the gate saluted and admitted him in silence; and in a few moments his form was lost in the solitude of groves, amidst which, at frequent openings, the spray of Arabian fountains glittered in the moonlight; while, above, rose the castled heights of the Alhambra; and on the right, those Vermilion Towers,

whose origin veils itself in the furthest ages of Phœnician enterprise.

Almamen paused, and surveyed the scene. “Was Aden more lovely?” he muttered; “and shall so fair a spot be trodden by the victor Nazarene? What matters? Creed chases creed—race, race—until time comes back to its starting-place, and beholds the reign restored to the eldest faith and the eldest tribe. The horn of our strength shall be exalted.”

At these thoughts the seer relapsed into silence, and gazed long and intently upon the stars, as, more numerous and brilliant with every step of the advancing night, their rays broke on the playful waters, and tinged with silver the various and breathless foliage. So earnest was his gaze, and so absorbed his thoughts, that he did not perceive the approach of a Moor, whose glittering weapons and snow-white turban, rich with emeralds, cast a gleam through the wood.

The new-comer was above the common size of his race, generally small and spare, but without attaining the lofty stature and large proportions of the more redoubted of the warriors of Spain. But in his presence and mien there was something which, in the haughtiest conclave of Christian chivalry, would have seemed to tower and command. He walked with a step at once light and stately, as if it spurned the earth; and in the carriage of the small, erect head and stag-like throat there was that undefinable and imposing dignity which accords so well with our conception of a heroic lineage and a noble though imperious spirit. The stranger approached Almamen, and paused abruptly when within a few steps of the enchanter. He gazed upon him in silence for some moments; and when at length he spoke, it was with a cold and sarcastic tone.

“ Pretender to the dark secrets,” said he, “ is it in the stars that thou art reading those destinies of men and nations which the Prophet wrought by the chieftain’s brain and the soldier’s arm ? ”

“ Prince,” replied Almamen, turning slowly, and recognizing the intruder on his meditations, “ I was but considering how many revolutions which have shaken earth to its centre those orbs have witnessed unsympathizing and unchanged.”

“ Unsympathizing ! ” repeated the Moor, — “ yet thou believest in their effect upon the earth ? ”

“ You wrong me,” answered Almamen, with a slight smile; “ you confound your servant with that vain race the astrologers.”

“ I deemed astrology a part of the science of the two angels, Harût and Marût.”¹

“ Possibly; but I know not that science, though I have wandered at midnight by the ancient Babel.”

“ Fame lies to us then,” answered the Moor, with some surprise.

“ Fame never made pretence to truth,” said Almamen, calmly, and proceeding on his way. “ Allah be with you, prince! I seek the king.”

“ Stay! I have just quitted his presence, and left him, I trust, with thoughts worthy of the sovereign of Granada, which I would not have disturbed by a stranger, a man whose arms are not spear nor shield.”

“ Noble Muza,” returned Almamen, “ fear not that my voice will weaken the inspirations which thine hath breathed into the breast of Boabdil. Alas! if

¹ The science of magic. It was taught by the angels named in the text; for which offence they are still supposed to be confined in the ancient Babel. There they may yet be consulted, though they are rarely seen. — *Yalla’odin Yahya*. — *SALE’S Koran*.

my counsel were heeded, thou wouldest hear the warriors of Granada talk less of Muza, and more of the king. But Fate, or Allah, hath placed upon the throne of a tottering dynasty one who, though brave, is weak,—though wise, a dreamer; and you suspect the adviser when you find the influence of nature on the advised. Is this just?"

Muza gazed long and sternly on the face of Almamen; then, putting his hand gently on the enchanter's shoulder, he said,—

"Stranger, if thou playest us false, think that this arm hath cloven the casque of many a foe, and will not spare the turban of a traitor!"

"And think thou, proud prince," returned Almamen, unquailing, "that I answer alone to Allah for my motives, and that against man my deeds I can defend!"

With these words the enchanter drew his long robe round him, and disappeared amidst the foliage.

CHAPTER II.

The King within his Palace.

IN one of those apartments, the luxury of which is known only to the inhabitants of a genial climate (half chamber and half grotto), reclined a young Moor, in a thoughtful and musing attitude.

The ceiling of cedar-wood, glowing with gold and azure, was supported by slender shafts, of the whitest alabaster, between which were open arcades, light and graceful as the arched vineyards of Italy, and wrought in that delicate filigree-work common to the Arabian architecture: through these arcades was seen at intervals the lapsing fall of waters, lighted by alabaster lamps; and their tinkling music sounded with a fresh and regular murmur upon the ear. The whole of one side of this apartment was open to a broad and extensive balcony, which overhung the banks of the winding and moonlit Darro; and in the clearness of the soft night might be distinctly seen the undulating hills, the woods, and orange-groves, which still form the unrivalled landscapes of Granada.

The pavement was spread with ottomans and couches of the richest azure, prodigally enriched with quaint designs in broderies of gold and silver; and over that on which the Moor reclined, facing the open balcony, were suspended on a pillar the round shield, the light javelin, and the curving cimeter of Moorish warfare. So studded were these arms with jewels of rare cost,

that they might alone have sufficed to indicate the rank of the evident owner, even if his own gorgeous vestments had not betrayed it. An open manuscript, on a silver table, lay unread before the Moor, as, leaning his face upon his hand, he looked with abstracted eyes along the mountain summits, dimly distinguished from the cloudless and far horizon.

No one could have gazed without a vague emotion of interest, mixed with melancholy, upon the countenance of the inmate of that luxurious chamber.

Its beauty was singularly stamped with a grave and stately sadness which was made still more impressive by its air of youth and the unwonted fairness of the complexion: unlike the attributes of the Moorish race, the hair and curling beard were of a deep golden color; and on the broad forehead and in the large eyes was that settled and contemplative mildness which rarely softens the swart lineaments of the fiery children of the sun. Such was the personal appearance of Boabdil el Chico, the last of the Moorish dynasty in Spain.

“These scrolls of Arabian learning,” said Boabdil to himself, “what do they teach? to despise wealth and power, to hold the heart to be the true empire. This, then, is wisdom. Yet, if I follow these maxims, am I wise? Alas! the whole world would call me a driveller and a madman. Thus is it ever; the wisdom of the Intellect fills us with precepts which it is the wisdom of Action to despise. O Holy Prophet! what fools men would be if their knavery did not eclipse their folly!”

The young king listlessly threw himself back on his cushions as he uttered these words, too philosophical for a king whose crown sat so loosely on his brow.

After a few moments of thought that appeared to dissatisfy and disquiet him, Boabdil again turned impa-

tiently round. "My soul wants the bath of music," said he; "these journeys into a pathless realm have wearied it, and the streams of sound supple and relax the travailed pilgrim."

He clapped his hands, and from one of the arcades a boy, hitherto invisible, started into sight; at a slight and scarce perceptible sign from the king, the boy again vanished, and in a few moments afterwards, glancing through the fairy pillars, and by the glittering waterfalls, came the small and twinkling feet of the maids of Araby. As, with their transparent tunics and white arms, they gleamed, without an echo, through that cool and voluptuous chamber, they might well have seemed the Peris of the Eastern magic, summoned to beguile the sated leisure of a youthful Solomon. With them came a maiden of more exquisite beauty, though smaller stature, than the rest, bearing the light Moorish lute; and a faint and languid smile broke over the beautiful face of Boabdil, as his eyes rested upon her graceful form and the dark yet glowing lustre of her Oriental countenance. She alone approached the king, timidly kissed his hand, and then, joining her comrades, commenced the following song, to the air and very words of which the feet of the dancing girls kept time, while with the chorus rang the silver bells of the musical instrument which each of the dancers carried.

AMINE'S SONG.

I.

Softly, oh, softly glide,
Gentle Music, thou silver tide,
Bearing the lulled air along,
This leaf from the rose of song !

To its port in his soul let it float,
 The frail, but the fragrant boat,
 Bear it, soft Air, along!

II.

With the burden of sound we are laden,
 Like the bells on the trees of Aden,¹
 When they thrill with a tinkling tone
 At the Wind from the Holy Throne.

Hark, as we move around,
 We shake off the buds of sound ;
 Thy presence, Belov'd, is Aden !

III.

Sweet chime that I hear and wake :
 I would, for my loved one's sake,
 That I were a sound like thee,
 To the depths of his heart to flee.

If my breath had his senses blest,
 If my voice in his heart could rest,
 What pleasure to die like thee !

The music ceased ; the dancers remained motionless in their graceful postures, as if arrested into statues of alabaster ; and the young songstress cast herself on a cushion at the feet of the monarch, and looked up fondly but silently into his yet melancholy eyes, when a man, whose entrance had not been noticed, was seen to stand within the chamber.

He was about the middle stature, — lean, muscular, and strongly though sparely built. A plain black robe, something in the fashion of the Armenian gown, hung long and loosely over a tunic of bright scarlet, girded

¹ The Mahometans believe that musical bells hang on the trees of Paradise, and are put in motion by a wind from the throne of God.

by a broad belt, from the centre of which was suspended a small golden key, while at the left side appeared the jewelled hilt of a crooked dagger. His features were cast in a larger and grander mould than was common amongst the Moors of Spain; the forehead was broad, massive, and singularly high, and the dark eyes of unusual size and brilliancy; his beard, short, black, and glossy, curled upward, and concealed all the lower part of the face, save a firm, compressed, and resolute expression in the lips, which were large and full; the nose was high, aquiline, and well-shaped; and the whole character of the head (which was, for symmetry, on too large and gigantic a scale as proportioned to the form) was indicative of extraordinary energy and power. At the first glance the stranger might have seemed scarce on the borders of middle age; but, on a more careful examination, the deep lines and wrinkles marked on the forehead and round the eyes, betrayed a more advanced period of life. With arms folded on his breast, he stood by the side of the king, waiting in silence the moment when his presence should be perceived.

He did not wait long; the eyes and gesture of the girl nestled at the feet of Boabdil drew the king's attention to the spot where the stranger stood: his eye brightened when it fell upon him.

“Almamen,” cried Boabdil, eagerly, “you are welcome.” As he spoke, he motioned to the dancing-girls to withdraw.

“May I not rest? O core of my heart, thy bird is in its home,” murmured the songstress at the king's feet.

“Sweet Amine,” answered Boabdil, tenderly smoothing down her ringlets as he bent to kiss her brow, “you should witness only my hours of delight. Toil and

business have naught with thee; I will join thee ere yet the nightingale hymns his last music to the moon.” Amine sighed, rose, and vanished with her companions.

“ My friend,” said the king, when alone with Almamen, “ your counsels often soothe me into quiet, yet in such hours quiet is a crime. But what do? — how struggle? — how act? Alas! at the hour of his birth rightly did they affix to the name of Boabdil the epithet of *El Zogoybi*.¹ Misfortune set upon my brow her dark and fated stamp ere yet my lips could shape a prayer against her power. My fierce father, whose frown was as the frown of Azrael, hated me in my cradle; in my youth my name was invoked by rebels against my will; imprisoned by my father, with the poison-bowl or the dagger hourly before my eyes, I was saved only by the artifice of my mother. When age and infirmity broke the iron sceptre of the king, my claims to the throne were set aside, and my uncle, El Zagal, usurped my birthright. Amidst open war and secret treason I wrestled for my crown; and now, the sole sovereign of Granada, when, as I fondly imagined, my uncle had lost all claim on the affections of my people by succumbing to the Christian king and accepting a fief under his dominion, I find that the very crime of El Zagal is fixed upon me by my unhappy subjects, — that they deem he would not have yielded but for my supineness. At the moment of my delivery from my rival, I am received with execration by my subjects, and, driven into this my fortress of the Alhambra, dare not venture to head my armies or to face my people; yet am I called weak and irresolute, when strength and courage are forbid me. And as the water glides from

¹ The unlucky.

yonder rock, that hath no power to retain it, I see the tide of empire welling from my hands."

The young king spoke warmly and bitterly; and, in the irritation of his thoughts, strode, while he spoke, with rapid and irregular strides along the chamber. Almamen marked his emotion with an eye and lip of rigid composure.

"Light of the faithful," said he, when Boabdil had concluded, "the powers above never doom man to perpetual sorrow nor perpetual joy: the cloud and the sunshine are alike essential to the heaven of our destinies; and if thou hast suffered in thy youth, thou hast exhausted the calamities of fate, and thy manhood will be glorious, and thine age serene."

"Thou speakest as if the armies of Ferdinand were not already around my walls," said Boabdil, impatiently.

"The armies of Sennacherib were as mighty," answered Almamen.

"Wise seer," returned the king, in a tone half sarcastic and half solemn, "we, the Mussulmans of Spain, are not the blind fanatics of the Eastern world. On us have fallen the lights of philosophy and science; and if the more clear-sighted among us yet outwardly reverence the forms and fables worshipped by the multitude, it is from the wisdom of policy, not the folly of belief. Talk not to me, then, of thine examples of the ancient and elder creeds: the agents of God for this world are now, at least, in men, not angels; and if I wait till Ferdinand share the destiny of Sennacherib, I wait only till the Standard of the Cross wave above the Vermilion Towers."

"Yet," said Almamen, "while my lord the king rejects the fanaticism of belief, doth he reject the fanaticism of persecution? You disbelieve the stories

of the Hebrews; yet you suffer the Hebrews themselves, that ancient and kindred Arabian race, to be ground to the dust, condemned and tortured by your judges, your informers, your soldiers, and your subjects."

"The base misers! they deserve their fate," answered Boabdil, loftily. "Gold is their god, and the market-place their country; amidst the tears and groans of nations, they sympathize only with the rise and fall of trade; and, the thieves of the universe! while their hand is against every man's coffer, why wonder that they provoke the hand of every man against their throats? Worse than the tribe of Hanifa, who eat their god only in time of famine;¹ the race of Moisa² would sell the Seven Heavens for the dent³ on the back of the date-stone."

"Your laws leave them no ambition but that of avarice," replied Almamen; "and as the plant will crook and distort its trunk, to raise its head through every obstacle to the sun, so the mind of man twists and perverts itself, if legitimate openings are denied it, to find its natural element in the gale of power or the sunshine of esteem. These Hebrews were not traffickers and misers in their own sacred land when they routed your ancestors, the Arab armies of old, and gnawed the flesh from their bones in famine, rather than yield a weaker city than Granada to a mightier force than the holiday lords of Spain. Let this pass. My lord rejects the belief in the agencies of the angels; doth he still retain belief in the wisdom of mortal men?"

¹ The tribe of Hanifa worshipped a lump of dough.

² Moisa, Moses.

³ A proverb used in the Koran, signifying the smallest possible trifle.

“ Yes! ” returned Boabdil, quickly ; “ for of the one I know naught: of the other, mine own senses can be the judge. Almamen, my fiery kinsman, Muza, hath this evening been with me. He hath urged me to reject the fears of my people, which chain my panting spirit within these walls; he hath urged me to gird on yonder shield and cimeter, and to appear in the Vivarrambla, at the head of the nobles of Granada. My heart leaps high at the thought! and if I cannot live, at least I will die—a king! ”

“ It is nobly spoken,” said Almamen, coldly.

“ You approve, then, my design? ”

“ The friends of the king cannot approve the ambition of the king to die.”

“ Ha! ” said Boabdil, in an altered voice, “ thou thinkest, then, that I am doomed to perish in this struggle? ”

“ As the hour shall be chosen, wilt thou fall or triumph.”

“ And that hour? ”

“ Is not yet come.”

“ Dost thou read the hour in the stars? ”

“ Let Moorish seers cultivate that frantic credulity: thy servant sees but in the stars worlds mightier than this little earth, whose light would neither wane nor wink, if earth itself were swept from the infinities of space.”

“ Mysterious man! ” said Boabdil; “ whence then is thy power,— whence thy knowledge of the future? ”

Almamen approached the king, as he now stood by the open balcony.

“ Behold! ” said he, pointing to the waters of the Darro, “ yonder stream is of an element in which man cannot live nor breathe; above, in the thin and

in palpable air, our steps cannot find a footing, the armies of all earth cannot build an empire. And yet, by the exercise of a little art, the fishes and the birds, the inhabitants of the air and the water, minister to our most humble wants, the most common of our enjoyments; so it is with the true science of enchantment. Thinkest thou that, while the petty surface of the world is crowded with living things, there is no life in the vast centre within the earth, and the immense ether that surrounds it? As the fisherman snares his prey, as the fowler entraps the bird, so, by the art and genius of our human mind, we may thrall and command the subtler beings of realms and elements which our material bodies cannot enter, our gross senses cannot survey. This, then, is my lore. Of other worlds know I naught; but of the things of this world, whether men, or, as your legends term them, ghouls and genii, I have learned something. To the future I myself am blind; but I can invoke and conjure up those whose eyes are more piercing, whose natures are more gifted."

"Prove to me thy power," said Boabdil, awed less by the words than by the thrilling voice and the impressive aspect of the enchanter.

"Is not the king's will my law?" answered Almamen; "be his will obeyed. To-morrow night I await thee."

"Where?"

Almamen paused a moment, and then whispered a sentence in the king's ear. Boabdil started, and turned pale.

"A fearful spot!"

"So is the Alhambra itself, great Boabdil, while Ferdinand is without the walls, and Muza within the city."

“ Muza! Darest thou mistrust my bravest warrior?”

“ What wise king will trust the idol of the king’s army? Did Boabdil fall to-morrow, by a chance javelin, in the field, whom would the nobles and the warriors place upon his throne? Doth it require an enchanter’s lore to whisper to thy heart the answer, in the name of ‘ Muza ’? ”

“ Oh, wretched state! oh, miserable king!” exclaimed Boabdil, in a tone of great anguish. “ I never had a father; I have now no people; a little while, and I shall have no country. Am I never to have a friend? ”

“ A friend! what king ever had? ” returned Almamen, dryly.

“ Away, man, away! ” cried Boabdil, as the impatient spirit of his rank and race shot dangerous fire from his eyes; “ your cold and bloodless wisdom freezes up all the veins of my manhood! Glory, confidence, human sympathy, and feeling,—your counsels annihilate them all. Leave me! I would be alone.”

“ We meet to-morrow at midnight, mighty Boabdil,” said Almamen, with his usual unmoved and passionless tones. “ May the king live forever! ”

The king turned; but his monitor had already disappeared. He went as he came,—noiseless and sudden as a ghost.

CHAPTER III.

The Lovers.

WHEN Muza parted from Almamen, he bent his steps towards the hill that rises opposite the ascent crowned with the towers of the Alhambra; the sides and summit of which eminence were tenanted by the luxurious population of the city. He selected the more private and secluded paths; and, half-way up the hill, arrived at last before a low wall of considerable extent, which girded the gardens of some wealthier inhabitant of the city. He looked long and anxiously round: all was solitary; nor was the stillness broken, save as an occasional breeze from the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada rustled the fragrant leaves of the citron and pomegranate, or as the silver tinkling of waterfalls chimed melodiously within the gardens. The Moor's heart beat high; a moment more, and he had scaled the wall, and found himself upon a greensward, variegated by the rich colors of many a sleeping flower, and shaded by groves and alleys of luxuriant foliage and golden fruits.

It was not long before he stood beside a house that seemed of a construction anterior to the Moorish dynasty. It was built over low cloisters, formed by heavy and time-worn pillars, concealed for the most part by a profusion of roses and creeping shrubs; the lattices above the cloisters opened upon large gilded balconies, the super-addition of Moriscan taste. In one only of the case-

ments a lamp was visible; the rest of the mansion was dark, as if, save in that chamber, sleep kept watch over the inmates. It was to this window that the Moor stole; and after a moment's pause he murmured rather than sang, so low and whispered was his voice, the following simple verses, slightly varied from an old Arabian poet,—

SERENADE.

Light of my soul, arise, arise!
Thy sister lights are in the skies;
 We want thine eyes,
 Thy joyous eyes;
The Night is mourning for thine eyes!
The sacred verse is on my sword,
But on my heart thy name:
The words, on each alike adored,
The truth of each the same,—
The same! — alas! too well I feel
The heart is truer than the steel!

Light of my soul! upon me shine;
Night wakes her stars to envy mine.
 Those eyes of thine,
 Wild eyes of thine,
What stars are like those eyes of thine?

As he concluded, the lattice softly opened; and a female form appeared on the balcony.

“ Ah, Leila! ” said the Moor, “ I see thee, and I am blessed! ”

“ Hush! ” answered Leila; “ speak low, nor tarry long. I fear that our interviews are suspected; and this,” she added in a trembling voice, “ may perhaps be the last time we shall meet.”

“Holy prophet!” exclaimed Muza, passionately, “what do I hear? Why this mystery? why cannot I learn thine origin, thy rank, thy parents? Think you, beautiful Leila, that Granada holds a house lofty enough to disdain the alliance with Muza Ben Abil Gazan? and oh!” he added, sinking the haughty tones of his voice into accents of the softest tenderness, “if not too high to scorn me, what should war against our loves and our bridals? For worn equally on my heart were the flower of thy sweet self, whether the mountain-top or the valley gave birth to the odor and the bloom.”

“Alas!” answered Leila, weeping, “the mystery thou complainest of is as dark to myself as thee. How often have I told thee that I know nothing of my birth or childish fortunes, save a dim memory of a more distant and burning clime, where, amidst sands and wastes, springs the everlasting cedar, and the camel grazes on stunted herbage withering in the fiery air? Then, it seemed to me that I had a mother; fond eyes looked on me, and soft songs hushed me into sleep.”

“Thy mother’s soul has passed into mine,” said the Moor, tenderly.

Leila continued: “Borne hither, I passed from childhood into youth within these walls. Slaves minister to my slightest wish; and those who have seen both state and poverty, which I have not, tell me that treasures and splendor that might glad a monarch are prodigalized around me; but of ties and kindred know I little. My father, a stern and silent man, visits me but rarely, — sometimes months pass, and I see him not; but I feel he loves me; and, till I knew thee, Muza, my brightest hours were in listening to the footsteps and flying to the arms of that solitary friend.”

“Know you not his name?”

"Nor I, nor any one of the household; save perhaps Ximen, the chief of the slaves, an old and withered man, whose very eye chills me into fear and silence."

"Strange!" said the Moor, musingly; "yet why think you our love is discovered or can be thwarted?"

"Hush! Ximen sought me this day. 'Maiden,' said he, 'men's footsteps have been tracked within the gardens; if your sire know this, you will have looked your last on Granada. Learn,' he added, in a softer voice, as he saw me tremble, 'that permission were easier given to thee to wed the wild tiger than to mate with the loftiest noble of Morisca! Beware!' He spoke, and left me. O Muza," she continued, passionately wringing her hands, "my heart sinks within me, and omen and doom rise dark before my sight!"

"By my father's head, these obstacles but fire my love; and I would scale to thy possession, though every step in the ladder were the corpses of a hundred foes!"

Scarcely had the fiery and high-souled Moor uttered his boast than, from some unseen hand amidst the groves, a javelin whirred past him, and, as the air it raised came sharp upon his cheek, half buried its quivering shaft in the trunk of a tree behind him.

"Fly, fly, and save thyself! O God, protect him!" cried Leila; and she vanished within the chamber.

The Moor did not wait the result of a deadlier aim: he turned; yet, in the instinct of his fierce nature, not from but against the foe; his drawn cimeter in his hand, the half-suppressed cry of wrath trembling on his lips, he sprang forward in the direction whence the javelin had sped. With eyes accustomed to the ambuscades of Moorish warfare, he searched eagerly yet warily through the dark and sighing foliage. No sign of life

met his gaze; and at length, grimly and reluctantly, he retraced his steps, and quitted the demesnes; but just as he had cleared the wall, a voice — low, but sharp and shrill — came from the gardens.

“Thou art spared,” it said, “but haply for a more miserable doom!”

CHAPTER IV.

The Father and Daughter.

THE chamber into which Leila retreated bore out the character she had given of the interior of her home. The fashion of its ornament and decoration was foreign to that adopted by the Moors of Granada. It had a more massive, and if we may use the term, *Egyptian* gorgeousness. The walls were covered with the stuffs of the East, stiff with gold, embroidered upon ground of the deepest purple; strange characters, apparently in some foreign tongue, were wrought in the tessellated cornices and on the heavy ceiling, which was supported by square pillars, round which were twisted serpents of gold and enamel, with eyes to which enormous emeralds gave a green and lifelike glare; various scrolls and musical instruments lay scattered upon marble tables; and a solitary lamp of burnished silver cast a dim and subdued light around the chamber. The effect of the whole, though splendid, was gloomy, strange, and oppressive, and rather suited to the thick and cavelike architecture which of old protected the inhabitants of Thebes and Memphis from the rays of the African sun, than to the transparent heaven and light pavilions of the graceful Orientals of Granada.

Leila stood within this chamber, pale and breathless, with her lips apart, her hands clasped, her very soul in her ears; nor was it possible to conceive a more perfect ideal of some delicate and brilliant Peri, captured in the palace of a hostile and gloomy genius. Her form

was of the lightest shape consistent with the roundness of womanly beauty; and there was something in it of that elastic and fawnlike grace which a sculptor seeks to embody in his dreams of a being more aërial than those of earth. Her luxuriant hair was dark indeed, but a purple and glossy hue redeemed it from that heaviness of shade too common in the tresses of the Asiatics; and her complexion, naturally pale, but clear and lustrous, would have been deemed fair even in the North. Her features, slightly aquiline, were formed in the rarest mould of symmetry; and her full, rich lips disclosed teeth that might have shamed the pearl. But the chief charm of that exquisite countenance was in an expression of softness and purity and intellectual sentiment that seldom accompanies that cast of loveliness, and was wholly foreign to the voluptuous and dreamy languor of Moorish maidens; Leila had been educated, and the statue had received a soul.

After a few minutes of intense suspense she again stole to the lattice, gently unclosed it, and looked forth. Far, through an opening amidst the trees, she descried for a single moment the erect and stately figure of her lover, darkening the moonshine on the sward, as now, quitting his fruitless search, he turned his lingering gaze towards the lattice of his beloved; the thick and interlacing foliage quickly hid him from her eyes; but Leila had seen enough,—she turned within, and said, as grateful tears trickled down her cheeks, and she sank on her knees upon the piled cushions of the chamber, “God of my fathers! I bless thee,—he is safe!

“And yet,” she added, as a painful thought crossed her, “how may I pray for him? We kneel not to the same Divinity; and I have been taught to loathe and shudder at his creed! Alas! how will this end? Fatal

was the hour when he first beheld me in yonder gardens; more fatal still the hour in which he crossed the barrier, and told Leila that she was beloved by the hero whose arm was the shelter, whose name is the blessing, of Granada. Ah, me! Ah, me!"

The young maiden covered her face with her hands, and sank into a passionate reverie, broken only by her sobs. Some time had passed in this undisturbed indulgence of her grief, when the arras was gently put aside, and a man, of remarkable garb and mien, advanced into the chamber, pausing as he beheld her dejected attitude, and gazing on her with a look in which pity and tenderness seemed to struggle against habitual severity and sternness.

"Leila!" said the intruder.

Leila started, and a deep blush suffused her countenance; she dashed the tears from her eyes, and came forward with a vain attempt to smile.

"My father, welcome!"

The stranger seated himself on the cushions, and motioned Leila to his side.

"These tears are fresh upon thy cheek," said he, gravely; "they are the witness of thy race! Our daughters are born to weep, and our sons to groan! ashes are on the head of the mighty, and the Fountains of the Beautiful run with gall! Oh that we could but struggle, that we could but dare, that we could raise up our heads, and unite against the bondage of the evil-doer! It may not be, — but one man shall avenge a nation!"

The dark face of Leila's father, well fitted to express powerful emotion, became terrible in its wrath and passion: his brow and lip worked convulsively; but the paroxysm was brief; and scarce could she shudder at its intensity, ere it had subsided into calm.

“Enough of these thoughts, which thou, a woman and a child, art not formed to witness. Leila, thou hast been nurtured with tenderness and schooled with care. Harsh and unloving may I have seemed to thee, but I would have shed the best drops of my heart to have saved thy young years from a single pang. Nay, listen to me silently. That thou mightst one day be worthy of thy race, and that thine hours might not pass in indolent and weary lassitude, thou hast been taught the lessons of a knowledge rarely given to thy sex. Not thine the lascivious arts of the Moorish maidens; not thine their harlot songs, and their dances of lewd delight; thy delicate limbs were but taught the attitude that Nature dedicates to the worship of a God, and the music of thy voice was tuned to the songs of thy fallen country, sad with the memory of her wrongs, animated with the names of her heroes, holy with the solemnity of her prayers. These scrolls, and the lessons of our seers, have imparted to thee such of our science and our history as may fit thy mind to aspire, and thy heart to feel for a sacred cause. Thou listenest to me, Leila ? ”

Perplexed and wondering, for never before had her father addressed her in such a strain, the maiden answered with an earnestness of manner that seemed to content the questioner; and he resumed, with an altered, hollow, solemn voice, —

“Then curse the persecutors! Daughter of the great Hebrew race, arise and curse the Moorish taskmaster and spoiler! ”

As he spoke, the adjuror himself rose, lifting his right hand on high, while his left touched the shoulder of the maiden. But she, after gazing a moment in wild and terrified amazement upon his face, fell cowering at his

knees; and, clasping them imploringly, exclaimed in scarce articulate murmurs, —

“Oh, spare me! spare me!”

The Hebrew, for such he was, surveyed her, as she thus quailed at his feet, with a look of rage and scorn; his hand wandered to his poniard, he half unsheathed it, thrust it back with a muttered curse, and then, deliberately drawing it forth, cast it on the ground beside her.

“Degenerate girl!” he said, in accents that vainly struggled for calm, “if thou hast admitted to thy heart one unworthy thought towards a Moorish infidel, dig deep and root it out, even with the knife and to the death, — so wilt thou save this hand from that degrading task.”

He drew himself hastily from her grasp, and left the unfortunate girl alone and senseless.

CHAPTER V.

Ambition distorted into Vice by Law.

ON descending a broad flight of stairs from the apartment, the Hebrew encountered an old man, habited in loose garments of silk and fur, upon whose withered and wrinkled face life seemed scarcely to struggle against the advance of death, — so haggard, wan, and corpse-like was its aspect.

“ Ximen,” said the Israelite, “ trusty and beloved servant, follow me to the cavern.” He did not tarry for an answer, but continued his way with rapid strides, through various courts and alleys, till he came at length into a narrow, dark, and damp gallery, that seemed cut from the living rock. At its entrance was a strong grate which gave way to the Hebrew’s touch upon the spring, though the united strength of a hundred men could not have moved it from its hinge. Taking up a brazen lamp that burned in a niche within it, the Hebrew paused impatiently, till the feeble steps of the old man reached the spot; and then, reclosing the grate, pursued his winding way for a considerable distance, till he stopped suddenly by a part of the rock which seemed in no respect different from the rest; and so artfully contrived and concealed was the door which he now opened, and so suddenly did it yield to his hand, that it appeared literally the effect of enchantment, when the rock yawned, and discovered a circular cavern, lighted with brazen lamps, and spread with hangings and cushions of thick furs. Upon rude and seemingly natural pillars of

rock, various antique and rusty arms were suspended; in large niches were deposited scrolls, clasped and bound with iron; and a profusion of strange and uncouth instruments and machines (in which modern science might, perhaps, discover the tools of chemical invention) gave a magical and ominous aspect to the wild abode.

The Hebrew cast himself on a couch of furs; and as the old man entered and closed the door, "Ximen," said he, "fill out wine, — it is a soothing counsellor, and I need it."

Extracting from one of the recesses of the cavern a flask and a goblet, Ximen proffered to his lord a copious draught of the sparkling vintage of the Vega, which seemed to invigorate and restore him.

"Old man," said he, concluding the potation with a deep-drawn sigh, "fill to thyself, — drink till thy veins feel young."

Ximen obeyed the mandate but imperfectly; the wine just touched his lips, and the goblet was put aside.

"Ximen," resumed the Israelite, "how many of our race have been butchered by the avarice of the Moorish kings, since first thou didst set foot within the city!"

"Three thousand, — the number was completed last winter, by the order of Jusef, the vizier; and their goods and coffers are transformed into shafts and cimeters against the dogs of Galilee."

"Three thousand, — no more! three thousand only! I would the number had been tripled, for the interest is becoming due!"

"My brother and my son and my grandson are among the number," said the old man; and his face grew yet more deathlike.

“ Their monuments shall be in hecatombs of their tyrants. They shall not, at least, call the Jews niggards in revenge.”

“ But pardon me, noble chief of a fallen people; thinkest thou we shall be less despoiled and trodden under foot by yon haughty and stiff-necked Nazarenes than by the Arabian misbelievers ? ”

“ Accursed, in truth, are both,” returned the Hebrew; “ but the one promise more fairly than the other. I have seen this Ferdinand and his proud queen; they are pledged to accord us rights and immunities we have never known before in Europe.”

“ And they will not touch our traffic, our gains, our gold ? ”

“ Out on thee ! ” cried the fiery Israelite, stamping on the ground. “ I would all the gold of earth were sunk into the everlasting pit ! It is this mean and miserable and loathsome leprosy of avarice, that gnaws away from our whole race the heart, the soul, nay, the very form of man ! Many a time, when I have seen the lordly features of the descendants of Solomon and Joshua (features that stamp the nobility of the Eastern world born to mastery and command) sharpened and furrowed by petty cares, when I have looked upon the frame of the strong man bowed, like a crawling reptile, to some huckstering bargainer of silks and unguents, and heard the voice that should be raising the battle-cry smoothed into fawning accents of base fear or yet baser hope, I have asked myself if I am indeed of the blood of Israel ! and thanked the great Jehovah that He hath spared me, at least, the curse that hath blasted my brotherhood into usurers and slaves ! ”

Ximen prudently forbore an answer to enthusiasm

which he neither shared nor understood; but, after a brief silence, turned back the stream of the conversation.

“ You resolve, then, upon prosecuting vengeance on the Moors, at whatsoever hazard of the broken faith of these Nazarenes ? ”

“ Ay, the vapor of human blood hath risen unto heaven, and, collected into thunder-clouds, hangs over the doomed and guilty city. And now, Ximen, I have a new cause for hatred to the Moors: the flower that I have reared and watched, the spoiler hath sought to pluck it from my hearth. Leila, — thou hast guarded her ill, Ximen; and, wert thou not endeared to me by thy very malice and vices, the rising sun should have seen thy trunk on the waters of the Darro.”

“ My lord,” replied Ximen, “ if thou, the wisest of our people, canst not guard a maiden from love, how canst thou see crime in the dull eyes and numbed senses of a miserable old man ? ”

The Israelite did not answer, nor seem to hear this deprecatory remonstrance. He appeared rather occupied with his own thoughts; and, speaking to himself, he muttered: “ It must be so: the sacrifice is hard, the danger great; but here, at least, it is more immediate. It shall be done. Ximen,” he continued, speaking aloud, “ dost thou feel assured that even mine own countrymen, mine own tribe, know me not as one of them ? Were my despised birth and religion published, my limbs would be torn asunder as an impostor, and all the arts of the Cabala could not save me.”

“ Doubt not, great master; none in Granada, save thy faithful Ximen, know thy secret.”

“ So let me dream and hope. And now to my work; for this night must be spent in toil.”

The Hebrew drew before him some of the strange

instruments we have described, and took from the recesses in the rock several scrolls. The old man lay at his feet ready to obey his behests; but, to all appearance, rigid and motionless as the dead, whom his blanched hues and shrivelled form resembled. It was, indeed, as the picture of the enchanter at his work, and the corpse of some man of old, revived from the grave to minister to his spells and execute his commands.

Enough in the preceding conversation has transpired to convince the reader that the Hebrew, in whom he has already detected the Almamen of the Alhambra, was of no character common to his tribe. Of a lineage that shrouded itself in the darkness of his mysterious people in their day of power, and possessed of immense wealth, which threw into poverty the resources of Gothic princes, the youth of that remarkable man had been spent, not in traffic and merchandise, but travel and study.

As a child his home had been in Granada. He had seen his father butchered by the late king, Muley Abul Hassan, without other crime than his reputed riches; and his body literally cut open, to search for the jewels it was supposed he had swallowed. He saw; and boy as he was, he vowed revenge. A distant kinsman bore the orphan to lands more secure from persecution; and the art with which the Jews concealed their wealth, scattering it over various cities, had secured to Almamen the treasures the tyrant of Granada had failed to grasp.

He had visited the greater part of the world then known; and resided for many years in the court of the sultan of that hoary Egypt which still retained its fame for abstruse science and magic lore. He had not in vain applied himself to such tempting and wild researches, and had acquired many of those secrets

now perhaps lost forever to the world. We do not mean to intimate that he attained to what legend and superstition impose upon our faith as the art of sorcery. He could neither command the elements nor pierce the veil of the future,—scatter armies with a word, nor pass from spot to spot by the utterance of a charmed formula. But men who for ages had passed their lives in attempting all the effects that can astonish and awe the vulgar, could not but learn some secrets which all the more sober wisdom of modern times would search ineffectually to solve or to revive. And many of such arts, acquired mechanically (their invention often the work of a chemical accident), those who attained to them could not always explain, nor account for the phenomena they created, so that the mightiness of their own deceptions deceived themselves; and they often believed they were the masters of the Nature to which they were, in reality, but erratic and wild disciples. Of such was the student in that grim cavern. He was in some measure the dupe, partly of his own bewildered wisdom, partly of the fervor of an imagination exceedingly high-wrought and enthusiastic. His own gorgeous vanity intoxicated him; and if it be an historical truth that the kings of the ancient world, blinded by their own power, had moments in which they believed themselves more than men, it is not incredible that sages, elevated even above kings, should conceive a frenzy as weak, or, it may be, as sublime, and imagine that they did not claim in vain the awful dignity with which the faith of the multitude invested their faculties and gifts.

But though the accident of birth, which excluded him from all field for energy and ambition, had thus directed the powerful mind of Almamen to contemplation and study, nature had never intended passions so

fierce for the calm though visionary pursuits to which he was addicted. Amidst scrolls and seers, he had pined for action and glory; and, baffled in all wholesome egress, by the universal exclusion which in every land and from every faith met the religion he belonged to, the faculties within him ran riot, producing gigantic but baseless schemes, which, as one after the other crumbled away, left behind feelings of dark misanthropy and intense revenge.

Perhaps, had his religion been prosperous and powerful, he might have been a sceptic; persecution and affliction made him a fanatic. Yet, true to that prominent characteristic of the old Hebrew race which made them look to a Messiah only as a warrior and a prince, and which taught them to associate all their hopes and schemes with worldly victories and power, Almamen desired rather to advance than to obey his religion. He cared little for its precepts, he thought little of its doctrines; but, night and day, he revolved his schemes for its earthly restoration and triumph.

At that time the Moors in Spain were far more deadly persecutors of the Jews than the Christians were. Amidst the Spanish cities on the coast, that merchant tribe had formed commercial connections with the Christians, sufficiently beneficial, both to individuals as to communities, to obtain for them not only toleration but something of personal friendship, wherever men bought and sold in the market-place. And the gloomy fanaticism which afterwards stained the fame of the great Ferdinand, and introduced the horrors of the Inquisition, had not yet made itself more than fitfully visible. But the Moors had treated this unhappy people with a wholesale and relentless barbarity. At Granada, under the reign of the fierce father of Boabdil, — “that

king with the tiger heart,"— the Jews had been literally placed without the pale of humanity; and even under the mild and contemplative Boabdil himself, they had been plundered without mercy, and, if suspected of secreting their treasures, massacred without scruple. The wants of the state continued their unrelenting accusers; their wealth, their inexpiable crime.

It was in the midst of these barbarities that Almamen, for the first time since the day when the death-shriek of his agonized father rang in his ears, suddenly returned to Granada. He saw the unmitigated miseries of his brethren, and he remembered and repeated his vow. His name changed, his kindred dead, none remembered, in the mature Almamen, the beardless child of Issachar, the Jew. He had long, indeed, deemed it advisable to disguise his faith, and was known throughout the African kingdoms but as the potent santon or the wise magician.

This fame soon lifted him, in Granada, high in the councils of the court. Admitted to the intimacy of Muley Hassan, with Boabdil, and the queen-mother, he had conspired against that monarch; and had lived, at least, to avenge his father upon the royal murderer. He was no less intimate with Boabdil; but, steeled against fellowship or affection for all men out of the pale of his faith, he saw in the confidence of the king only the blindness of a victim.

Serpent as he was, he cared not through what mire of treachery and fraud he trailed his baleful folds, so that at last he could spring upon his prey. Nature had given him sagacity and strength. The curse of circumstance had humbled, but reconciled him to the dust. He had the crawl of the reptile,— he had also its poison and its fangs.

CHAPTER VI.

The Lion in the Net.

IT was the next night, not long before daybreak, that the King of Granada abruptly summoned to his council, Jusef, his vizier. The old man found Boabdil in great disorder and excitement; but he almost deemed his sovereign mad, when he received from him the order to seize upon the person of Muza Ben Abil Gazan, and to lodge him in the strongest dungeon of the Vermilion Tower. Presuming upon Boabdil's natural mildness, the vizier ventured to remonstrate, to suggest the danger of laying violent hands upon a chief so beloved, and to inquire what cause should be assigned for the outrage.

The veins swelled like cords upon Boabdil's brow, as he listened to the vizier; and his answer was short and peremptory.

"Am I yet a king, that I should fear a subject, or excuse my will? Thou hast my orders; there are my signet and the firman: obedience or the bow-string!"

Never before had Boabdil so resembled his dread father in speech and air; the vizier trembled to the soles of his feet, and withdrew in silence. Boabdil watched him depart; and then, clasping his hands in great emotion, exclaimed, "O lips of the dead! ye have warned me; and to you I sacrifice the friend of my youth."

On quitting Boabdil, the vizier, taking with him some of those foreign slaves of a seraglio who know no sympathy with human passion outside its walls,

bent his way to the palace of Muza, sorely puzzled and perplexed. He did not, however, like to venture upon the hazard of the alarm it might occasion throughout the neighborhood, if he endeavored at so unseasonable an hour to force an entrance. He resolved, rather, with his train, to wait at a little distance, till, with the growing dawn, the gates should be unclosed, and the inmates of the palace astir.

Accordingly, cursing his stars, and wondering at his mission, Jusef and his silent and ominous attendants concealed themselves in a small copse adjoining the palace, until the daylight fairly broke over the awakened city. He then passed into the palace, and was conducted to a hall, where he found the renowned Moslem already astir, and conferring with some Zegri captains upon the tactics of a sortie designed for that day.

It was with so evident a reluctance and apprehension that Jusef approached the prince, that the fierce and quick-sighted Zegris instantly suspected some evil intention in his visit; and when Muza, in surprise, yielded to the prayer of the vizier for a private audience, it was with scowling brows and sparkling eyes that the Moorish warriors left the darling of the nobles alone with the messenger of their king.

“By the tomb of the prophet!” said one of the Zegris, as he quitted the hall, “the timid Boabdil suspects our Ben Abil Gazan. I learned of this before.”

“Hush!” said another of the band; “let us watch. If the king touch a hair of Muza’s head, Allah have mercy on his sins!”

Meanwhile the vizier, in silence, showed to Muza the firman and the signet; and then, without venturing to announce the place to which he was commissioned

to conduct the prince, besought him to follow at once. Muza changed color, but not with fear.

“Alas!” said he, in a tone of deep sorrow, “can it be that I have fallen under my royal kinsman’s suspicion or displeasure? But no matter; proud to set to Granada an example of valor in her defence, be it mine to set also an example of obedience to her king. Go on,—I will follow thee. Yet stay, you will have no need of guards; let us depart by a private egress: the Zegrис might misgive, did they see me leave the palace with you at the very time the army are assembling in the Vivarrambla and awaiting my presence. This way.”

Thus saying, Muza, who, fierce as he was, obeyed every impulse that the Oriental loyalty dictated from a subject to a king, passed from the hall to a small door that admitted into the garden, and in thoughtful silence accompanied the vizier towards the Alhambra. As they passed the copse in which Muza two nights before had met with Almamen, the Moor, lifting his head suddenly, beheld fixed upon him the dark eyes of the magician, as he emerged from the trees. Muza thought there was in those eyes a malign and hostile exultation; but Almamen, gravely saluting him, passed on through the grove: the prince did not deign to look back, or he might once more have encountered that withering gaze.

“Proud heathen!” muttered Almamen to himself; “thy father filled his treasures from the gold of many a tortured Hebrew; and even thou, too haughty to be the miser, hast been savage enough to play the bigot. Thy name is a curse in Israel; yet dost thou lust after the daughter of our despised race, and, could defeated passion sting thee, I were avenged. Ay, sweep on with thy stately step and lofty crest,—thou goest to chains, perhaps to death.”

As Almamen thus vented his bitter spirit, the last gleam of the white robes of Muza vanished from his gaze. He paused a moment, turned away abruptly, and said, half aloud, "Vengeance, not on one man only, but a whole race! Now for the Nazarene!"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The Royal Tent of Spain. — The King and the Dominican. —
The Visitor and the Hostage.

OUR narrative now summons us to the Christian army, and to the tent in which the Spanish king held nocturnal counsel with some of his more confidential warriors and advisers. Ferdinand had taken the field with all the pomp and circumstance of a tournament rather than of a campaign; and his pavilion literally blazed with purple and cloth-of-gold.

The king sat at the head of a table on which were scattered maps and papers; nor in countenance and mien did that great and politic monarch seem unworthy of the brilliant chivalry by which he was surrounded. His black hair, richly perfumed and anointed fell in long locks on either side of a high imperial brow, upon whose calm though not unfurrowed surface the physiognomist would in vain have sought to read the inscrutable heart of kings. His features were regular and majestic; and his mantle, clasped with a single jewel of rare price and lustre, and wrought at the breast with a silver cross, waved over a vigorous and manly frame, which derived from the composed and tranquil dignity of habitual command that imposing effect which many of the renowned knights and heroes in his presence took

from loftier stature and ampler proportions. At his right hand sat Prince Juan, his son, in the first bloom of youth; at his left, the celebrated Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz; along the table, in the order of their military rank, were seen the splendid Duke of Medina Sidonia, equally noble in aspect and in name; the worn and thoughtful countenance of the Marquis de Villena (the Bayard of Spain); the melancholy brow of the heroic Alonzo de Aguilar; and the gigantic frame, the animated features, and sparkling eyes of that fiery Hernando del Pulgar, surnamed "the knight of the exploits."

"You see, señores," said the king, continuing an address, to which his chiefs seemed to listen with reverential attention, "our best hope of speedily gaining the city is rather in the dissensions of the Moors than our own sacred arms. The walls are strong,—the population still numerous; and under Muza Ben Abil Gazan, the tactics of the hostile army are, it must be owned, administered with such skill as to threaten very formidable delays to the period of our conquest. Avoiding the hazard of a fixed battle, the infidel cavalry harass our camp by perpetual skirmishes; and in the mountain defiles our detachments cannot cope with their light horse and treacherous ambuscades. It is true that by dint of time, by the complete devastation of the Vega, and by vigilant prevention of convoys from the sea-towns, we might starve the city into yielding. But, alas! my lords, our enemies are scattered and numerous, and Granada is not the only place before which the standard of Spain should be unfurled. Thus situated, the lion does not disdain to serve himself of the fox; and, fortunately, we have now in Granada an ally that fights for us. I have actual knowledge of all that passes

within the Alhambra: the king yet remains in his palace, irresolute and dreaming; and I trust that an intrigue, by which his jealousies are aroused against his general, Muza, may end either in the loss of that able leader or in the commotion of open rebellion or civil war. Treason within Granada will open its gates to us."

"Sire," said Ponce de Leon, after a pause, "under your counsels I no more doubt of seeing our banner float above the Vermilion Towers than I doubt the rising of the sun over yonder hills; it matters little whether we win by stratagem or force. But I need not say to your Highness that we should carefully beware lest we be amused by inventions of the enemy, and trust to conspiracies which may be but lying tales to blunt our sabres and paralyze our action."

"Bravely spoken, wise De Leon!" exclaimed Hernando del Pulgar, hotly; "and against these infidels, aided by the cunning of the Evil One, methinks our best wisdom lies in the sword-arm. Well says our old Castilian proverb, —

‘Curse them devoutly,
Hammer them stoutly.’"

The king smiled slightly at the ardor of the favorite of his army, but looked round for more deliberate counsel.

"Sire," said Villena, "far be it from us to inquire the grounds upon which your Majesty builds your hope of dissension among the foe; but, placing the most sanguine confidence in a wisdom never to be deceived, it is clear that we should relax no energy within our means, but fight while we plot, and seek to conquer, while we do not neglect to undermine."

" You speak well, my lord," said Ferdinand, thoughtfully; " and you yourself shall head a strong detachment to-morrow, to lay waste the Vega. Seek me two hours hence; the council for the present is dissolved."

The knights rose, and withdrew with the usual grave and stately ceremonies of respect which Ferdinand observed to, and exacted from his court; the young prince remained.

" Son," said Ferdinand, when they were alone, " early and betimes should the infants of Spain be lessoned in the science of kingcraft. These nobles are among the brightest jewels of the crown; but still it is in the crown and for the crown that their light should sparkle. Thou seest how hot and fierce and warlike are the chiefs of Spain, — excellent virtues when manifested against our foes; but had we no foes, Juan, such virtues might cause us exceeding trouble. By St. Jago, I have founded a mighty monarchy! Observe how it should be maintained, — by science, Juan, by science; and science is as far removed from brute force as this sword from a crowbar. Thou seemest bewildered and amazed, my son: thou hast heard that I seek to conquer Granada by dissensions among the Moors; when Granada is conquered, remember that the nobles themselves are a Granada. Ave Maria! blessed be the Holy Mother, under whose eyes are the hearts of kings!"

Ferdinand crossed himself devoutly; and then, rising, drew aside a part of the drapery of the pavilion, and called in a low voice the name of Perez. A grave Spaniard, somewhat past the verge of middle age, appeared.

" Perez," said the king, reseating himself, " has the person we expected from Granada yet arrived?"

" Sire, yes; accompanied by a maiden."

"He hath kept his word; admit them. Ha, holy father! thy visits are always as balsam to the heart."

"Save you, my son!" returned a man in the robes of a Dominican friar, who had entered suddenly and without ceremony by another part of the tent, and who now seated himself with smileless composure at a little distance from the king.

There was a dead silence for some moments; and Perez still lingered within the tent, as if in doubt whether the entrance of the friar would not prevent or delay obedience to the king's command. On the calm face of Ferdinand himself appeared a slight shade of discomposure and irresolution, when the monk thus resumed:—

"My presence, my son, will not, I trust, disturb your conference with the infidel,—since you deem that worldly policy demands your parley with the men of Belial?"

"Doubtless not, doubtless not," returned the king, quickly; then, muttering to himself, "How wondrously doth this holy man penetrate into all our movements and designs!" he added, aloud, "Let the messenger enter."

Perez bowed, and withdrew.

During this time the young prince reclined in listless silence on his seat; and on his delicate features was an expression of weariness which augured but ill of his fitness for the stern business to which the lessons of his wise father were intended to educate his mind. His, indeed, was the age, and his the soul, for pleasure; the tumult of the camp was to him but a holiday exhibition,—the march of an army, the exhilaration of a spectacle; the court was a banquet, the throne the best seat at the entertainment. The life of the

heir-apparent, to the life of the king-possessive, is as the distinction between enchanting hope and tiresome satiety.

The small gray eyes of the friar wandered over each of his royal companions with a keen and penetrating glance, and then settled in the aspect of humility on the rich carpets that bespread the floor; nor did he again lift them till Perez, reappearing, admitted to the tent the Israelite Almamen, accompanied by a female figure, whose long veil, extending from head to foot, could conceal neither the beautiful proportions nor the trembling agitation of her frame.

“ When last, great king, I was admitted to thy presence,” said Almamen, “ thou didst make question of the sincerity and faith of thy servant; thou didst ask me for a surety of my faith; thou didst demand a hostage; and didst refuse further parley without such pledge were yielded to thee. Lo! I place under thy kingly care this maiden — the sole child of my house — as surety of my truth; I intrust to thee a life dearer than my own.”

“ You have kept faith with us, stranger,” said the king, in that soft and musical voice which well disguised his deep craft and his unrelenting will; “ and the maiden whom you intrust to our charge shall be ranked with the ladies of our royal consort.”

“ Sire,” replied Almamen, with touching earnestness, “ you now hold the power of life and death over all for whom this heart can breathe a prayer, or cherish a hope, save for my countrymen and my religion. This solemn pledge between thee and me I render up without scruple, without fear. *To thee I give a hostage, — from thee I have but a promise.*”

“ But it is the promise of a king, a Christian, and

a knight," said the king, with dignity rather mild than arrogant; "among monarchs, what hostage can be more sacred? Let this pass: how proceed affairs in the rebel city?"

"May this maiden withdraw ere I answer my lord the king?" said Almamen.

The young prince started to his feet. "Shall I conduct this new charge to my mother?" he asked, in a low voice, addressing Ferdinand.

The king half smiled. "The holy father were a better guide," he returned in the same tone. But, though the Dominican heard the hint, he retained his motionless posture; and Ferdinand, after a momentary gaze on the friar, turned away. "Be it so, Juan," said he, with a look meant to convey caution to the prince; "Perez shall accompany you to the queen: return the moment your mission is fulfilled, — we want your presence."

While this conversation was carried on between the father and son, the Hebrew was whispering, in his sacred tongue, words of comfort and remonstrance to the maiden; but they appeared to have but little of the desired effect; and, suddenly falling on his breast, she wound her arms around the Hebrew, whose breast shook with strong emotions, and exclaimed passionately, in the same language, "Oh, my father! what have I done? — why send me from thee? — why intrust thy child to the stranger? Spare me, spare me!"

"Child of my heart," returned the Hebrew, with solemn but tender accents, "even as Abraham offered up his son, must I offer thee, upon the altars of our faith; but, O Leila! even as the angel of the Lord forbade the offering, so shall thy youth be spared, and thy years reserved for the glory of generations yet unborn. King of Spain!" he continued in the Spanish tongue,

suddenly and eagerly, “you are a father; forgive my weakness, and speed this parting.”

Juan approached; and with respectful courtesy attempted to take the hand of the maiden.

“You?” said the Israelite, with a dark frown. “O king! the prince is young.”

“Honor knoweth no distinction of age,” answered the king. “What ho, Perez! accompany this maiden and the prince to the queen’s pavilion.”

The sight of the sober years and grave countenance of the attendant seemed to reassure the Hebrew. He strained Leila in his arms; printed a kiss upon her forehead without removing her veil; and then, placing her almost in the arms of Perez, turned away to the further end of the tent, and concealed his face with his hands. The king appeared touched, but the Dominican gazed upon the whole scene with a sour scowl.

Leila still paused for a moment; and then, as if recovering her self-possession, said, aloud and distinctly, “Man deserts me; but I will not forget that God is over all.” Shaking off the hand of the Spaniard, she continued, “Lead on; I follow thee!” and left the tent with a steady and even majestic step.

“And now,” said the king, when alone with the Dominican and Almamen, “how proceed our hopes?”

“Boabdil,” replied the Israelite, “is aroused against both his army and their leader, Muza: the king will not quit the Alhambra; and this morning, ere I left the city, Muza himself was in the prisons of the palace.”

“How!” cried the king, starting from his seat.

“This is my work,” pursued the Hebrew, coldly. “It is these hands that are shaping for Ferdinand of Spain the keys of Granada.”

"And right kingly shall be your guerdon," said the Spanish monarch; "meanwhile, accept this earnest of our favor."

So saying, he took from his breast a chain of massive gold, the links of which were curiously inwrought with gems, and extended it to the Israelite. Almamen moved not. A dark flush upon his countenance bespoke the feelings he with difficulty restrained.

"I sell not my foes for gold, great king," said he, with a stern smile: "I sell my foes to buy the ransom of my friends."

"Churlish!" said Ferdinand, offended; "but speak on, man! speak on!"

"If I place Granada, ere two weeks are past, within thy power, what shall be my reward?"

"Thou didst talk to me, when last we met, of immunities to the Jews."

The calm Dominican looked up as the king spoke, crossed himself, and resumed his attitude of humility.

"I demand for the people of Israel," returned Almamen, "free leave to trade and abide within the city, and follow their callings subjected only to the same laws and the same imposts as the Christian population."

"The same laws and the same imposts! Humph! there are difficulties in the concession. If we refuse?"

"Our treaty is ended. Give me back the maiden,—you will have no further need of the hostage you demanded: I return to the city, and renew our interviews no more."

Politic and cold-blooded as was the temperament of the great Ferdinand, he had yet the imperious and haughty nature of a prosperous and long-descended king; and he bit his lip in deep displeasure at the tone of the dictatorial and stately stranger.

"Thou usest plain language, my friend," said he; "my words can be as rudely spoken. Thou art in my power, and canst return not, save at my permission."

"I have your royal word, sire, for free entrance and safe egress," answered Almamen. "Break it, and Granada is with the Moors till the Darro runs red with the blood of her heroes, and her people strew the vales as the leaves in autumn."

"Art thou, then, thyself of the Jewish faith?" asked the king. "If thou art not, wherefore are the outcasts of the world so dear to thee?"

"My fathers were of that creed, royal Ferdinand; and if I myself desert their creed, I do not desert their cause. O King! are my terms scorned or accepted?"

"I accept them: provided, first, that thou obtainest the exile or death of Muza; secondly, that within two weeks of this date thou bringest me, along with the chief councillors of Granada, the written treaty of the capitulation, and the keys of the city. Do this: and, though the sole king in Christendom who dares the hazard, I offer to the Israelites throughout Andalusia the common laws and rights of citizens of Spain; and to thee I will accord such dignity as may content thy ambition."

The Hebrew bowed reverently, and drew from his breast a scroll which he placed on the table before the king.

"This writing, mighty Ferdinand, contains the articles of our compact."

"How, knave! wouldest thou have us commit our royal signature to conditions with such as thou art, to the chance of the public eye? The king's word is the king's bond!"

The Hebrew took up the scroll with imperturbable

composure. "My child!" said he,—"will your Majesty summon back my child? We would depart!"

"A sturdy mendicant this, by the Virgin!" muttered the king; and then, speaking aloud, "Give me the paper, I will scan it."

Running his eyes hastily over the words, Ferdinand paused a moment, and then drew towards him the implements of writing, signed the scroll, and returned it to Almamen.

The Israelite kissed it thrice with Oriental veneration, and replaced it in his breast.

Ferdinand looked at him hard and curiously. He was a profound reader of men's characters, but that of his guest baffled and perplexed him.

"And how, stranger," said he, gravely,—"how can I trust that man who thus distrusts one king and sells another?"

"O king!" replied Almamen (accustomed from his youth to commune with and command the possessors of thrones yet more absolute),—"O king! if thou believest me actuated by personal and selfish interests in this our compact, thou hast but to make my service minister to my interest, and the lore of human nature will tell thee that thou hast won a ready and submissive slave. But if thou thinkest I have avowed sentiments less abject, and developed qualities higher than those of the mere bargainer for sordid power, oughtest thou not to rejoice that chance has thrown into thy way one whose intellect and faculties may be made thy tool? If I betray another, that other is my deadly foe. Dost not thou, the lord of armies, betray thine enemy? The Moor is an enemy bitterer to myself than to thee. Because I betray an enemy, am I unworthy to serve a friend? If I, a single man, and a stranger to the Moor, can yet

command the secrets of palaces, and render vain the counsels of armed men, have I not in that attested that I am one of whom a wise king can make an able servant?"

"Thou art a subtle reasoner, my friend," said Ferdinand, smiling gently. "Peace go with thee! our conference for the time is ended. What ho, Perez!"

The attendant appeared.

"Thou hast left the maiden with the queen?"

"Sire, you have been obeyed."

"Conduct this stranger to the guard who led him through the camp. He quits us under the same protection. Farewell! Yet stay, — thou art assured that Muza Ben Abil Gazan is in the prisons of the Moor?"

"Yes."

"Blessed be the Virgin!"

"Thou hast heard our conference, Father Tomas?" said the king, anxiously, when the Hebrew had withdrawn.

"I have, son."

"Did thy veins freeze with horror?"

"Only when my son signed the scroll. It seemed to me then that I saw the cloven foot of the tempter."

"Tush, father! the tempter would have been more wise than to reckon upon a faith which no ink and no parchment can render valid, if the Church absolve the compact. Thou understandest me, father?"

"I do. I know your pious heart and well-judging mind."

"Thou wert right," resumed the king, musingly, "when thou didst tell us that these caitiff Jews were waxing strong in the fatness of their substance. They would have equal laws, — the insolent blasphemers!"

"Son!" said the Dominican with earnest adjuration,

“ God, who has prospered your arms and councils, will require at your hands an account of the power intrusted to you. Shall there be no difference between His friends and His foes, — His disciples and His crucifiers ? ”

“ Priest,” said the king, laying his hand on the monk’s shoulder, and with a saturnine smile upon his countenance, “ were religion silent in this matter, policy has a voice loud enough to make itself heard. The Jews demand equal rights; when men demand equality with their masters, treason is at work, and justice sharpens her sword. Equality ! these wealthy usurers ! Sacred Virgin ! they would be soon buying up our kingdoms.”

The Dominican gazed hard on the king. “ Son, I trust thee,” he said, in a low voice, and glided from the tent.

CHAPTER II.

The Ambush, the Strife, and the Capture.

THE dawn was slowly breaking over the wide valley of Granada, as Almamen pursued his circuitous and solitary path back to the city. He was now in a dark and entangled hollow, covered with brakes and bushes, from amidst which tall forest-trees rose in frequent intervals, gloomy and breathless in the still morning air. As, emerging from this jungle, if so it may be called, the towers of Granada gleamed upon him, a human countenance peered from the shade; and Almamen started to see two dark eyes fixed upon his own.

He halted abruptly, and put his hand on his dagger, when a low sharp whistle from the apparition before him was answered around, behind; and ere he could draw breath, the Israelite was begirt by a group of Moors in the garb of peasants.

“ Well, my masters,” said Almamen, calmly, as he encountered the wild savage countenances that glared upon him, “ think you there is aught to fear from the solitary santon ? ”

“ It is the magician,” whispered one man to his neighbor; “ let him pass.”

“ Nay,” was the answer, “ take him before the captain; we have orders to seize upon all we meet.”

This counsel prevailed; and, gnashing his teeth with secret rage, Almamen found himself hurried along by the peasants through the thickest part of the copse. At

length the procession stopped in a semicircular patch of rank sward, in which several head of cattle were quietly grazing, and a yet more numerous troop of peasants reclined around upon the grass.

“Whom have we here?” asked a voice which startled back the dark blood from Almamen’s cheek; and a Moor of commanding presence rose from the midst of his brethren. “By the beard of the Prophet, it is the false santon! What dost thou from Granada at this hour?”

“Noble Muza,” returned Almamen, — who, though indeed amazed that one whom he had imagined his victim was thus unaccountably become his judge, retained, at least, the semblance of composure, — “my answer is to be given only to my lord the king; it is his commands that I obey.”

“Thou art aware,” said Muza, frowning, “that thy life is forfeited without appeal? Whatsoever inmate of Granada is found without the walls between sunrise and sunset, dies the death of a traitor and deserter.”

“The servants of the Alhambra are excepted,” answered the Israelite, without changing countenance.

“Ah!” muttered Muza, as a painful and sudden thought seemed to cross him, “can it be possible that the rumor of the city has truth, and that the monarch of Granada is in treaty with the foe?” He mused a little; and then, motioning the Moors to withdraw, he continued aloud, “Almamen, answer me truly: hast thou sought the Christian camp with any message from the king?”

“I have not.”

“Art thou without the walls on the mission of the king?”

“If I be so, I am a traitor to the king should I reveal his secret.”

"I doubt thee much, santon," said Muza, after a pause; "I know thee for my enemy, and I do believe thy counsels have poisoned the king's ear against me, his people and his duties. But no matter, thy life is spared awhile; thou remainest with us, and with us shalt thou return to the king."

"But, noble Muza — "

"I have said! Guard the santon; mount him upon one of our chargers; he shall abide with us in our ambush."

While Almamen chafed in vain at his arrest, all in the Christian camp was yet still. At length, as the sun began to lift himself above the mountains, first a murmur, and then a din, betokened warlike preparations. Several parties of horse, under gallant and experienced leaders, formed themselves in different quarters, and departed in different ways, on expeditions of forage, or in the hope of skirmish with the straggling detachments of the enemy. Of these, the best equipped was conducted by the Marquis de Villena, and his gallant brother, Don Alonzo de Pacheco. In this troop, too, rode many of the best blood of Spain; for in that chivalric army the officers vied with each other who should most eclipse the meaner soldiery in feats of personal valor; and the name of Villena drew around him the eager and ardent spirits that pined at the general inactivity of Ferdinand's politic campaign.

The sun, now high in heaven, glittered on the splendid arms and gorgeous pennons of Villena's company, as leaving the camp behind, it entered a rich and wooded district that skirts the mountain barrier of the Vega. The brilliancy of the day, the beauty of the scene, the hope and excitement of enterprise, animated the spirits of the whole party. In these expeditions strict disci-

pline was often abandoned, from the certainty that it could be resumed at need. Conversation, gay and loud, interspersed at times with snatches of song, was heard amongst the soldiery; and in the nobler group that rode with Villena, there was even less of the proverbial gravity of Spaniards.

"Now, marquis," said Don Estevon de Suzon, "what wager shall be between us, as to which lance this day robs Moorish beauty of the greatest number of its worshippers?"

"My falchion against your jennet," said Don Alonzo de Pacheco, taking up the challenge.

"Agreed. But, talking of beauty, were you in the queen's pavilion last night, noble marquis? It was enriched by a new maiden, whose strange and sudden apparition none can account for. Her eyes would have eclipsed the fatal glance of Cava; and had I been Rodrigo, I might have lost a crown for her smile."

"Ay," said Villena, "I heard of her beauty; some hostage from one of the traitor Moors, with whom the king (the saints bless him!) bargains for the city. They tell me the prince incurred the queen's grave rebuke for his attentions to the maiden."

"And this morning I saw that fearful Father Tomas steal into the prince's tent. I wish Don Juan well through the lecture. The monk's advice is like the algarroba;¹ when it is laid up to dry it may be reasonably wholesome, but it is harsh and bitter enough when taken fresh."

At this moment one of the subaltern officers rode up to the marquis, and whispered in his ear.

"Ha!" said Villena, "the Virgin be praised! Sir knights, booty is at hand. Silence! close the ranks."

¹ The algarroba is a sort of leguminous plant, common in Spain.

With that, mounting a little eminence, and shading his eyes with his hand, the marquis surveyed the plain below; and at some distance he beheld a horde of Moorish peasants driving some cattle into a thick copse. The word was hastily given, the troop dashed on, every voice was hushed, and the clatter of mail and the sound of hoofs alone broke the delicious silence of the noonday landscape. Ere they reached the copse, the peasants had disappeared within it. The marquis marshalled his men in a semicircle round the trees, and sent on a detachment to the rear, to cut off every egress from the wood. This done, the troop dashed within. For the first few yards the space was more open than they had anticipated; but the ground soon grew uneven, rugged, and almost precipitous; and the soil and the interlaced trees alike forbade any rapid motion to the horse. Don Alonzo de Pacheco, mounted on a charger whose agile and docile limbs had been tutored to every description of warfare, and himself of light weight and incomparable horsemanship, dashed on before the rest. The trees hid him for a moment; when, suddenly, a wild yell was heard, and as it ceased, up rose the solitary voice of the Spaniard, shouting, *Santiago, y cierra, España*, — “St. Jago, and charge, Spain!”

Each cavalier spurred forward; when suddenly a shower of darts and arrows rattled on their armor; and up sprung from bush and reeds and rocky clift a number of Moors, and with wild shouts swarmed around the Spaniards.

“Back for your lives!” cried Villena, “we are beset, — make for the level ground!”

He turned, spurred from the thicket, and saw the Paynim foe emerging through the glen, line after line of man and horse; each Moor leading his slight and

fiery steed by the bridle, and leaping on it as he issued from the wood into the plain. Cased in complete mail, his visor down, his lance in his rest, Villena (accompanied by such of his knights as could disentangle themselves from the Moorish foot) charged upon the foe. A moment of fierce shock passed; on the ground lay many a Moor, pierced through by the Christian lance; and on the other side of the foe was heard the voice of Villena,—“St. Jago to the rescue!” But the brave marquis stood almost alone, save his faithful chamberlain Solier. Several of his knights were dismounted; and swarms of Moors, with lifted knives, gathered round them as they lay, searching for the joints of the armor which might admit a mortal wound. Gradually, one by one, many of Villena’s comrades joined their leader; and now the green mantle of Don Alonzo de Pacheco was seen waving without the copse, and Villena congratulated himself on the safety of his brother. Just at that moment a Moorish cavalier spurred from his troop, and met Pacheco in full career. The Moor was not clad, as was the common custom of the Paynim nobles, in the heavy Christian armor. He wore the light, flexible mail of the ancient heroes of Araby or Fez. His turban, which was protected by chains of the finest steel interwoven with the folds, was of the most dazzling white,—white, also, were his tunic and short mantle; on his left arm hung a short circular shield, in his right hand was poised a long and slender lance. As this Moor, mounted on a charger in whose raven hue not a white hair could be detected, dashed forward against Pacheco, both Christian and Moor breathed hard and remained passive. Either nation felt it as a sacrilege to thwart the encounter of champions so renowned.

“God save my brave brother!” muttered Villena, anxiously. “Amen,” said those around him; for all who had ever witnessed the wildest valor in that war trembled as they recognized the dazzling robe and coal-black charger of Muza Ben Abil Gazan. Nor was that renowned infidel mated with an unworthy foe. “Pride of the tournament, and terror of the war,” was the favorite title which the knights and ladies of Castile had bestowed on Don Alonzo de Pacheco.

When the Spaniard saw the redoubted Moor approach, he halted abruptly for a moment, and then, wheeling his horse round, took a wider circuit, to give additional impetus to his charge. The Moor, aware of his purpose, halted also, and awaited the moment of his rush; when once more he darted forward, and the combatants met with a skill which called forth a cry of involuntary applause from the Christians themselves. Muza received on the small surface of his shield the ponderous spear of Alonzo, while his own light lance struck upon the helmet of the Christian, and by the exactness of the aim rather than the weight of the blow, made Alonzo reel in his saddle.

The lances were thrown aside,—the long, broad falchion of the Christian, the curved Damascus cimeter of the Moor, gleamed in the air. They reined their chargers opposite each other in grave and deliberate silence.

“Yield thee, sir knight!” at length cried the fierce Moor; “for the motto on my cimeter declares that if thou meetest its stroke thy days are numbered. The sword of the believer is the Key of Heaven and Hell.”¹

¹ Such, says Sale, is the poetical phrase of the Mahometan divines.

“False Paynim,” answered Alonzo, in a voice that rang hollow through his helmet, “a Christian knight is the equal of a Moorish army!”

Muza made no reply, but left the rein of his charger on his neck; the noble animal understood the signal, and with a short, impatient cry rushed forward at full speed. Alonzo met the charge with his falchion upraised, and his whole body covered with his shield; the Moor bent: the Spaniards raised a shout,—Muza seemed stricken from his horse. But the blow of the heavy falchion had not touched him; and, seemingly without an effort, the curved blade of his own cimeter, gliding by that part of his antagonist’s throat where the helmet joins the cuirass, passed unresistingly and silently through the joints; and Alonzo fell at once, and without a groan, from his horse,—his armor, to all appearance, unpene- trated, while the blood oozed slow and gurgling from a mortal wound.

“Allah il Allah!” shouted Muza, as he joined his friends; “Lelilies! Lelilies!” echoed the Moors; and ere the Christians recovered their dismay, they were engaged hand to hand with their ferocious and swarm- ing foes. It was, indeed, fearful odds; and it was a marvel to the Spaniards how the Moors had been en- abled to harbor and conceal their numbers in so small a space. Horse and foot alike beset the company of Villena, already sadly reduced; and while the infantry with desperate and savage fierceness thrust themselves under the very bellies of the chargers, encountering both the hoofs of the steed and the deadly lance of the rider in the hope of finding a vulnerable place for the sharp Moorish knife, the horsemen, avoiding the stern grapple of the Spanish warriors, harassed them by the shaft and lance,—now advancing, now retreating, and

performing with incredible rapidity the evolutions of Oriental cavalry. But the life and soul of his party was the indomitable Muza. With a rashness which seemed to the superstitious Spaniards like the safety of a man protected by magic, he spurred his ominous black barb into the very midst of the serried phalanx which Villena endeavored to form around him, breaking the order by his single charge, and from time to time bringing to the dust some champion of the troop by the noiseless and scarce-seen edge of his fatal cimeter.

Villena, in despair alike of fame and life, and gnawed with grief for his brother's loss, at length resolved to put the last hope of the battle on his single arm. He gave the signal for retreat; and to protect his troop, remained himself, alone and motionless, on his horse, like a statue of iron. Though not of large frame, he was esteemed the best swordsman, next only to Hernando del Pulgar and Gonsalvo de Cordova, in the army; practised alike in the heavy assault of the Christian warfare, and the rapid and dexterous exercise of the Moorish cavalry. There he remained, alone and grim, — a lion at bay,— while his troops slowly retreated down the Vega, and their trumpets sounded loud signals of distress, and demands for succor, to such of their companions as might be within hearing. Villena's armor defied the shafts of the Moors; and as one after one darted towards him, with whirling cimeter and momentary assault, few escaped with impunity from an eye equally quick and a weapon more than equally formidable. Suddenly a cloud of dust swept towards him; and Muza, a moment before at the farther end of the field, came glittering through that cloud, with his white robe waving and his right arm bare. Villena recognized him, set his teeth hard, and putting spurs to his charger, met

the rush. Muza swerved aside, just as the heavy falchion swung over his head, and by a back stroke of his own cimeter, shore through the cuirass just above the hip-joint, and the blood followed the blade. The brave cavaliers saw the danger of their chief; three of their number darted forward, and came in time to separate the combatants.

Muza stayed not to encounter the new reinforcement; but speeding across the plain, was soon seen rallying his own scattered cavalry, and pouring them down, in one general body, upon the scanty remnant of the Spaniards.

“Our day is come!” said the good knight Villena, with bitter resignation. “Nothing is left for us, my friends, but to give up our lives,—an example how Spanish warriors should live and die. May God and the Holy Mother forgive our sins, and shorten our purgatory!”

Just as he spoke, a clarion was heard at a distance; and the sharpened senses of the knights caught the ring of advancing hoofs.

“We are saved!” cried Estevon de Suzon, rising on his stirrups. While he spoke, the dashing stream of the Moorish horse broke over the little band; and Estevon beheld bent upon himself the dark eyes and quivering lip of Muza Ben Abil Gazan. That noble knight had never, perhaps, till then known fear; but he felt his heart stand still, as he now stood opposed to that irresistible foe.

“The dark fiend guides his blade!” thought De Suzon; “but I was shriven but yestermorn.” The thought restored his wonted courage; and he spurred on to meet the cimeter of the Moor.

His assault took Muza by surprise. The Moor’s horse stumbled over the ground, cumbered with the dead and

slippery with blood, and his uplifted cimeter could not do more than break the force of the gigantic arm of De Suzon; as the knight's falchion, bearing down the cimeter, and alighting on the turban of the Mahometan, clove midway through its folds, arrested only by the admirable temper of the links of steel which protected it. The shock hurled the Moor to the ground. He rolled under the saddle-girths of his antagonist.

“Victory and St. Jago!” cried the knight, “Muza is —”

The sentence was left eternally unfinished. The blade of the fallen Moor had already pierced De Suzon's horse through a mortal but undefended part. It fell, bearing his rider with him. A moment, and the two champions lay together grappling in the dust; in the next, the short knife which the Moor wore in his girdle had penetrated the Christian's visor, passing through the brain.

To remount his steed, that remained at hand, humbled and motionless, to appear again amongst the thickest of the fray, was a work no less rapidly accomplished than had been the slaughter of the unhappy Estevon de Suzon. But now the fortune of the day was stopped in a progress hitherto so triumphant to the Moors.

Pricking fast over the plain, were seen the glittering horsemen of the Christian reinforcements; and, at the remoter distance, the royal banner of Spain, indistinctly descried through volumes of dust, denoted that Ferdinand himself was advancing to the support of his cavaliers.

The Moors, however, who had themselves received many and mysterious reinforcements, which seemed to spring up like magic from the bosom of the earth,—so suddenly and unexpectedly had they emerged from copse

and cleft in that mountainous and entangled neighborhood,—were not unprepared for a fresh foe. At the command of the vigilant Muza they drew off, fell into order, and seizing, while yet there was time, the vantage-ground which inequalities of the soil and the shelter of the trees gave to their darts and agile horse, they presented an array which Ponce de Leon himself, who now arrived, deemed it more prudent not to assault. While Villena, in accents almost inarticulate with rage, was urging the Marquis of Cadiz to advance, Ferdinand, surrounded by the flower of his court, arrived at the rear of the troops; and, after a few words interchanged with Ponce de Leon, gave the signal of retreat.

When the Moors beheld that noble soldiery slowly breaking ground and retiring towards the camp, even Muza could not control their ardor. They rushed forward, harassing the retreat of the Christians, and delaying the battle by various skirmishes.

It was at this time that the headlong valor of Hernando del Pulgar, who had arrived with Ponce de Leon, distinguished itself in feats which yet live in the songs of Spain. Mounted upon an immense steed, and himself of colossal strength, he was seen charging alone upon the assailants, and scattering numbers to the ground with the sweep of his enormous and two-handed falchion. With a loud voice he called on Muza to oppose him; but the Moor, fatigued with slaughter, and scarcely recovered from the shock of his encounter with De Suzon, reserved so formidable a foe for a future contest.

It was at this juncture, while the field was covered with straggling skirmishers, that a small party of Spaniards, in cutting their way to the main body of their countrymen through one of the numerous copses

held by the enemy, fell in at the outskirt with an equal number of Moors, and engaged them in a desperate conflict, hand to hand. Amidst the infidels was one man who took no part in the affray; at a little distance, he gazed for a few moments upon the fierce and relentless slaughter of Moor and Christian with a smile of stern and complacent delight; and then taking advantage of the general confusion, rode gently, and, as he hoped, unobserved, away from the scene. But he was not destined so quietly to escape. A Spaniard perceived him, and, from something strange and unusual in his garb, judged him one of the Moorish leaders; and presently Almamen, for it was he, beheld before him the uplifted falchion of a foe neither disposed to give quarter nor to hear parley. Brave though the Israelite was, many reasons concurred to prevent his taking a personal part against the soldier of Spain; and, seeing he should have no chance of explanation, he fairly put spurs to his horse, and galloped across the plain. The Spaniard followed, gained upon him, and Almamen at length turned in despair and the wrath of his haughty nature.

“Have thy will, fool!” said he between his grinded teeth, as he griped his dagger and prepared for the conflict. It was long and obstinate, for the Spaniard was skilful; and the Hebrew, wearing no mail, and without any weapon more formidable than a sharp and well-tempered dagger, was forced to act cautiously on the defensive. At length the combatants grappled, and, by a dexterous thrust, the short blade of Almamen pierced the throat of his antagonist, who fell prostrate to the ground.

“I am safe,” he thought, as he wheeled round his horse; when, lo! the Spaniards he had just left behind,

and who had now routed their antagonists, were upon him.

“Yield or die!” cried the leader of the troop.

Almamen glared round; no succor was at hand. “I am not your enemy,” said he, sullenly, throwing down his weapon, — “bear me to your camp.”

A trooper seized his rein, and, scouring along, the Spaniards soon reached the retreating army.

Meanwhile the evening darkened, the shout and the roar grew gradually less loud and loud, — the battle had ceased; the stragglers had joined their several standards; and, by the light of the first star, the Moorish force, bearing their wounded brethren and elated with success, re-entered the gates of Granada, as the black charger of the hero of the day, closing the rear of the cavalry, disappeared within the gloomy portals.

CHAPTER III.

The Hero in the Power of the Dreamer.

IT was in the same chamber, and nearly at the same hour, in which we first presented to the reader Boabdil el Chico, that we are again admitted to the presence of that ill-starred monarch. He was not alone. His favorite slave, Amine, reclined upon the ottomans, gazing with anxious love upon his thoughtful countenance, as he leaned against the glittering wall by the side of the casement, gazing abstractedly on the scene below.

From afar he heard the shouts of the populace at the return of Muza, and bursts of artillery confirmed the tidings of triumph which had already been borne to his ear.

“ May the king live forever! ” said Amine, timidly; “ his armies have gone forth to conquer.”

“ But without their king,” replied Boabdil, bitterly, “ and headed by a traitor and a foe. I am meshed in the nets of an inextricable fate! ”

“ Oh! ” said the slave, with sudden energy, as, clasping her hands, she rose from her couch,—“ oh, my lord! would that these humble lips dared utter other words than those of love! ”

“ And what wise counsel would they give me? ” asked Boabdil, with a faint smile. “ Speak on.”

“ I will obey thee, then, even if it displease, ” cried Amine; and she rose, her cheek glowing, her eyes sparkling, her beautiful form dilated. “ I am a daughter of Granada; I am the beloved of a king; I will be true to

my birth and to my fortunes. Boabdil el Chico, the last of a line of heroes, shake off these gloomy fantasies, these doubts and dreams that smother the fire of a great nature and a kingly soul! Awake, arise; rob Granada of her Muza, — be thyself her Muza! Trustest thou to magic and to spells? then grave them on thy breastplate, write them on thy sword, and live no longer the Dreainer of the Alhambra; become the savior of thy people!"

Boabdil turned, and gazed on the inspired and beautiful form before him with mingled emotions of surprise and shame. "Out of the mouth of woman cometh my rebuke!" said he, sadly. "It is well!"

"Pardon me, pardon me!" said the slave, falling humbly at his knees; "but blame me not that I would have thee worthy of thyself. Wert thou not happier, was not thy heart more light, and thy hope more strong, when at the head of thine armies thine own cimeter slew thine own foes, and the terror of the hero-king spread, in flame and slaughter, from the mountains to the seas? Boabdil, dear as thou art to me, equally as I would have loved thee hadst thou been born a lowly fisherman of the Darro, — since thou art a king, I would have thee die a king; even if my own heart broke as I armed thee for thy latest battle!"

"Thou knowest not what thou sayest, Amine," said Boabdil, "nor canst thou tell what spirits that are not of earth dictate to the actions, and watch over the destinies, of the rulers of nations. If I delay, if I linger, it is not from terror but from wisdom. The cloud must gather on, dark and slow, ere the moment for the thunderbolt arrives."

"On thine house will the thunderbolt fall, since over thine own house thou sufferest the cloud to gather," said a calm and stern voice.

Boabdil started; and in the chamber stood a third person, in the shape of a woman, past middle age, and of commanding port and stature. Upon her long-descending robes of embroidered purple were thickly woven jewels of royal price; and her dark hair, slightly tinged with gray, parted over a majestic brow, while a small diadem surmounted the folds of the turban.

“My mother!” said Boabdil, with some haughty reserve in his tone; “your presence is unexpected.”

“Ay,” answered Ayxa la Horra, for it was indeed that celebrated and haughty and high-souled queen, “and unwelcome; so is ever that of your true friends. But not thus unwelcome was the presence of your mother when her brain and her hand delivered you from the dungeon in which your stern father had cast your youth, and the dagger and the bowl seemed the only keys that would unlock the cell.”

“And better hadst thou left the ill-omened son that thy womb conceived, to die thus in youth, honored and lamented, than to live to manhood, wrestling against an evil star and a relentless fate.”

“Son,” said the queen, gazing upon him with lofty and half-disdainful compassion, “men’s conduct shapes out their own fortunes, and the unlucky are never the valiant and the wise.”

“Madam,” said Boabdil, coloring with passion, “I am still a king, nor will I be thus bearded. Withdraw!”

Ere the queen could reply, a eunuch entered, and whispered Boabdil.

“Ha!” said he, joyfully, stamping his foot; “comes he then to brave the lion in his den? Let the rebel look to it. Is he alone?”

“Alone, great king.”

“ Bid my guards wait without; let the slightest signal summon them. Amine, retire! Madam — ”

“ Son! ” interrupted Aixa la Horra, in visible agitation, “ do I guess aright? Is the brave Muza — the sole bulwark and hope of Granada, whom unjustly thou wouldest last night have placed in chains — (chains! great prophet! is it thus a king should reward his heroes!) — is, I say, Muza here? and wilt thou make him the victim of his own generous trust? ”

“ Retire, woman! ” said Boabdil, sullenly.

“ I will not, save by force! I resisted a fiercer soul than thine when I saved thee from thy father.”

“ Remain then, if thou wilt, and learn how kings can punish traitors. Mesnour, admit the hero of Granada.”

Amine had vanished. Boabdil seated himself on the cushions,— his face calm but pale. The queen stood erect at a little distance, her arms folded on her breast, and her aspect knit and resolute. In a few moments Muza entered, alone. He approached the king with the profound salutation of Oriental obeisance; and then stood before him with downcast eyes, in an attitude from which respect could not divorce a natural dignity and pride of mien.

“ Prince, ” said Boabdil, after a moment’s pause, “ yestermorn, when I sent for thee, thou didst brave my orders. Even in mine own Alhambra thy minions broke out in mutiny; they surrounded the fortress, in which thou wert to wait my pleasure; they intercepted, they insulted, they drove back my guards; they stormed the towers protected by the banner of thy king. The governor, a coward or a traitor, rendered thee to the rebellious crowd. Was this all? No, by the prophet! Thou, by right my captive, didst leave thy prison but to head mine armies. And this day, the traitor subject — the

secret foe — was the leader of the people who defy a king. This night thou comest to me unsought. Thou feelest secure from my just wrath, even in my palace. Thine insolence blinds and betrays thee. Man, thou art in my power! Ho, there!"

As the king spoke, he rose; and presently the arcades at the back of the pavilion were darkened by long lines of the Ethiopian guard, each of height which, beside the slight Moorish race, appeared gigantic; stolid and passionless machines, to execute without thought the bloodiest or the lightest caprice of despotism. There they stood; their silver breastplates and long earrings contrasting their dusky skins, and bearing over their shoulders immense clubs studded with brazen nails. A little advanced from the rest, stood the captain, with the fatal bowstring hanging carelessly on his arm, and his eyes intent to catch the slightest gesture of the king.

"Behold," said Boabdil to his prisoner.

"I do; and am prepared for what I have foreseen."

The queen grew pale, but continued silent.

Muza resumed.

"Lord of the faithful!" said he, "if yestermorn I had acted otherwise, it would have been to the ruin of thy throne and our common race. The fierce Zegrис suspected and learned my capture. They summoned the troops,—they delivered me, it was true. At that time, had I reasoned with them, it would have been as drops upon a flame. They were bent on besieging thy palace, perhaps upon demanding thy abdication. I could not stifle their fury, but I could direct it. In the moment of passion I led them from rebellion against our common king to victory against our common foe. That duty done, I come unscathed from the sword of the Christian to bare my neck to the bow-

string of my friend. Alone, untracked, unsuspected, I have entered thy palace to prove to the sovereign of Granada that the defendant of his throne is not a rebel to his will. Now summon the guards, I have done."

"Muza!" said Boabdil, in a softened voice, while he shaded his face with his hand, "we played together as children, and I have loved thee well: my kingdom even now, perchance, is passing from me, but I could almost be reconciled to that loss, if I thought thy loyalty had not left me."

"Dost thou, in truth, suspect the faith of Muza Ben Abil Gazan?" said the Moorish prince, in a tone of surprise and sorrow. "Unhappy king! I deemed that my services, and not my defection, made my crime."

"Why do my people hate me? why do my armies menace?" said Boabdil, evasively; "why should a subject possess that allegiance which a king cannot obtain?"

"Because," replied Muza, boldly, "the king has delegated to a subject the command he should himself assume. Oh, Boabdil!" he continued passionately,—"friend of my boyhood, ere the evil days came upon us,—gladly would I sink to rest beneath the dark waves of yonder river, if thy arm and brain would fill up my place amongst the warriors of Granada. And think not I say this only from our boyish love; think not I have placed my life in thy hands only from that servile loyalty to a single man which the false chivalry of Christendom imposes as a sacred creed upon its knights and nobles. But I speak and act but from one principle,—to save the religion of my father and the land of my birth: for this I have risked my life against the foe; for this I surrender my life to the sovereign of my country. Granada may yet survive, if monarch

and people unite together. Granada is lost forever, if her children at this fatal hour are divided against themselves. If, then, I, O Boabdil! am the true obstacle to thy league with thine own subjects, give me at once to the bowstring, and my sole prayer shall be for the last remnant of the Moorish name, and the last monarch of the Moorish dynasty."

"My son, my son! art thou convinced at last?" cried the queen, struggling with her tears; for she was one who wept easily at heroic sentiments, but never at the softer sorrows or from the more womanly emotions.

Boabdil lifted his head with a vain and momentary attempt at pride; his eye glanced from his mother to his friend, and his better feelings gushed upon him with irresistible force: he threw himself into Muza's arms.

"Forgive me," he said in broken accents,—"forgive me! How could I have wronged thee thus! Yes," he continued, as he started from the noble breast on which for a moment he indulged no ungenerous weakness,—"yes, prince, your example shames, but it fires me. Granada henceforth shall have two chieftains; and if I be jealous of thee, it shall be from an emulation thou canst not blame. Guards, retire. Mesnour! ho, Mesnour! Proclaim at daybreak that I myself will review the troops in the Vivarrambla. Yet"—and, as he spoke, his voice faltered, and his brow became overcast, "yet, stay; seek me thyself at daybreak, and I will give thee my commands."

"Oh, my son! why hesitate?" cried the queen, "why waver? Prosecute thine own kingly designs; and—"

"Hush, madam," said Boabdil, regaining his customary cold composure; "and since you are now satisfied with your son, leave me alone with Muza."

The queen sighed heavily; but there was something in the calm of Boabdil which chilled and awed her more than his bursts of passion. She drew her veil around her, and passed slowly and reluctantly from the chamber.

“Muza,” said Boabdil, when alone with the prince, and fixing his large and thoughtful eyes upon the dark orbs of his companion, “when, in our younger days, we conversed together, do you remember how often that converse turned upon those solemn and mysterious themes to which the sages of our ancestral land directed their deepest lore,—the enigmas of the stars, the science of fate, the wild researches into the clouded future, which hides the destinies of nations and of men? Thou rememberest, Muza, that to such studies mine own vicissitudes and sorrows, even in childhood, the strange fortunes which gave me in my cradle the epithet of El Zogoybi, the ominous predictions of santons and astrologers as to the trials of my earthly fate,—all contributed to incline my soul. Thou didst not despise those earnest musings, nor our ancestral lore, though, unlike me, ever more inclined to action than to contemplation, that which thou mightest believe had little influence upon what thou didst design. With me it hath been otherwise: every event of life hath conspired to feed my early prepossessions; and in this awful crisis of my fate I have placed myself and my throne rather under the guardianship of spirits than of men. This alone has reconciled me to inaction,—to the torpor of the Alhambra, to the mutinies of my people. I have smiled, when foes surrounded and friends deserted me, secure of the aid at last—if I bided but the fortunate hour—of the charms of protecting spirits and the swords of the invisible creation. Thou wonderest what this should lead to.

Listen! Two nights since" (and the king shuddered) "I was with the dead! My father appeared before me, not as I knew him in life,—gaunt and terrible, full of the vigor of health, and the strength of kingly empire and of fierce passion,—but wan, calm, shadowy. From lips on which Azrael had set his livid seal, he bade me beware of *thee!*"

The king ceased suddenly, and sought to read on the face of Muza the effect his words produced. But the proud and swarthy features of the Moor evinced no pang of conscience; a slight smile of pity might have crossed his lip for a moment, but it vanished ere the king could detect it. Boabdil continued:—

"Under the influence of this warning, I issued the order for thy arrest. Let this pass,—I resume my tale. I attempted to throw myself at the spectre's feet,—it glided from me, motionless and impalpable. I asked the Dead One if he forgave his unhappy son the sin of rebellion,—alas! too well requited even upon earth. And the voice again came forth, and bade me keep the crown that I had gained, as the sole atonement for the past. Then again I asked whether the hour for action had arrived? and the spectre, while it faded gradually into air, answered, 'No!' 'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'ere thou leavest me, be one sign accorded me, that I have not dreamed this vision; and give me, I pray thee, note and warning, when the evil star of Boabdil shall withhold its influence, and he may strike, without resistance from the Powers above, for his glory and his throne.' 'The sign and the warning are bequeathed thee,' answered the ghostly image. It vanished,—thick darkness fell around; and when once more the light of the lamps we bore became visible, behold there stood before me a skeleton, in the regal robe of the kings of

Granada, and on its grisly head was the imperial diadem. With one hand raised, it pointed to the opposite wall, wherein burned, like an orb of gloomy fire, a broad dial-plate, on which were graven these words, 'BEWARE — FEAR NOT — ARM!' the finger of the dial moved rapidly round, and rested at the word *beware*. From that hour to the one in which I last beheld it, it hath not moved. Muza, the tale is done; wilt thou visit with me this enchanted chamber, and see if the hour be come?"

"Commander of the faithful," said Muza, "the story is dread and awful. But pardon thy friend,—wert thou alone, or was the santon Almamen thy companion?"

"Why the question?" said Boabdil, evasively, and slightly coloring.

"I fear his truth," answered Muza; "the Christian king conquers more foes by craft than force, and his spies are more deadly than his warriors. Wherefore this caution against me, but (pardon me) for thine own undoing? Were I a traitor, could Ferdinand himself have endangered thy crown so imminently as the revenge of the leader of thine own armies? Why, too, this desire to keep thee inactive? For the brave every hour hath its chances; but, for us, every hour increases our peril. If we seize not the present time, our supplies are cut off, and famine is a foe all our valor cannot resist. This dervise,—who is he? a stranger, not of our race and blood. But this morning I found him without the walls, not far from the Spaniards' camp."

"Ha!" cried the king, quickly, "and what said he?"

"Little, but in hints; sheltering himself, by loose hints, under thy name."

"He! what dared he own?—Muza, what were those hints?"

The Moor here recounted the interview with Almamen, his detention, his inactivity in the battle, and his subsequent capture by the Spaniards. The king listened attentively, and regained his composure.

“It is a strange and awful man,” said he, after a pause. “Guards and chains will not detain him. Ere-long he will return. But thou, at least, Muza, art henceforth free, alike from the suspicion of the living and the warnings of the dead. No, my friend,” continued Boabdil, with generous warmth; “it is better to lose a crown, to lose life itself, than confidence in a heart like thine. Come, let us inspect this magic tablet; perchance—and how my heart bounds as I utter the hope!—the hour may have arrived.”

CHAPTER IV.

A fuller View of the Character of Boabdil. — Muza in the Gardens of his Beloved.

MUZA BEN ABIL GAZAN returned from his visit to Boabdil with a thoughtful and depressed spirit. His arguments had failed to induce the king to disdain the command of the magic dial which still forbade him to arm against the invaders; and although the royal favor was no longer withdrawn from himself, the Moor felt that such favor hung upon a capricious and uncertain tenure so long as his sovereign was the slave of superstition or imposture. But that noble warrior, whose character the adversity of his country had singularly exalted and refined, even while increasing its natural fierceness, thought little of himself in comparison with the evils and misfortunes which the king's continued irresolution must bring upon Granada.

“ So brave and yet so weak ” (thought he); “ so weak and yet so obstinate; so wise a reasoner, yet so credulous a dupe! Unhappy Boabdil! the stars, indeed, seem to fight against thee, and their influences at thy birth marred all thy gifts and virtues with counteracting infirmity and error.”

Muza, more perhaps than any subject in Granada, did justice to the real character of the king; but even he was unable to penetrate all its complicated and latent mysteries. Boabdil el Chico was no ordinary man: his affections were warm and generous, his nature calm and gentle; and though early power, and the painful expe-

rience of a mutinous people and ungrateful court, had imparted to that nature an irascibility of temper and a quickness of suspicion foreign to its earlier soil, he was easily led back to generosity and justice; and if warm in resentment, was magnanimous in forgiveness. Deeply accomplished in all the learning of his race and time, he was, in books at least, a philosopher; and, indeed, his attachment to the abstruser studies was one of the main causes which unfitted him for his present station. But it was the circumstances attendant on his birth and childhood that had perverted his keen and graceful intellect to morbid indulgence in mystic reveries, and all the doubt, fear, and irresolution of a man who pushes metaphysics into the supernatural world. Dark prophecies accumulated omens over his head; men united in considering him born to disastrous destinies. Whenever he had sought to wrestle against hostile circumstances, some seemingly accidental cause, sudden and unforeseen, had blasted the labors of his most vigorous energy,—the fruit of his most deliberate wisdom. Thus, by degrees, a gloomy and despairing cloud settled over his mind; but, secretly sceptical of the Mahometan creed, and too proud and sanguine to resign himself wholly and passively to the doctrine of inevitable predestination, he sought to contend against the machinations of hostile demons and boding stars, not by human but spiritual agencies. Collecting around him the seers and magicians of Orient fanaticism, he lived in the visions of another world; and, flattered by the promises of impostors or dreamers, and deceived by his own subtle and brooding tendencies of mind, it was amongst spells and cabala that he thought to draw forth the mighty secret which was to free him from the meshes of the preternatural enemies of his fortune, and

leave him the freedom of other men to wrestle with equal chances against peril and adversities. It was thus that Almamen had won the mastery over his mind; and though upon matters of common and earthly import or solid learning Boabdil could contend with sages, upon those of superstition he could be fooled by a child. He was in this a kind of Hamlet: formed under prosperous and serene fortunes, to render blessings and reap renown; but over whom the chilling shadow of another world had fallen, whose soul curdled back into itself, whose life had been separated from that of the herd, whom doubts and awe drew back, while circumstances impelled onward, whom a supernatural doom invested with a peculiar philosophy, not of human effect and cause, and who, with every gift that could ennoble and adorn, was suddenly palsied into that mortal imbecility which is almost ever the result of mortal visitings into the haunted regions of the Ghostly and Unknown. The gloomier colorings of his mind had been deepened, too, by secret remorse. For the preservation of his own life, constantly threatened by his unnatural predecessor, he had been early driven into rebellion against his father. In age, infirmity, and blindness, that fierce king had been made a prisoner at Salobreña, by his brother, El Zagal, Boabdil's partner in rebellion; and, dying suddenly, El Zagal was suspected of his murder. Though Boabdil was innocent of such a crime, he felt himself guilty of the causes which led to it; and a dark memory, resting upon his conscience, served to augment his superstition and enervate the vigor of his resolves; for, of all things that make men dreamers, none is so effectual as remorse operating upon a thoughtful temperament.

Revolving the character of his sovereign, and sadly foreboding the ruin of his country, the young hero of Granada pursued his way, until his steps, almost unconsciously, led him towards the abode of Leila. He scaled the walls of the garden as before, — he neared the house. All was silent and deserted: his signal was unanswered, — his murmured song brought no grateful light to the lattice, no fairy footstep to the balcony. Dejected, and sad of heart, he retired from the spot; and, returning home, sought a couch to which even all the fatigue and excitement which he had undergone, could not win the forgetfulness of slumber. The mystery that wrapped the maiden of his homage, the rareness of their interviews, and the wild and poetical romance that made a very principle of the chivalry of the Spanish Moors, had imparted to Muza's love for Leila a passionate depth which at this day and in more enervated climes is unknown to the Mahometan lover. His keenest inquiries had been unable to pierce the secret of her birth and station. Little of the inmates of that guarded and lonely house was known in the neighborhood: the only one ever seen without its walls was an old man of the Jewish faith, supposed to be a superintendent of the foreign slaves (for no Mahometan slave would have been subjected to the insult of submission to a Jew); and though there were rumors of the vast wealth and gorgeous luxury within the mansion, it was supposed the abode of some Moorish emir absent from the city, — and the interest of the gossips was at this time absorbed in more weighty matters than the affairs of a neighbor. But when, the next eve, and the next, Muza returned to the spot equally in vain, his impatience and alarm could no longer be restrained; he resolved to lie in watch by

the portals of the house night and day, until at least he could discover some one of the inmates whom he could question of his love, and perhaps bribe to his service. As with this resolution he was hovering round the mansion, he beheld, stealing from a small door in one of the low wings of the house, a bended and decrepit form: it supported its steps upon a staff; and, as now entering the garden it stooped by the side of a fountain to cull flowers and herbs by the light of the moon, the Moor almost started to behold a countenance which resembled that of some ghoul or vampire haunting the places of the dead. He smiled at his own fear; and with a quick and stealthy pace hastened through the trees, and, gaining the spot where the old man bent, placed his hand on his shoulder ere his presence was perceived.

Ximen — for it was he — looked round eagerly, and a faint cry of terror broke from his lips.

“Hush!” said the Moor; “fear me not, I am a friend. Thou art old, man, — gold is ever welcome to the aged.” As he spoke, he dropped several broad pieces into the breast of the Jew, whose ghastly features gave forth a yet more ghastly smile as he received the gift, and mumbled forth, —

“Charitable young man! generous, benevolent, excellent young man!”

“Now then,” said Muza, “tell me — you belong to this house — Leila, the maiden within — tell me of her, is she well?”

“I trust so,” returned the Jew; “I trust so, noble master.”

“Trust so! *know* you not of her state?”

“Not I; for many nights I have not seen her, excellent sir,” answered Ximen, — “she hath left Granada, she

hath gone. You waste your time, and mar your precious health amidst these nightly dews; they are unwholesome, very unwholesome, at the time of the new moon."

"Gone!" echoed the Moor; "left Granada! woe is me!—and whither? There, there, more gold for you,—old man, tell me whither?"

"Alas! I know not, most magnanimous young man; I am but a servant,—I know nothing."

"When will she return?"

"I cannot tell thee."

"Who is thy master? who owns yon mansion?"

Ximen's countenance fell; he looked round in doubt and fear, and then, after a short pause, answered, "A wealthy man, good sir,—a Moor of Africa; but he hath also gone: he but seldom visits us; Granada is not so peaceful a residence as it was,—I would go too, if I could."

Muza released his hold of Ximen, who gazed at the Moor's working countenance with a malignant smile,—for Ximen hated all men.

"Thou hast done with me, young warrior? Pleasant dreams to thee under the new moon,—thou hadst best retire to thy bed. Farewell! bless thy charity to the poor old man!"

Muza heard him not: he remained motionless for some moments; and then with a heavy sigh, as that of one who has gained the mastery of himself after a bitter struggle, he said, half aloud, "Allah be with thee, Leila! Granada now is my only mistress."

CHAPTER V.

Boabdil's Reconciliation with his People.

SEVERAL days had elapsed without any encounter between Moor and Christian; for Ferdinand's cold and sober policy, warned by the loss he had sustained in the ambush of Muza, was now bent on preserving rigorous restraint upon the fiery spirits he commanded. He forbade all parties of skirmish, in which the Moors, indeed, had usually gained the advantage, and contented himself with occupying all the passes through which provisions could arrive at the besieged city. He commenced strong fortifications around his camp; and, forbidding assault on the Moors, defied it against himself.

Meanwhile Almamen had not returned to Granada. No tidings of his fate reached the king; and his prolonged disappearance began to produce visible and salutary effect upon the long-dormant energies of Boabdil. The counsels of Muza, the exhortations of the queen-mother, the enthusiasm of his mistress, Amine, uncoun-tered by the arts of the magician, aroused the torpid lion of his nature. But still his army and his subjects murmured against him; and his appearance in the Vivarrambla might, possibly, be the signal of revolt. It was at this time that a most fortunate circumstance at once restored to him the confidence and affections of his people. His stern uncle, El Zagal,—once a rival for his crown, and whose daring valor, mature age, and military sagacity had won him a powerful party within the city,—had been, some months since, conquered by

Ferdinand; and, in yielding the possessions he held, had been rewarded with a barren and dependent principality. His defeat, far from benefiting Boabdil, had exasperated the Moors against their king. "For," said they, almost with one voice, "the brave El Zagal never would have succumbed had Boabdil properly supported his arms." And it was the popular discontent and rage at El Zagal's defeat, which had indeed served Boabdil with a reasonable excuse for shutting himself in the strong fortress of the Alhambra. It now happened that El Zagal, whose dominant passion was hatred of his nephew, and whose fierce nature chafed at its present cage, resolved in his old age to blast all his former fame by a signal treason to his country. Forgetting everything but revenge against his nephew, whom he was resolved should share his own ruin, he armed his subjects, crossed the country, and appeared at the head of a gallant troop in the Spanish camp, an ally with Ferdinand against Granada. When this was heard by the Moors, it is impossible to conceive their indignant wrath: the crime of El Zagal produced an instantaneous reaction in favor of Boabdil; the crowd surrounded the Alhambra, and with prayers and tears entreated the forgiveness of the king. This event completed the conquest of Boabdil over his own irresolution. He ordained an assembly of the whole army in the broad space of the Vivarrambla; and when at break of day he appeared in full armor in the square, with Muza at his right hand, himself in the flower of youthful beauty, and proud to feel once more a hero and a king, the joy of the people knew no limit; the air was rent with cries of "Long live Boabdil el Chico!" and the young monarch, turning to Muza, with his soul upon his brow, exclaimed, "The hour has come, — I am no longer El Zogoybi!"

CHAPTER VI.

Leila. — Her new Lover. — Portrait of the First Inquisitor of Spain.
— The Chalice returned to the lips of Almamen.

WHILE thus the state of events within Granada, the course of our story transports us back to the Christian camp. It was in one of a long line of tents that skirted the pavilion of Isabell and was appropriated to the ladies attendant on the royal presence, that a young female sat alone. The dusk of evening already gathered around, and only the outline of her form and features was visible. But even that imperfectly seen — the dejected attitude of the form, the drooping head, the hands clasped upon the knees — might have sufficed to denote the melancholy nature of the reverie in which the maid indulged.

“ Ah,” thought she, “ to what danger am I exposed! If my father, if my lover, dreamed of the persecution to which their poor Leila is abandoned ! ”

A few tears, large and bitter, broke from her eyes, and stole unheeded down her cheek. At that moment the deep and musical chime of a bell was heard summoning the chiefs of the army to prayer; for Ferdinand invested all his worldly schemes with a religious covering, and to his politic war he sought to give the imposing character of a sacred crusade.

“ That sound,” thought she, sinking on her knees, “ summons the Nazarenes to the presence of their God. It reminds me, a captive by the waters of Babylon, that

God is ever with the friendless. Oh, succor and defend me, Thou who didst look of old upon Ruth standing amidst the corn, and didst watch over thy chosen people in the hungry wilderness and in the stranger's land!"

Wrapped in her mute and passionate devotions, Leila remained long in her touching posture. The bell had ceased; all without was hushed and still,—when the drapery stretched across the opening of the tent was lifted, and a young Spaniard, cloaked from head to foot in a long mantle, stood within the space. He gazed in silence upon the kneeling maiden; nor was it until she rose that he made his presence audible.

"Ah, fairest!" said he, then, as he attempted to take her hand, "thou wilt not answer my letters,—see me, then, at thy feet. It is thou who teachest me to kneel."

"You, prince!" said Leila, agitated, and in great and evident fear. "Why harass and insult me thus? Am I not sacred as a hostage and a charge? and are name, honor, peace, and all that woman is taught to hold most dear, to be thus robbed from me, under the pretext of a love dishonoring to thee and an insult to myself?"

"Sweet one," answered Don Juan, with a slight laugh, "thou hast learned, within yonder walls, a creed of morals little known to Moorish maidens, if fame belies them not. Suffer me to teach thee easier morality and sounder logic. It is no dishonor to a Christian prince to adore beauty like thine; it is no insult to a maiden hostage if the Infant of Spain proffer her the homage of his heart. But we waste time. Spies and envious tongues and vigilant eyes are round us; and it is not often that I can baffle them, as I have done now. Fairest, hear me!" and this time he succeeded in seizing the hand which vainly struggled against his clasp. "Nay, why so coy? what can female heart

desire, that my love cannot shower upon thine? Speak but the word, enchanting maiden, and I will bear thee from these scenes, unseemly to thy gentle eyes. Amidst the pavilions of princes shalt thou repose; and amidst gardens of the orange and the rose shalt thou listen to the vows of thine adorer. Surely, in these arms thou wilt not pine for a barbarous home and a fated city. And if thy pride, sweet maiden, deafen thee to the voice of nature, learn that the haughtiest dames of Spain would bend in envious court to the beloved of their future king. This night—listen to me, I say, listen—this night I will bear thee hence! Be but mine, and no matter whether heretic or infidel, or whatever the priests style thee, neither church nor king shall tear thee from the bosom of thy lover."

"It is well spoken, son of the Most Christian Monarch!" said a deep voice; and the Dominican, Tomas de Torquemada, stood before the prince.

Juan, as if struck by a thunderbolt, released his hold, and, staggering back a few paces, seemed to cower, abashed and humbled, before the eye of the priest, as it glared upon him through the gathering darkness.

"Prince," said the friar, after a pause, "not to thee will our Holy Church attribute this crime; thy pious heart hath been betrayed by sorcery. Retire!"

"Father," said the prince, in a tone into which, despite his awe of that terrible man, **THE FIRST GRAND INQUISITOR OF SPAIN**, his libertine spirit involuntarily forced itself, in a half-latent raillery,— "sorcery of eyes like those bewitched the wise son of a more pious sire than even Ferdinand of Aragon."

"He blasphemeth!" muttered the monk. "Prince, beware! you know not what you do."

The prince lingered; and then, as if aware that he

must yield, gathered his cloak round him, and left the tent without reply.

Pale and trembling,—with fears no less felt, perhaps, though more vague and perplexed than those from which she had just been delivered,—Leila stood before the monk.

“Be seated, daughter of the faithless,” said Torquemada, “we would converse with thee; and, as thou valuest—I say not thy soul, for, alas! of that precious treasure thou art not conscious—but mark me, woman! as thou prizest the safety of those delicate limbs and that wanton beauty, answer truly what I shall ask thee. The man who brought thee hither,—is he, in truth, thy father?”

“Alas!” answered Leila, almost fainting with terror at this rude and menacing address, “he is, in truth, mine only parent.”

“And his faith, his religion?”

“I have never beheld him pray.”

“Hem! he never prays,—a noticeable fact. But of what sect, what creed, does he profess himself?”

“I cannot answer thee.”

“Nay, there be means that may wring from thee an answer. Maiden, be not so stubborn; speak! Thinkest thou he serves the temple of the Mahometan?”

“No! oh, no!” answered poor Leila, eagerly, deeming that her reply, in this at least, would be acceptable. “He disowns, he scorns, he abhors, the Moorish faith,—even,” she added, “with too fierce a zeal.”

“Thou dost not share that zeal, then? Well, worships he in secret after the Christian rites?”

Leila hung her head, and answered not.

“I understand thy silence. And in what belief, maiden, wert thou reared beneath his roof?”

"I know not what it is called among men," answered Leila, with firmness, "but it is the faith of the ONE God, who protects his chosen, and shall avenge their wrongs,—the God who made earth and heaven, and who, in an idolatrous and benighted world, transmitted the knowledge of himself and his holy laws, from age to age, through the channel of one solitary people, in the plains of Palestine and by the waters of the Hebron."

"And in that faith thou wert trained, maiden, by thy father?" said the Dominican, calmly. "I am satisfied. Rest here in peace: we may meet again soon."

The last words were spoken with a soft and tranquil smile,—a smile in which glazing eyes and agonizing hearts had often beheld the ghastly omen of the torture and the stake.

On quitting the unfortunate Leila, the monk took his way towards the neighboring tent of Ferdinand. But, ere he reached it, a new thought seemed to strike the holy man; he altered the direction of his steps, and gained one of those little shrines common in Catholic countries, and which had been hastily built of wood, in the centre of a small copse, and by the side of a brawling rivulet, towards the back of the king's pavilion. But one solitary sentry, at the entrance of the copse, guarded the consecrated place; and its exceeding loneliness and quiet were a grateful contrast to the animated world of the surrounding camp. The monk entered the shrine, and fell down on his knees before an image of the Virgin, rudely sculptured, indeed, but richly decorated.

"Ah, Holy Mother!" groaned this singular man, "support me in the trial to which I am appointed.

Thou knowest that the glory of thy blessed Son is the sole object for which I live, and move, and have my being; but at times, alas! the spirit is infected with the weakness of the flesh. *Ora pro nobis*, O Mother of mercy! Verily, oftentimes my heart sinks within me when it is mine to vindicate the honor of thy holy cause against the young and the tender, the aged and the decrepit. But what are beauty and youth, gray hairs and trembling knees, in the eye of the Creator? Miserable worms are we all; nor is there anything acceptable in the Divine sight but the hearts of the faithful. Youth without faith, age without belief, purity without grace, virtue without holiness, are only more hideous by their seeming beauty,—whited sepulchres, glittering rottenness. I know this,—I know it; but the human man is strong within me. Strengthen me, that I pluck it out; so that, by diligent and constant struggle with the feeble Adam, thy servant may be reduced into a mere machine, to punish the godless and advance the Church."

Here sobs and tears choked the speech of the Dominican; he grovelled in the dust, he tore his hair, he howled aloud: the agony was fierce upon him. At length he drew from his robe a whip, composed of several thongs studded with small and sharp nails; and, stripping his gown, and the shirt of hair worn underneath over his shoulders, applied the scourge to the naked flesh with a fury which soon covered the greensward with the thick and clotted blood. The exhaustion which followed this terrible penance seemed to restore the senses of the stern fanatic. A smile broke over the features, that bodily pain only released from the anguished expression of mental and visionary struggles; and when he rose, and drew the hair-cloth shirt

over the lacerated and quivering flesh, he said, “Now hast thou deigned to comfort and visit me, O pitying Mother; and even as by these austeries against this miserable body is the spirit relieved and soothed, so dost thou typify and betoken that men’s bodies are not to be spared by those who seek to save souls, and bring the nations of the earth into thy fold.”

With that thought the countenance of Torquemada re-assumed its wonted rigid and passionless composure; and replacing the scourge, yet clotted with blood, in his bosom, he pursued his way to the royal tent.

He found Ferdinand poring over the accounts of the vast expenses of his military preparations, which he had just received from his treasurer; and the brow of the thrifty though ostentatious monarch was greatly overcast by the examination.

“By the Bulls of Guisando,” said the king, gravely, “I purchase the salvation of my army, in this holy war, at a marvellous heavy price; and if the infidels hold out much longer, we shall have to pawn our very patrimony of Aragon.”

“Son,” answered the Dominican, “to purposes like thine, fear not that Providence itself will supply the worldly means. But why doubtest thou? are not the means within thy reach? It is just that thou alone shouldst not support the wars by which Christendom is glorified. Are there not others?”

“I know what thou wouldest say, father,” interrupted the king, quickly,—“thou wouldest observe that my brother monarchs should assist me with arms and treasure. Most just; but they are avaricious and envious, Tomas, and Mammon hath corrupted them.”

“Nay, not to kings pointed my thought.”

“Well, then,” resumed the king, impatiently, “thou

wouldst imply that mine own knights and nobles should yield up their coffers, and mortgage their possessions. And so they ought; but they murmur already at what they have yielded to our necessities."

"And, in truth," rejoined the friar, "these noble warriors should not be shorn of a splendor that well becomes the valiant champions of the Church. Nay, listen to me, son, and I may suggest a means whereby not the friends but enemies of the Catholic faith shall contribute to the downfall of the Paynim. In thy dominions, especially those newly won, throughout Andalusia, in the kingdom of Cordova, are men of enormous wealth; the very caverns of the earth are sown with the impious treasure they have plundered from Christian hands, and consume in the furtherance of their iniquity. Sire, I speak of the race that crucified the Lord."

"The Jews; ay, but the excuse—"

"Is before thee. This traitor, with whom thou holdest intercourse, who vowed to thee to render up Granada, and who was found, the very next morning, fighting with the Moors, with the blood of a Spanish martyr red upon his hands, did he not confess that his fathers were of that hateful race? did he not bargain with thee to elevate his brethren to the rank of Christians? and has he not left with thee, upon false pretences, a harlot of his faith, who, by sorcery and the help of the Evil One, hath seduced into frantic passion the heart of the heir of the most Christian king?"

"Ha! thus does that libertine boy ever scandalize us!" said the king, bitterly.

"Well," pursued the Dominican, not heeding the interruption, "have you not here excuse enough to

wring from the whole race the purchase of their existence? Note the glaring proof of this conspiracy of hell. The outcasts of the earth employed this crafty agent to contract with thee for power; and, to consummate their guilty designs, the arts that seduced Solomon are employed against thy son. The beauty of the strange woman captivates his senses; so that through the future sovereign of Spain the counsels of Jewish craft may establish the domination of Jewish ambition. How knowest thou," he added, as he observed that Ferdinand listened to him with earnest attention, — " how knowest thou but what the next step might have been thy secret assassination, so that the victim of witchcraft, the minion of the Jewess, might reign in the stead of the mighty and unconquerable Ferdinand? "

" Go on, father," said the king, thoughtfully; " I see at least enough to justify an impost upon these servitors of Mammon."

" But though common-sense suggests to us," continued Torquemada, " that this disguised Israelite could not have acted on so vast a design without the instigation of his brethren, not only in Granada, but throughout all Andalusia, — would it not be right to obtain from him his confession, and that of the maiden, within the camp, so that we may have broad and undeniable evidence whereon to act, and to still all cavil that may come not only from the godless, but even from the too tender scruples of the righteous? Even the queen — whom the saints ever guard! — hath ever too soft a heart for these infidels; and — "

" Right!" cried the king, again breaking upon Torquemada; " Isabel, the Queen of Castile, must be satisfied of the justice of all our actions."

" And, should it be proved that thy throne or life were

endangered, and that magic was exercised to entrap her royal son into a passion for a Jewish maiden, which the Church holds a crime worthy of excommunication itself, surely, instead of counteracting, she would assist our schemes."

"Holy friend," said Ferdinand, with energy, "ever a comforter, both for this world and the next, to thee, and to the new powers intrusted to thee, we commit this charge; see to it at once; time presses: Granada is obstinate, — the treasury waxes low."

"Son, thou hast said enough," replied the Dominican, closing his eyes, and muttering a short thanksgiving. "Now then to my task."

"Yet stay," said the king, with an altered visage; "follow me to my oratory within. My heart is heavy, and I would fain seek the solace of the confessional."

The monk obeyed; and while Ferdinand, whose wonderful abilities were mingled with the weakest superstition, — who persecuted from policy, yet believed in his own heart that he punished but from piety, — confessed with penitent tears the grave offences of aves forgotten and beads untold; and while the Dominican admonished, rebuked, or soothed, — neither prince nor monk ever dreamed that there was an error to confess in, or a penance to be adjudged to, the cruelty that tortured a fellow-being, or the avarice that sought pretences for the extortion of a whole people.

CHAPTER VII.

The Tribunal and the Miracle.

IT was the dead of night—the army was hushed in sleep—when four soldiers belonging to the Holy Brotherhood, bearing with them one whose manacles proclaimed him a prisoner, passed in steady silence to a huge tent in the neighborhood of the royal pavilion. A deep dyke, formidable barricadoes, and sentries stationed at frequent intervals, testified the estimation in which the safety of this segment of the camp was held.. The tent to which the soldiers approached was, in extent, larger than even the king's pavilion itself, — a mansion of canvas, surrounded by a wide wall of massive stones; and from its summit gloomed, in the clear and shining starlight, a small black pennant, on which was wrought a white, broad-pointed cross. The soldiers halted at the gate in the wall, resigned their charge, with a whispered watchword, to two gaunt sentries; and then (relieving the sentries, who proceeded on with the prisoner) remained, mute and motionless, at the post: for stern silence and Spartan discipline were the attributes of the brotherhood of St. Hermandad.

The prisoner, as he now neared the tent, halted a moment, looked round steadily, as if to fix the spot in his remembrance, and then, with an impatient though stately gesture, followed his guards. He passed two divisions of the tent, dimly lighted, and apparently deserted. A man clad in long black robes, with a white cross on his breast, now appeared; there was an

interchange of signals in dumb show, and in another moment Almamen, the Hebrew, stood within a large chamber (if so that division of the tent might be called) hung with black serge. At the upper part of the space was an *estrado*, or platform, on which, by a long table, sat three men; while at the head of the board was seen the calm and rigid countenance of Tomas de Torquemada. The threshold of the tent was guarded by two men, in garments similar in hue and fashion to those of the figure who had ushered Almamen into the presence of the inquisitor, each bearing a long lance, and with a long two-edged sword by his side. This made all the inhabitants of that melancholy and ominous apartment.

The Israelite looked round with a pale brow, but a flashing and scornful eye; and when he met the gaze of the Dominican, it almost seemed as if those two men, each so raised above his fellows by the sternness of his nature and the energy of his passions, sought by a look alone to assert his own supremacy and crush his foe. Yet, in truth, neither did justice to the other; and the indignant disdain of Almamen was retorted by the cold and icy contempt of the Dominican.

“Prisoner,” said Torquemada (the first to withdraw his gaze), “a less haughty and stubborn demeanor might have better suited thy condition. But no matter; our Church is meek and humble. We have sent for thee in a charitable and paternal hope; for although as spy and traitor thy life is already forfeited, yet would we fain redeem and spare it to repentance. That hope mayst thou not forego, for the nature of all of us is weak and clings to life,—that straw of the drowning seaman.”

“Priest, if such thou art,” replied the Hebrew, “I have already, when first brought to this camp, explained

the causes of my detention amongst the troops of the Moor. It was my zeal for the King of Spain that brought me into that peril. Escaping from that peril, incurred in his behalf, is the King of Spain to be my accuser and my judge? If, however, my life now be sought as the grateful return for the proffer of inestimable service, I stand here to yield it. Do thy worst; and tell thy master that he loses more by my death than he can win by the lives of thirty thousand warriors."

"Cease this idle babble," said the monk-inquisitor, contemptuously; "nor think thou couldst ever deceive, with thy empty words, the mighty intellect of Ferdinand of Spain. Thou hast now to defend thyself against still graver charges than those of treachery to the king whom thou didst profess to serve. Yea, misbeliever as thou art, it is thine to vindicate thyself from blasphemy against the God thou shouldst adore. Confess the truth: thou art of the tribe and faith of Israel?"

The Hebrew frowned darkly. "Man," said he, solemnly, "is a judge of the deeds of men, but not of their opinions. I will not answer thee."

"Pause! We have means at hand that the strongest nerves and the stoutest hearts have failed to encounter. Pause—confess!"

"Thy threat awes me not," said the Hebrew: "but I am human; and since thou wouldest know the truth, thou mayst learn it without the torture. I am of the same race as the apostles of thy Church,—I am a Jew."

"He confesses,—write down the words. Prisoner, thou hast done wisely; and we pray the Lord that, acting thus, thou mayst escape both the torture and the death. And in that faith thy daughter was reared? Answer."

"My daughter! there is no charge against her! By

the God of Sinai and Horeb, you dare not touch a hair of that innocent head!"

"Answer," repeated the inquisitor, coldly.

"I do answer. She was brought up no renegade to her father's faith."

"Write down the confession. Prisoner," resumed the Dominican, after a pause, "but few more questions remain; answer them truly, and thy life is saved. In thy conspiracy to raise thy brotherhood of Andalusia to power and influence, or, as thou didst craftily term it, to equal laws with the followers of our blessed Lord,—in thy conspiracy (by what dark arts I seek not now to know; *protege nos, beate Domine!*) to entangle in wanton affections to thy daughter the heart of the Infant of Spain,—silence, I say, be still!—in this conspiracy thou wert aided, abetted, or instigated by certain Jews of Andalusia—"

"Hold, priest!" cried Almamen, impetuously, "thou didst name my child. Do I hear aright? Placed under the sacred charge of a king and a belted knight, has she—oh! answer me, I implore thee—been insulted by the licentious addresses of one of that king's own lineage? Answer! I am a Jew,—but I am a father and a man."

"This pretended passion deceives us not," said the Dominican (who, himself cut off from the ties of life, knew nothing of their power). "Reply to the question put to thee; name thy accomplices."

"I have told thee all. Thou hast refused to answer me. I scorn and defy thee; my lips are closed."

The grand inquisitor glanced to his brethren, and raised his hand. His assistants whispered each other; one of them rose, and disappeared behind the canvas at the back of the tent. Presently the hangings were withdrawn; and the prisoner beheld an interior chamber,

hung with various instruments, the nature of which was betrayed by their very shape; while, by the rack, placed in the centre of that dreary chamber, stood a tall and grisly figure, his arms bare, his eyes bent, as by an instinct, on the prisoner.

Almamen gazed at these dread preparations with an unflinching aspect. The guards at the entrance of the tent approached; they struck off the fetters from his feet and hands; they led him towards the appointed place of torture.

Suddenly the Israelite paused.

“Priest,” said he, in a more humble accent than he had yet assumed, “the tidings that thou didst communicate to me respecting the sole daughter of my house and love bewildered and confused me for the moment. Suffer me but for a single moment to re-collect my senses, and I will answer without compulsion all thou mayst ask. Permit thy question to be repeated.”

The Dominican, whose cruelty to others seemed to himself sanctioned by his own insensibility to fear and contempt for bodily pain, smiled with bitter scorn at the apparent vacillation and weakness of the prisoner; but as he delighted not in torture merely for torture’s sake, he motioned to the guards to release the Israelite; and replied in a voice unnaturally mild and kindly, considering the circumstances of the scene,—

“Prisoner, could we save thee from pain, even by the anguish of our own flesh and sinews, Heaven is our judge that we would willingly undergo the torture which with grief and sorrow we ordained to thee. Pause; take breath,—collect thyself. Three minutes shalt thou have to consider what course to adopt ere we repeat the question. But then, beware how thou triflest with our indulgence!”

“ It suffices,—I thank thee,” said the Hebrew, with a touch of gratitude in his voice. As he spoke, he bent his face within his bosom, which he covered, as in profound meditation, with the folds of his long robe. Scarce half the brief time allowed him had expired, when he again lifted his countenance, and, as he did so, flung back his garment. The Dominican uttered a loud cry; the guards started back in awe. A wonderful change had come over the intended victim; he seemed to stand amongst them literally wrapped in fire; flames burst from his lip, and played with his long locks, as, catching the glowing hue, they curled over his shoulders, like serpents of burning light; blood-red were his breast and limbs, his haughty crest, and his outstretched arm; and as, for a single moment, he met the shuddering eyes of his judges, he seemed, indeed, to verify all the superstitions of the time,—no longer the trembling captive, but the mighty demon or the terrible magician.

The Dominican was the first to recover his self-possession. “ Seize the enchanter!” he exclaimed; but no man stirred. Ere yet the exclamation had died on his lip, Almamen took from his breast a phial, and dashed it on the ground,—it broke into a thousand shivers; a mist rose over the apartment,—it spread, thickened, darkened, as a sudden night; the lamps could not pierce it. The luminous form of the Hebrew grew dull and dim, until it vanished in the shade. On every eye blindness seemed to fall. There was a dead silence, broken by a cry and groan; and when, after some minutes, the darkness gradually dispersed, Almamen was gone. One of the guards lay bathed in blood upon the ground; they raised him; he had attempted to seize the prisoner, and had been stricken with a mortal wound. He died as he faltered forth the explanation. In the confusion and

dismay of the scene, none noticed, till long afterwards, that the prisoner had paused long enough to strip the dying guard of his long mantle, — a proof that he feared his more secret arts might not suffice to bear him safe through the camp without the aid of worldly stratagem.

“ The fiend hath been amongst us ! ” said the Dominican, solemnly, falling on his knees, — “ let us pray.”

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Isabel and the Jewish Maiden.

WHILE this scene took place before the tribunal of Torquemada, Leila had been summoned from the indulgence of fears which her gentle nature and her luxurious nurturing had ill-fitted her to contend against, to the presence of the queen. That gifted and high-spirited princess, whose virtues were her own, whose faults were of her age, was not, it is true, without the superstition and something of the intolerant spirit of her royal spouse; but even where her faith assented to persecution, her heart ever inclined to mercy; and it was her voice alone that ever counteracted the fiery zeal of Torquemada, and mitigated the sufferings of the unhappy ones who fell under the suspicion of heresy. She had, happily too, within her a strong sense of justice, as well as the sentiment of compassion; and often, when she could not save the accused, she prevented the consequences of his imputed crime falling upon the innocent members of his house or tribe.

In the interval between his conversation with Ferdinand and the examination of Almamen, the Dominican had sought the queen, and had placed before her, in glowing colors, not only the treason of Almamen, but the consequences of the impious passion her son had con-

ceived for Leila. In that day any connection between a Christian knight and a Jewess was deemed a sin scarce expiable; and Isabel conceived all that horror of her son's offence which was natural in a pious mother and a haughty queen. But, despite all the arguments of the friar, she could not be prevailed upon to render up Leila to the tribunal of the Inquisition; and that dread court, but newly established, did not dare, without her consent, to seize upon one under the immediate protection of the queen.

“Fear not, father,” said Isabel, with quiet firmness,—“I will take upon myself to examine the maiden; and at least I will see her removed from all chance of tempting or being tempted by this graceless boy. But she was placed under charge of the king and myself as a hostage and a trust; we accepted the charge, and our royal honor is pledged to the safety of the maiden. Heaven forbid that I should deny the existence of sorcery, assured as we are of its emanation from the Evil One; but I fear, in this fancy of Juan's, that the maiden is more sinned against than sinning; and yet my son is, doubtless, not aware of the unhappy faith of the Jewess, the knowledge of which alone will suffice to cure him of his error. You shake your head, father; but, I repeat, I will act in this affair so as to merit the confidence I demand. Go, good Tomas. We have not reigned so long without belief in our power to control and deal with a simple maiden.”

The queen extended her hand to the monk with a smile so sweet in its dignity that it softened even that rugged heart; and with a reluctant sigh, and a murmured prayer that her counsels might be guided for the best, Torquemada left the royal presence.

“The poor child!” thought Isabel,—“those tender limbs and that fragile form are ill fitted for yon

monk's stern tutelage. She seems gentle; and her face has in it all the yielding softness of our sex: doubtless, by mild means, she may be persuaded to abjure her wretched creed; and the shade of some holy convent may hide her alike from the licentious gaze of my son and the iron zeal of the Inquisitor. I will see her."

When Leila entered the queen's pavilion, Isabel, who was alone, marked her trembling step with a compassionate eye; and as Leila, in obedience to the queen's request, threw up her veil, the paleness of her cheek and the traces of recent tears appealed to Isabel's heart with more success than had attended all the pious invectives of Torquemada.

"Maiden," said Isabel, encouragingly, "I fear thou hast been strangely harassed by the thoughtless caprice of the young prince. Think of it no more. But if thou art what I have ventured to believe and to assert thee to be, cheerfully subscribe to the means I will suggest for preventing the continuance of addresses which cannot but injure thy fair name."

"Ah, madam!" said Leila, as she fell on one knee beside the queen, "most joyfully, most gratefully, will I accept any asylum which proffers solitude and peace."

"The asylum to which I would fain lead thy steps," answered Isabel, gently, "is indeed one whose solitude is holy, whose peace is that of heaven. But of this hereafter. Thou wilt not hesitate, then, to quit the camp, unknown to the prince, and ere he can again seek thee?"

"Hesitate, madam? Ah! rather, how shall I express my thanks?"

"I did not read that face misjudgingly," thought the queen, as she resumed. "Be it so; we will not lose another night. Withdraw yonder, through the inner

tent; the litter shall be straight prepared for thee; and ere midnight thou shalt sleep in safety under the roof of one of the bravest knights and noblest ladies that our realm can boast. Thou shalt bear with thee a letter that shall commend thee specially to the care of thy hostess,—thou wilt find her of a kindly and fostering nature. And, oh, maiden!” added the queen, with benevolent warmth, “ steel not thy heart against her, listen with ductile senses to her gentle ministry; and may God and his Son prosper that pious lady’s counsel, so that it may win a new strayling to the Immortal Fold!”

Leila listened and wondered, but made no answer; until, as she gained the entrance to the interior division of the tent, she stopped abruptly, and said,—

“ Pardon me, gracious queen, but dare I ask thee one question,—it is not of myself?”

“ Speak, and fear not.”

“ My father,—hath aught been heard of him? He promised that ere the fifth day were passed, he would once more see his child; and, alas! that date is past, and I am still alone in the dwelling of the stranger!”

“ Unhappy child!” muttered Isabel to herself, “ thou knowest not his treason nor his fate,—yet why shouldst thou? Ignorant of what would render thee blest hereafter, continue ignorant of what would afflict thee here. Be cheered, maiden,” answered the queen, aloud. “ No doubt, there are reasons sufficient to forbid your meeting. But thou shalt not lack friends in the dwelling-house of the stranger.”

“ Ah, noble queen, pardon me, and one word more! There hath been with me, more than once, a stern old man, whose voice freezes the blood within my veins; he questions me of my father, and in the tone of a foe

who would entrap from the child something to the peril of the sire. That man,—thou knowest him, gracious queen,—he cannot have the power to harm my father?"

"Peace, maiden! the man thou speakest of is the priest of God, and the innocent have nothing to dread from his reverend zeal. For thyself, I say again, be cheered; in the home to which I consign thee, thou wilt see him no more. Take comfort, poor child,—weep not: all have their cares; our duty is to bear in this life, reserving hope only for the next."

The queen, destined herself to those domestic afflictions which pomp cannot soothe nor power allay, spoke with a prophetic sadness which yet more touched a heart that her kindness of look and tone had already softened; and, in the impulse of a nature never tutored in the rigid ceremonials of that stately court, Leila suddenly came forward, and falling on one knee, seized the hand of her protectress, and kissed it warmly through her tears.

"Are you, too, unhappy?" she said. "I will pray for you to *my* God!"

The queen, surprised and moved at an action which, had witnesses been present, would only perhaps (for such is human nature) have offended her Castilian prejudices, left her hand in Leila's grateful clasp; and, laying the other upon the parted and luxuriant ringlets of the kneeling maiden, said gently: "And thy prayers shall avail thee and me when thy God and mine are the same. Bless thee, maiden! I am a mother; thou art motherless,—bless thee!"

CHAPTER II.

The Temptation of the Jewess,—in which the History passes from the Outward to the Internal.

IT was about the very hour, almost the very moment, in which Almamen effected his mysterious escape from the tent of the Inquisition, that the train accompanying the litter which bore Leila, and which was composed of some chosen soldiers of Isabel's own body-guard, after traversing the camp, winding along that part of the mountainous defile which was in the possession of the Spaniards, and ascending a high and steep acclivity, halted before the gates of a strongly fortified castle renowned in the chronicles of that memorable war. The hoarse challenge of the sentry, the grating of jealous bars, the clanks of hoofs upon the rough pavement of the courts, and the streaming glare of torches,—falling upon stern and bearded visages, and imparting a ruddier glow to the moonlit buttresses and battlements of the fortress,—aroused Leila from a kind of torpor rather than sleep, in which the fatigue and excitement of the day had steeped her senses. An old seneschal conducted her through vast and gloomy halls (how unlike the brilliant chambers and fantastic arcades of her Moorish home!) to a huge Gothic apartment, hung with the arras of Flemish looms. In a few moments maidens, hastily aroused from slumber, grouped around her with a respect which would certainly not have been accorded had her birth and creed been known. They gazed with surprise at her extraordinary beauty and

foreign garb, and evidently considered the new guest a welcome addition to the scanty society of the castle. Under any other circumstances the strangeness of all she saw, and the frowning gloom of the chamber to which she was consigned, would have damped the spirits of one whose destiny had so suddenly passed from the deepest quiet into the sternest excitement. But any change was a relief to the roar of the camp, the addresses of the prince, and the ominous voice and countenance of Torquemada; and Leila looked around her, with the feeling that the queen's promise was fulfilled, and that she was already amidst the blessings of shelter and repose. It was long, however, before sleep revisited her eyelids, and when she woke, the noonday sun streamed broadly through the lattice. By the bedside sat a matron advanced in years, but of a mild and prepossessing countenance, which only borrowed a yet more attractive charm from an expression of placid and habitual melancholy. She was robed in black; but the rich pearls that were interwoven in the sleeves and stomacher, the jewelled cross that was appended from a chain of massive gold, and, still more, a certain air of dignity and command bespoke, even to the inexperienced eye of Leila, the evidence of superior station.

"Thou hast slept late, daughter," said the lady, with a benevolent smile; "may thy slumbers have refreshed thee! Accept my regrets that I knew not till this morning of thine arrival, or I should have been the first to welcome the charge of my royal mistress."

There was in the look, much more than in the words, of the Donna Inez de Quexada a soothing and tender interest that was as balm to the heart of Leila; in truth, she had been made the guest of, perhaps, the only lady

in Spain, of pure and Christian blood, who did not despise or execrate the name of Leila's tribe. Donna Inez had herself contracted to a Jew a debt of gratitude which she had sought to return to the whole race. Many years before the time in which our tale is cast, her husband and herself had been sojourning at Naples, then closely connected with the politics of Spain, upon an important state mission. They had then an only son, a youth of a wild and desultory character, whom the spirit of adventure allured to the East. In one of those sultry lands the young Quexada was saved from the hands of robbers by the caravanserai of a wealthy traveller. With this stranger he contracted that intimacy which wandering and romantic men often conceive for each other, without any other sympathy than that of the same pursuits. Subsequently, he discovered that his companion was of the Jewish faith: and, with the usual prejudice of his birth and time, recoiled from the friendship he had solicited, and shrank from the sense of the obligation he had incurred: he quitted his companion. Weary at length with travel, he was journeying homeward, when he was seized with a sudden and virulent fever, mistaken for plague; all fled from the contagion of the supposed pestilence,—he was left to die. One man discovered his condition,—watched, tended, and, skilled in the deeper secrets of the healing art, restored him to life and health: it was the same Jew who had preserved him from the robbers. At this second and more inestimable obligation the prejudices of the Spaniard vanished: he formed a deep and grateful attachment for his preserver; they lived together for some time, and the Israelite finally accompanied the young Quexada to Naples. Inez retained a lively sense of the service rendered to her only son; and the impres-

sion had been increased, not only by the appearance of the Israelite, which, dignified and stately, bore no likeness to the cringing servility of his brethren, but also by the singular beauty and gentle deportment of his then newly wed bride, whom he had wooed and won in that holy land, sacred equally to the faith of Christian and of Jew. The young Quexada did not long survive his return: his constitution was broken by long travel, and the debility that followed his fierce disease. On his deathbed he had besought the mother whom he left childless, and whose Catholic prejudices were less stubborn than those of his sire, never to forget the services a Jew had conferred upon him; to make the sole recompense in her power, — the sole recompense the Jew himself had demanded, — and to lose no occasion to soothe or mitigate the miseries to which the bigotry of the time often exposed the oppressed race of his deliverer. Donna Inez had faithfully kept the promise she gave to the last scion of her house; and, through the power and reputation of her husband and her own connections, and still more through an early friendship with the queen, she had, on her return to Spain, been enabled to ward off many a persecution, and many a charge on false pretences, to which the wealth of some son of Israel made the cause, while his faith made the pretext. Yet, with all the natural feelings of a rigid Catholic, she had earnestly sought to render the favor she had thus obtained amongst the Jews minister to her pious zeal for their more than temporal welfare. She had endeavored, by gentle means, to make the conversions which force was impotent to effect; and in some instances her success had been signal. The good señora had thus obtained high renown for sanctity; and Isabel thought rightly, that she could not select a protectress

for Leila who would more kindly shelter her youth or more strenuously labor for her salvation. It was, indeed, a dangerous situation for the adherence of the maiden to that faith which it had cost her fiery father so many sacrifices to preserve and to advance.

It was by little and little that Donna Inez sought rather to undermine than to storm the mental fortress she hoped to man with spiritual allies; and in her frequent conversations with Leila, she was at once perplexed and astonished by the simple and sublime nature of the belief upon which she waged war. For whether it was that, in his desire to preserve Leila as much as possible from contact even with Jews themselves, whose general character (vitiated by the oppression which engendered meanness, and the extortion which fostered avarice) Almamen regarded with lofty though concealed repugnance; or whether it was that his philosophy did not interpret the Jewish formula of belief in the same spirit as the herd,—the religion inculcated in the breast of Leila was different from that which Inez had ever before encountered amongst her proselytes. It was less mundane and material,—a kind of passionate rather than metaphysical theism, which invested the great ONE, indeed, with many human sympathies and attributes, but still left Him the august and awful God of the Genesis, the Father of a Universe, though the individual Protector of a fallen sect. Her attention had been less directed to whatever appears, to a superficial gaze, stern and inexorable in the character of the Hebrew God, and which the religion of Christ so beautifully softened and so majestically refined, than to those passages in which His love watched over a chosen people, and His forbearance bore with their transgressions. Her reason

had been worked upon to its belief by that mysterious and solemn agency by which,—when the whole world beside was bowed to the worship of innumerable deities and the adoration of graven images,—in a small and secluded portion of earth, amongst a people far less civilized and philosophical than many by which they were surrounded, had been alone preserved a pure and sublime theism, disdaining a likeness in the things of heaven or earth. Leila knew little of the more narrow and exclusive tenets of her brethren: a Jewess in name, she was rather a deist in belief; a deist of such a creed as Athenian schools might have taught to the imaginative pupils of Plato, save only that too dark a shadow had been cast over the hopes of another world. Without the absolute denial of the Sadducee, Almamen had probably much of the quiet scepticism which belonged to many sects of the early Jews, and which still clings round the wisdom of the wisest who reject the doctrine of Revelation; and while he had not sought to eradicate from the breast of his daughter any of the vague desire which points to a Hereafter, he had never, at least, directed her thoughts or aspirations to that solemn future. Nor in the sacred book which was given to her survey, and which so rigidly upheld the unity of the Supreme Power, was there that positive and unequivocal assurance of life beyond “the grave, where all things are forgotten,” that might supply the deficiencies of her mortal instructor. Perhaps, sharing those notions of the different value of the sexes, prevalent, from the remotest period, in his beloved and ancestral East, Almamen might have hopes for himself which did not extend to his child. And thus she grew up, with all the beautiful faculties of the soul cherished and unfolded, without thought, without more

than dim and shadowy conjectures, of the eternal bourn to which the sorrowing pilgrim of the earth is bound. It was on this point that the quick eye of Donna Inez discovered her faith was vulnerable: who would not, if belief were voluntary, believe in the world to come? Leila's curiosity and interest were aroused: she willingly listened to her new guide, — she willingly inclined to conclusions pressed upon her, not with menace, but persuasion. Free from the stubborn associations, the sectarian prejudices, and unversed in the peculiar traditions and accounts of the learned of her race, she found nothing to shock her in the volume which seemed but a continuation of the elder writings of her faith. The sufferings of the Messiah, his sublime purity, his meek forgiveness, spoke to her woman's heart; his doctrines elevated, while they charmed, her reason: and in the Heaven that a Divine hand opened to all, — the humble as the proud, the oppressed as the oppressor, to the woman as to the lords of the earth, — she found a haven for all the doubts she had known, and for the despair which of late had darkened the face of earth. Her home lost, the deep and beautiful love of her youth blighted, — that was a creed almost irresistible which told her that grief was but for a day, that happiness was eternal. Far, too, from revolting such of the Hebrew pride of association as she had formed, the birth of the Messiah in the land of the Israelites seemed to consummate their peculiar triumph as the Elected of Jehovah. And while she mourned for the Jews who persecuted the Saviour, she gloried in those whose belief had carried the name and worship of the descendants of David over the farthest regions of the world. Often she perplexed and startled the worthy Inez by exclaiming, "This, your belief, is the

same as mine, adding only the assurance of immortal life,—Christianity is but the Revelation of Judaism."

The wise and gentle instrument of Leila's conversion did not, however, give vent to those more Catholic sentiments which might have scared away the wings of the descending dove. She forbore too vehemently to point out the distinctions of the several creeds, and rather suffered them to melt insensibly one into the other: Leila was a Christian, while she still believed herself a Jewess. But in the fond and lovely weakness of mortal emotions, there was one bitter thought that often and often came to mar the peace that otherwise would have settled on her soul. That father, the sole softener of whose stern heart and mysterious fate she was, with what pangs would he receive the news of her conversion! And Muza, that bright and hero-vision of her youth,—was she not setting the last seal of separation upon all hope of union with the idol of the Moors? But, alas! was she not already separated from him, and had not their faiths been from the first at variance? From these thoughts she started with sighs and tears; and before her stood the crucifix already admitted into her chamber, and—not, perhaps, too wisely—banished so rigidly from the oratories of the Huguenot. For the representation of that divine resignation, that mortal agony, that miraculous sacrifice, what eloquence it hath for our sorrows! What preaching hath the symbol to the vanities of our wishes, to the yearnings of our discontent!

By degrees, as her new faith grew confirmed, Leila now inclined herself earnestly to those pictures of the sanctity and calm of the conventional life which Inez delighted to draw. In the reaction of her thoughts, and her despondency of all worldly happiness, there seemed to the young maiden an inexpressible charm

in a solitude which was to release her forever from human love, and render her entirely up to sacred visions and imperishable hopes. And with this selfish, there mingled a more generous and sublime sentiment. The prayers of a convert might be heard in favor of those yet benighted; and the awful curse upon her outcast race be lightened by the orisons of one humble heart. In all ages, in all creeds, a strange and mystic impression has existed of the efficacy of self-sacrifice in working the redemption even of a whole people: this belief, so strong in the old orient and classic religions, was yet more confirmed by Christianity,—a creed founded upon the grandest of historic sacrifices; and the lofty doctrine of which, rightly understood, perpetuates in the heart of every believer the duty of self-immolation, as well as faith in the power of prayer, no matter how great the object, how mean the suppliant. On these thoughts Leila meditated, till thoughts acquired the intensity of passions, and the conversion of the Jewess was completed.

CHAPTER III.

The Hour and the Man.

IT was on the third morning after the King of Granada, reconciled to his people, had reviewed his gallant army in the Vivarrambla; and Boabdil, surrounded by his chiefs and nobles, was planning a deliberate and decisive battle, by assault on the Christian camp,—when a scout suddenly arrived, breathless, at the gates of the palace, to communicate the unlooked-for and welcome intelligence that Ferdinand had in the night broken up his camp, and marched across the mountains towards Cordova. In fact, the outbreak of formidable conspiracies had suddenly rendered the appearance of Ferdinand necessary elsewhere; and, his intrigues with Almanien frustrated, he despaired of a very speedy conquest of the city. The Spanish king resolved, therefore, after completing the devastation of the Vega, to defer the formal and prolonged siege, which could alone place Granada within his power, until his attention was no longer distracted to other foes, and until, it must be added, he had replenished an exhausted treasury. He had formed, with Torquemada, a vast and wide scheme of persecution, not only against Jews, but against Christians whose fathers had been of that race, and who were suspected of relapsing into Judaical practices. The two schemers of this grand design were actuated by different motives; the one wished to exterminate the crime, the other to sell forgiveness for it. And Torquemada connived at the griping avarice of the king,

because it served to give to himself and to the infant Inquisition a power and authority which the Dominican foresaw would be soon greater even than those of royalty itself, and which he imagined, by scourging earth, would redound to the interests of Heaven.

The strange disappearance of Almamen, which was distorted and exaggerated by the credulity of the Spaniards into an event of the most terrific character, served to complete the chain of evidence against the wealthy Jews and Jew-descended Spaniards of Andalusia; and while, in imagination, the king already clutched the gold of their redemption here, the Dominican kindled the flame that was to light them to punishment hereafter.

Boabdil and his chiefs received the intelligence of the Spanish retreat with a doubt which soon yielded to the most triumphant delight. Boabdil at once resumed all the energy for which, though but by fits and starts, his earlier youth had been remarkable.

“Alla Achbar! God is great!” cried he; “we will not remain here till it suit the foe to confine the eagle again to his eyrie. They have left us,—we will burst on them. Summon our alfaquis, we will proclaim a holy war! The sovereign of the last possessions of the Moors is in the field. Not a town that contains a Moslem but shall receive our summons, and we will gather round our standard all the children of our faith!”

“May the king live forever!” cried the council, with one voice.

“Lose not a moment,” resumed Boabdil: “on to the Vivarrambla, marshal the troops,—Muza heads the cavalry, myself our foot. Ere the sun’s shadow reach yonder forest, our army shall be on its march.”

The warriors, hastily and in joy, left the palace; and when he was alone, Boabdil again relapsed into his wonted irresolution. After striding to and fro for some minutes in anxious thought, he abruptly quitted the hall of council, and passed into the more private chambers of the palace, till he came to a door strongly guarded by plates of iron. It yielded easily, however, to a small key which he carried in his girdle; and Boabdil stood in a small circular room, apparently without other door or outlet; but, after looking cautiously round, the king touched a secret spring in the wall, which, giving way, discovered a niche, in which stood a small lamp, burning with the purest naphtha, and a scroll of yellow parchment covered with strange letters and hieroglyphics. He thrust the scroll in his bosom, took the lamp in his hand, and pressing another spring within the niche, the wall receded, and showed a narrow and winding staircase. The king reclosed the entrance, and descended: the stairs led, at last, into damp and rough passages; and the murmur of waters that reached his ear through the thick walls indicated the subterranean nature of the soil through which they were hewn. The lamp burned clear and steady through the darkness of the place; and Boabdil proceeded with such impatient rapidity that the distance (in reality considerable) which he traversed before he arrived at his destined bourn, was quickly measured. He came at last into a wide cavern, guarded by doors concealed and secret as those which had screened the entrance from the upper air. He was in one of the many vaults which made the mighty cemetery of the monarchs of Granada; and before him stood the robed and crowned skeleton, and before him glowed the magic dial-plate, of which he had spoken in his interview with Muza.

"Oh, dread and awful image!" cried the king, throwing himself on his knees before the skeleton, --- "shadow of what was once a king, wise in council, and terrible in war, if in those hollow bones yet lurks the impalpable and unseen spirit, hear thy repentant son. Forgive, while it is yet time, the rebellion of his fiery youth, and suffer thy daring soul to animate the doubt and weakness of his own. I go forth to battle, waiting not the signal thou didst ordain. Let not the penance for a rashness to which fate urges me on, attach to my country, but to me. And if I perish in the field, may my evil destinies be buried with me, and a worthier monarch redeem my errors, and preserve Granada!"

As the king raised his looks, the unrelaxed grin of the grim dead, made yet more hideous by the mockery of the diadem and the royal robe, froze back to ice the passion and sorrow at his heart. He shuddered, and rose with a deep sigh; when as his eyes mechanically followed the lifted arm of the skeleton, he beheld, with mingled delight and awe, the hitherto motionless finger of the dial-plate pass slowly on, and rest at the word so long and so impatiently desired. "ARM!" cried the king, "do I read aright?—are my prayers heard?" A low and deep sound, like that of subterranean thunder, boomed through the chamber; and in the same instant the wall opened, and the king beheld the long-expected figure of Almamen, the magician. But no longer was that stately form clad in the loose and peaceful garb of the Eastern santon. Complete armor cased his broad breast and sinewy limbs; his head alone was bare, and his prominent and impressive features were lighted, not with mystical enthusiasm, but with warlike energy. In his right hand he carried a drawn sword,—his left supported the staff of a snow-white and dazzling banner.

So sudden was the apparition, and so excited the mind of the king, that the sight of a supernatural being could scarcely have impressed him with more amaze and awe.

“King of Granada,” said Almamen, “the hour hath come at last: go forth and conquer! With the Christian monarch there is no hope of peace or compact. At thy request I sought him, but my spells alone preserved the life of thy herald. Rejoice! for thine evil destinies have rolled away from thy spirit, like a cloud from the glory of the sun. The genii of the East have woven this banner from the rays of benignant stars. It shall beam before thee in the front of battle,—it shall rise over the rivers of Christian blood. As the moon sways the bosom of the tides, it shall sway and direct the surges and the course of war!”

“Man of mystery! thou hast given me a new life.”

“And, fighting by thy side,” resumed Almamen, “I will assist to carve out for thee, from the ruins of Aragon and Castile, the *grandeuer* of a new throne. Arm, monarch of Granada!—arm! I hear the neigh of thy charger in the midst of the mailed thousands! Arm!”

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

Leila in the Castle.—The Siege.

THE calmer contemplations and more holy anxieties of Leila were at length broken in upon by intelligence, the fearful interest of which absorbed the whole mind and care of every inhabitant of the castle. Boabdil el Chico had taken the field, at the head of a numerous army. Rapidly scouring the country, he had descended, one after one, upon the principal fortresses which Ferdinand had left, strongly garrisoned, in the immediate neighborhood. His success was as immediate as it was signal; the terror of his arms began once more to spread far and wide; every day swelled his ranks with new recruits; from the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada poured down, in wild hordes, the fierce mountain race, who, accustomed to eternal winter, made a strange contrast, in their rugged appearance and shaggy clothing, to the glittering and civilized soldiery of Granada.

Moorish towns which had submitted to Ferdinand broke from their allegiance, and sent their ardent youth and experienced veterans to the standard of the Keys and Crescent. To add to the sudden panic of the Spaniards, it went forth that a formidable magician, who seemed inspired rather with the fury of a demon than the valor of a man, had made an abrupt appear

ance in the ranks of the Moslems. Wherever the Moors shrunk back from wall or tower, down which poured the boiling pitch or rolled the deadly artillery of the besieged, this sorcerer — rushing into the midst of the flagging force, and waving with wild gestures a white banner, supposed by both Moor and Christian, to be the work of magic and preternatural spells — dared every danger and escaped every weapon; with voice, with prayer, with example, he fired the Moors with an enthusiasm that revived the first days of Mahometan conquest; and tower after tower, along the mighty range of the mountain chain of fortresses, was polluted by the wave and glitter of the ever-victorious banner. The veteran Mendo de Quexada, who with a garrison of two hundred and fifty men held the Castle of Alhendin, was, however, undaunted by the unprecedented successes of Boabdil. Aware of the approaching storm, he spent the days of peace yet accorded to him in making every preparation for the siege that he foresaw; messengers were despatched to Ferdinand; new outworks were added to the castle, ample store of provisions laid in, and no precaution omitted that could still preserve to the Spaniards a fortress that, from its vicinity to Granada, its command of the Vega and the valleys of the Alpuxarras, was the bitterest thorn in the side of the Moorish power.

It was early, one morning, that Leila stood by the lattice of her lofty chamber, gazing with many and mingled emotions on the distant domes of Granada, as they slept in the silent sunshine. Her heart for the moment was busy with the thoughts of home, and the chances and peril of the time were forgotten.

The sound of martial music, afar off, broke upon her reveries; she started and listened breathlessly; it be-

came more distinct and clear. The clash of the zell, the boom of the African drum, and the wild and barbarous blast of the Moorish clarion were now each distinguishable from the other; and at length, as she gazed and listened, winding along the steeps of the mountain were seen the gleaming spears and pennants of the Moslem vanguard. Another moment, and the whole castle was astir.

Mendo de Quexada, hastily arming, repaired himself to the battlements; and from her lattice Leila beheld him, from time to time, stationing to the best advantage his scanty troops. In a few minutes she was joined by Donna Inez and the women of the castle, who fearfully clustered round their mistress, not the less disposed, however, to gratify the passion of the sex by a glimpse through the lattice at the gorgeous array of the Moorish army.

The casements of Leila's chamber were peculiarly adapted to command a safe nor insufficient view of the progress of the enemy; and with a beating heart and flushing cheek the Jewish maiden, deaf to the voices around her, imagined she could already descry amidst the horsemen the lion port and snowy garments of Muza Ben Abil Gazan.

What a situation was hers! Already a Christian, could she hope for the success of the infidel? Ever a woman, could she hope for the defeat of her lover? But the time for meditation on her destiny was but brief; the detachment of the Moorish cavalry was now just without the walls of the little town that girded the castle, and the loud clarion of the heralds summoned the garrison to surrender.

“Not while one stone stands upon another!” was the short answer of Quexada; and in ten minutes after-

wards the sullen roar of the artillery broke from wall and tower over the vales below.

It was then that the women, from Leila's lattice, beheld, slowly marshalling themselves in order, the whole power and pageantry of the besieging army. Thick, serried, line after line, column upon column, they spread below the frowning steep. The sunbeams lighted up that goodly array, as it swayed and murmured and advanced, like the billows of a glittering sea. The royal standard was soon descried waving above the pavilion of Boabdil; and the king himself, mounted on his cream-colored charger, which was covered with trappings of cloth-of-gold, was recognized amongst the infantry, whose task it was to lead the assault.

“Pray with us, my daughter!” cried Inez, falling on her knees. Alas! what could Leila pray for?

Four days and four nights passed away in that memorable siege; for the moon, then at her full, allowed no respite, even in night itself. Their numbers, and their vicinity to Granada, gave the besiegers the advantage of constant relays, and troop succeeded to troop; so that the weary had ever successors in the vigor of new assailants.

On the fifth day, all of the fortress save the keep (an immense tower) was in the hands of the Moslems; and in this last hold the worn-out and scanty remnant of the garrison mustered, in the last hope of a brave despair.

Quexada appeared, covered with gore and dust,—his eyes bloodshot, his cheeks haggard and hollow, his locks blanched with sudden age,—in the hall of the tower, where the women, half dead with terror, were assembled.

"Food!" cried he,—"food and wine!—it may be our last banquet."

His wife threw her arms round him. "Not yet," he cried, "not yet; we will have one embrace before we part."

"Is there, then, no hope?" said Inez, with a pale cheek yet steady eye.

"None; unless to-morrow's dawn gild the spears of Ferdinand's army upon yonder hills. Till morn we may hold out." As he spoke, he hastily devoured some morsels of food, drained a huge goblet of wine, and abruptly quitted the chamber.

At that moment the women distinctly heard the loud shouts of the Moors; and Leila, approaching the grated casement, could perceive the approach of what seemed to her like moving walls.

Covered by ingenious constructions of wood and thick hides, the besiegers advanced to the foot of the tower in comparative shelter from the burning streams which still poured, fast and seething, from the battlements; while, in the rear, came showers of darts and cross-bolts from the more distant Moors, protecting the work of the engineer, and piercing through almost every loophole and crevice in the fortress.

Meanwhile the stalwart governor beheld with dismay and despair the preparations of the engineers, whom the wooden screen-works protected from every weapon.

"By the holy Sepulchre!" cried he, gnashing his teeth, "they are mining the tower, and we shall be buried in its ruins! Look out, Gonsalvo! see you not a gleam of spears, yonder, over the mountain? Mine eyes are dim with watching."

"Alas! brave Mendo, it is only the sloping sun upon the snows,—but there is hope yet."

The soldier's words terminated in a shrill and sudden cry of agony ; and he fell dead by the side of Quexada, the brain crushed by a bolt from a Moorish arquebus.

" My best warrior ! " said Quexada ; " peace be with him ! Ho, there ! see you yon desperate infidel urging on the miners ? By the heavens above it is he of the white banner ! — it is the sorcerer ! Fire on him ! he is without the shelter of the woodworks . "

Twenty shafts from wearied and nerveless arms fell innocuous round the form of Almamen ; and as, waving aloft his ominous banner, he disappeared again behind the screen-works, the Spaniards almost fancied they could hear his exulting and demon laugh.

The sixth day came, and the work of the enemy was completed. The tower was entirely undermined,—the foundations rested only upon wooden props, which, with a humanity that was characteristic of Boabdil, had been placed there in order that the besieged might escape ere the final crash of their last hold.

It was now noon : the whole Moorish force, quitting the plain, occupied the steep that spread below the tower, in multitudinous array and breathless expectation. The miners stood aloof,—the Spaniards lay prostrate and exhausted upon the battlements, like mariners who, after every effort against the storm, await, resigned and almost indifferent, the sweep of the fatal surge.

Suddenly the lines of the Moors gave way, and Boabdil himself, with Muza at his right hand, and Almamen on his left, advanced towards the foot of the tower. At the same time the Ethiopian guards, each bearing a torch, marched slowly in the rear ; and from the midst of them paced the royal herald, and sounded the last warning. The hush of the immense armament ; the

glare of the torches, lighting the ebon faces and giant forms of their bearers; the majestic appearance of the king himself; the heroic aspect of Muza; the bare head and glittering banner of Almamen,— all combined with the circumstances of the time to invest the spectacle with something singularly awful and perhaps sublime.

Quexada turned his eyes, mutely, round the ghastly faces of his warriors, and still made not the signal. His lips muttered, his eyes glared; when, suddenly, he heard below the wail of women; and the thought of Inez, the bride of his youth, the partner of his age, came upon him; and with a trembling hand he lowered the yet unquailing standard of Spain. Then the silence below broke into a mighty shout, which shook the grim tower to its unsteady and temporary base.

“Arise, my friends,” he said with a bitter sigh; “we have fought like men, and our country will not blush for us.”

He descended the winding stairs,— his soldiers followed him with faltering steps; the gates of the keep unfolded, and these gallant Christians surrendered themselves to the Moor.

“Do with *us* as you will,” said Quexada, as he laid the keys at the hoofs of Boabdil’s barb; “but there are women in the garrison who—”

“Are sacred,” interrupted the king. “At once we accord their liberty, and free transport whithersoever ye would desire. Speak, then! To what place of safety shall they be conducted?”

“Generous king!” replied the veteran Quexada, brushing away his tears with the back of his hand; “you take the sting from our shame. We accept your offer in the same spirit in which it is made. Across the mountains, on the verge of the plain of Olfadez,

I possess a small castle, ungarrisoned and unfortified. Thence, should the war take that direction, the women can readily obtain safe conduct to the queen, at Cordova."

"Be it so," returned Boabdil. Then, with Oriental delicacy, selecting the eldest of the officers round him, he gave him instructions to enter the castle, and with a strong guard provide for the safety of the women according to the directions of Quexada. To another of his officers he confided the Spanish prisoners, and gave the signal to his army to withdraw from the spot, leaving only a small body to complete the ruin of the fortress.

Accompanied by Almamen and his principal officers, Boabdil now hastened towards Granada; and while with slower progress Quexada and his companions, under a strong escort, took their way across the Vega, a sudden turn in their course brought abruptly before them the tower they had so valiantly defended. There it still stood, proud and stern, amidst the blackened and broken wrecks around it, shooting aloft, dark and grim, against the sky. Another moment, and a mighty crash sounded on their ears, while the tower fell to the earth, amidst volumes of wreathing smoke and showers of dust, which were borne by the concussion to the spot on which they took their last gaze of the proudest fortress on which the Moors of Granada had beheld, from their own walls, the standard of Aragon and Castile.

At the same time Leila — thus brought so strangely within the very reach of her father and her lover, and yet by a mysterious fate still divided from both, — with Donna Inez, and the rest of the females of the garrison, pursued her melancholy path along the ridges of the mountains.

CHAPTER II.

Almamen's proposed Enterprise.—The three Israelites.—Circumstance impresses each Character with a Varying Die.

BOABDIL followed up his late success with a series of brilliant assaults on the neighboring fortresses. Granada, like a strong man bowed to the ground, wrenched, one after one, the bands that had crippled her liberty and strength; and at length, after regaining a considerable portion of the surrounding territory, the king resolved to lay siege to the seaport of Salobreña. Could he obtain this town, Boabdil, by establishing communication between the sea and Granada, would both be enabled to avail himself of the assistance of his African allies, and also prevent the Spaniards from cutting off supplies to the city, should they again besiege it. Thither, then, accompanied by Muza, the Moorish king bore his victorious standard.

On the eve of his departure, Almamen sought the king's presence. A great change had come over the santon since the departure of Ferdinand; his wonted stateliness of mien was gone; his eyes were sunk and hollow; his manner, disturbed and absent. In fact, his love for his daughter made the sole softness of his character; and that daughter was in the hands of the king who had sentenced the father to the tortures of the Inquisition! To what dangers might she not be subjected, by the intolerant zeal of conversion! and could that frame and gentle heart brave the terrific

engines that might be brought against her fears? "Better," thought he, "that she should perish, even by the torture, than adopt that hated faith." He gnashed his teeth in agony at either alternative. His dreams, his objects, his revenge, his ambition, — all forsook him: one single hope, one thought, completely mastered his stormy passions and fitful intellect.

In this mood the pretended santon met Boabdil. He represented to the king, over whom his influence had prodigiously increased since the late victories of the Moors, the necessity of employing the armies of Ferdinand at a distance. He proposed, in furtherance of this policy, to venture himself in Cordova; to endeavor secretly to stir up those Moors, in that their ancient kingdom, who had succumbed to the Spanish yoke, and whose hopes might naturally be inflamed by the recent successes of Boabdil; and at least to foment such disturbances as might afford the king sufficient time to complete his designs, and recruit his force by aid of the powers with which he was in league.

The representations of Almamen at length conquered Boabdil's reluctance to part with his sacred guide; and it was finally arranged that the Israelite should at once depart from the city.

As Almamen pursued homeward his solitary way, he found himself suddenly accosted in the Hebrew tongue. He turned hastily, and saw before him an old man in the Jewish gown; he recognized Elias, one of the wealthiest and most eminent of the race of Israel.

"Pardon me, wise countryman!" said the Jew, bowing to the earth, "but I cannot resist the temptation of claiming kindred with one through whom the horn of Israel may be so triumphantly exalted."

"Hush, man!" said Almamen, quickly, and looking

sharply round; "I thy countryman! Art thou not, as thy speech betokens, an Israelite?"

"Yea," returned the Jew, "and of the same tribe as thy honored father,— peace be with his ashes; I remembered thee at once, boy though thou wert when thy steps shook off the dust against Granada. I remembered thee, I say, at once, on thy return; but I have kept thy secret, trusting that through thy soul and genius thy fallen brethren might put off sackcloth, and feast upon the house-tops."

Almamen looked hard at the keen, sharp, Arab features of the Jew; and at length he answered, "And how can Israel be restored? wilt thou fight for her?"

"I am too old, son of Issachar, to bear arms; but our tribes are many, and our youth strong. Amid these disturbances between dog and dog—"

"The lion may get his own," interrupted Almamen, impetuously; "let us hope it. Hast thou heard of the new persecutions against us that the false Nazarene king has already commenced in Cordova,— persecutions that make the heart sick and the blood cold?"

"Alas!" replied Elias, "such woes, indeed, have not failed to reach mine ear; and I have kindred, near and beloved kindred, wealthy and honored men, scattered throughout that land."

"Were it not better that they should die on the field than by the rack?" exclaimed Almamen, fiercely. "God of my fathers! if there be yet a spark of manhood left amongst thy people, let thy servant fan it to a flame, that shall burn as the fire burns the stubble, so that the earth may bare before the blaze!"

"Nay," said Elias, dismayed rather than excited by the vehemence of his comrade, "be not rash, son of Issachar, be not rash; peradventure thou wilt but exas-

perate the wrath of the rulers, and our substance thereby will be utterly consumed."

Almamen drew back, placed his hand quietly on the Jew's shoulder, looked him hard in the face, and, gently laughing, turned away.

Elias did not attempt to arrest his steps. "Impracticable," he muttered; "impracticable and dangerous! I always thought so. He may do us harm; were he not so strong and fierce, I would put my knife under his left rib. Verily, gold is a great thing; and — out on me! the knaves at home will be wasting the oil, now they know old Elias is abroad." Thereat the Jew drew his cloak round him, and quickened his pace.

Almamen in the mean while sought, through dark and subterranean passages, known only to himself, his accustomed home. He passed much of the night alone; but ere the morning star announced to the mountain-tops the presence of the sun, he stood, prepared for his journey, in his secret vault, by the door of the subterranean passages, with old Ximen beside him.

"I go, Ximen," said Almamen, "upon a doubtful quest; whether I discover my daughter, and succeed in bearing her in safety from their contaminating grasp, or whether I fall into their snares and perish, there is an equal chance that I may return no more to Granada. Should this be so, you will be heir to such wealth as I leave in these places; I know that your age will be consoled for the lack of children, when your eyes look upon the laugh of gold."

Ximen bowed low, and mumbled out some inaudible protestations and thanks. Almamen sighed heavily as he looked round the room. "I have evil omens in my soul, and evil prophecies in my books," said he, mournfully. "But the worst is here," he added, putting his

finger significantly to his temples ; “ the string is stretched, — one more blow would snap it.”

As he thus said, he opened the door and vanished through that labyrinth of galleries by which he was enabled at all times to reach unobserved either the palace of the Alhambra or the gardens without the gates of the city.

Ximen remained behind a few moments in deep thought. “ All mine if he dies ! ” said he ; “ all mine if he does not return ! All mine, all mine ! and I have not a child nor a kinsman in the world to clutch it away from me ! ” With that he locked the vault, and returned to the upper air.

CHAPTER III.

The Fugitive and the Meeting.

IN their different directions the rival kings were equally successful. Salobreña, but lately conquered by the Christians, was thrown into a commotion by the first glimpse of Boabdil's banners; the populace rose, beat back their Christian guards, and opened the gates to the last of their race of kings. The garrison alone, to which the Spaniards retreated, resisted Boabdil's arms; and, defended by impregnable walls, promised an obstinate and bloody siege.

Meanwhile Ferdinand had no sooner entered Cordova than his extensive scheme of confiscation and holy persecution commenced. Not only did more than five hundred Jews perish in the dark and secret gripe of the grand inquisitor, but several hundred of the wealthiest Christian families, in whose blood was detected the hereditary Jewish taint, were thrown into prison; and such as were most fortunate purchased life by the sacrifice of half their treasures. At this time, however, there suddenly broke forth a formidable insurrection amongst these miserable subjects,—the Messenians of the Iberian Sparta. The Jews were so far aroused from their long debasement by omnipotent despair, that a single spark, falling on the ashes of their ancient spirit, rekindled the flame of the descendants of the fierce warriors of Palestine. They were encouraged and assisted by the suspected Christians, who had been involved in the same persecution; and the whole were headed by a man who

appeared suddenly amongst them, and whose fiery eloquence and martial spirit produced, at such a season, the most fervent enthusiasm. Unhappily, the whole details of this singular outbreak are withheld from us; only by wary hints and guarded allusions do the Spanish chroniclers apprise us of its existence and its perils. It is clear that all narrative of an event that might afford the most dangerous precedents, and was alarming to the pride and avarice of the Spanish king as well as the pious zeal of the Church, was strictly forbidden; and the conspiracy was hushed in the dread silence of the Inquisition, into whose hands the principal conspirators ultimately fell. We learn, only, that a determined and sanguinary struggle was followed by the triumph of Ferdinand, and the complete extinction of the treason.

It was one evening that a solitary fugitive, hard chased by an armed troop of the brothers of St. Hermedad, was seen emerging from a wild and rocky defile, which opened abruptly on the gardens of a small and, by the absence of fortification and sentries, seemingly deserted castle. Behind him, in the exceeding stillness which characterizes the air of a Spanish twilight, he heard, at a considerable distance, the blast of the horn and the tramp of hoofs. His pursuers, divided into several detachments, were scouring the country after him, as the fishermen draw their nets, from bank to bank, conscious that the prey they drive before the meshes cannot escape them at the last. The fugitive halted in doubt, and gazed round him; he was well-nigh exhausted; his eyes were bloodshot; the large drops rolled fast down his brow; his whole frame quivered and palpitated, like that of a stag when he stands at bay. Beyond the castle spread a broad plain, far as the eye could reach, without shrub or hollow to conceal his form;

flight across a space so favorable to his pursuers was evidently in vain. No alternative was left, unless he turned back on the very path taken by the horsemen, or trusted to such scanty and perilous shelter as the copses in the castle garden might afford him. He decided on the latter refuge, cleared the low and lonely wall that girded the demesne, and plunged into a thicket of overhanging oaks and chestnuts.

At that hour, and in that garden, by the side of a little fountain, were seated two females,—the one of mature and somewhat advanced years, the other in the flower of virgin youth. But the flower was prematurely faded; and neither the bloom nor sparkle nor undulating play of feature that should have suited her age, was visible in the marble paleness and contemplative sadness of her beautiful countenance.

“Alas! my young friend,” said the elder of these ladies, “it is in these hours of solitude and calm that we are most deeply impressed with the nothingness of life. Thou, my sweet convert, art now the object, no longer of my compassion, but my envy; and earnestly do I feel convinced of the blessed repose thy spirit will enjoy in the lap of the Mother Church. Happy are they who die young; but thrice happy they who die in the spirit rather than the flesh: dead to sin, but not to virtue; to terror, not to hope; to man, but not to God!”

“Dear señora,” replied the young maiden, mournfully, “were I alone on earth, Heaven is my witness with what deep and thankful resignation I should take the holy vows, and forswear the past; but the heart remains human, however divine the hope that it may cherish. And sometimes I start, and think of home, of childhood, of my strange but beloved father, deserted and childless in his old age.”

"Thine, Leila," returned the elder señora, "are but the sorrows our nature is doomed to. What matter whether absence or death sever the affections? Thou lamentest a father; I a son dead in the pride of his youth and beauty, a husband languishing in the fetters of the Moor. Take comfort for thy sorrows in the reflection that sorrow is the heritage of all."

Ere Leila could reply, the orange-boughs that sheltered the spot where they sat were put aside, and between the women and the fountain stood the dark form of Almamen, the Israelite. Leila rose, shrieked, and flung herself, unconscious, on his breast.

"O Lord of Israel!" cried Almamen, in a tone of deep anguish, "do I, then, at last regain my child? Do I press her to my heart? and is it only for that brief moment when I stand upon the brink of death? Leila, my child, look up! smile upon thy father; let him feel on his maddening and burning brow the sweet breath of the last of his race, and bear with him at least one holy and gentle thought to the dark grave."

"My father! is it indeed my father?" said Leila, recovering herself, and drawing back, that she might assure herself of that familiar face. "It is thou; it is,—it is! Oh, what blessed chance brings us together!"

"That chance is the destiny that hurries me to my tomb," answered Almamen, solemnly. "Hark! hear you not the sound of their rushing steeds, their impatient voices? They are on me now!"

"Who? Of whom speakest thou?"

"My pursuers,—the horsemen of the Spaniard."

"Oh, señora, save him!" cried Leila, turning to Donna Inez, whom both father and child had hitherto forgotten, and who now stood gazing upon Almamen with wondering and anxious eyes. "Whither can he

fly? The vaults of the castle may conceal him. This way,—hasten!"

"Stay," said Inez, trembling, and approaching close to Almamen; "do I see aright? and amidst the dark change of years and trial do I recognize that stately form which once contrasted to the sad eye of a mother the drooping and faded form of her only son? Art thou not he who saved my boy from the pestilence, who accompanied him to the shores of Naples, and consigned him to these arms? Look on me! dost thou not recall the mother of thy friend?"

"I recall thy features dimly and as in a dream," answered the Hebrew; "and while thou speakest, there rush upon me the memories of an earlier time, in lands where Leila first looked upon the day, and her mother sung to me at sunset, by the stream of the Euphrates, and on the sites of departed empires. Thy son,—I remember now: I had friendship then with a Christian,—for I was still young."

"Waste not the time,—father, *señora!*!" cried Leila, impatiently, clinging still to her father's breast.

"You are right; nor shall your sire, in whom I thus wonderfully recognize my son's friend, perish if I can save him."

Inez then conducted her strange guest to a small door in the rear of the castle; and, after leading him through some of the principal apartments, left him in one of the tiring-rooms adjoining her own chamber, and the entrance to which the arras concealed. She rightly judged this a safer retreat than the vaults of the castle might afford, since her great name and known intimacy with Isabel would preclude all suspicion of her abetting in the escape of the fugitive, and keep those places the most secure in which, without such aid, he could not have secreted himself.

In a few minutes several of the troop arrived at the castle, and on learning the name of its owner, contented themselves with searching the gardens and the lower and more exposed apartments; and then recommending to the servants a vigilant look-out, remounted and proceeded to scour the plain over which now slowly fell the starlight and shade of night.

When Leila stole, at last, to the room in which Almamen was hid, she found him, stretched on his mantle, in a deep sleep. Exhausted by all he had undergone, and his rigid nerves, as it were, relaxed by the sudden softness of that interview with his child, the slumber of that fiery wanderer was as calm as an infant's. And their relation almost seemed reversed, and the daughter to be as a mother watching over her offspring, when Leila seated herself softly by him, fixing her eyes—to which the tears came ever, ever to be brushed away—upon his worn but tranquil features, made yet more serene by the quiet light that glimmered through the casement. And so passed the hours of that night; and the father and the child—the meek convert, the revengeful fanatic—were under the same roof.

CHAPTER IV.

Almamen Hears and Sees, but refuses to Believe; for the Brain overwrought, grows Dull, even in the Keenest.

THE dawn broke slowly upon the chamber, and Almamen still slept. It was the Sabbath of the Christians, — that day on which the Saviour rose from the dead; thence named, so emphatically and sublimely, by the early Church, THE LORD'S DAY.¹ And as the ray of the sun flashed in the east, it fell, like a glory, over a crucifix, placed in the deep recess of the Gothic casement; and brought startlingly before the eyes of Leila that face upon which the rudest of the Catholic sculptors rarely fail to preserve the mystic and awful union of the expiring anguish of the man with the lofty patience of the God. It looked upon her, that face; it invited, it encouraged, while it thrilled and subdued. She stole gently from the side of her father; she crept to the spot, and flung herself on her knees beside the consecrated image.

“Support me, O Redeemer!” she murmured, — “support thy creature! strengthen her steps in the blessed path, though it divide her irrevocably from all that on earth she loves: and if there be a sacrifice in her solemn choice, accept, O Thou, the Crucified! accept it, in part atonement of the crime of her stubborn race; and hereafter let the lips of a maiden of Judæa implore Thee, not in vain, for some mitigation

¹ Before the Christian era, the Sunday was, however, called the Lord's Day, — *i. e.*, the day of the Lord the Sun.

of the awful curse that hath fallen justly upon her tribe."

As, broken by low sobs, and in a choked and muttered voice, Leila poured forth her prayer, she was startled by a deep groan; and turning, in alarm, she saw that Almamen had awaked, and, leaning on his arm, was now bending upon her his dark eyes, once more gleaming with all their wonted fire.

"Speak," he said, as she coweringly hid her face,— "speak to me, or I shall be turned to stone by one horrid thought. It is not before that symbol that thou kneelest in adoration; and my sense wanders, if it tell me that thy broken words expressed the worship of an apostate! In mercy speak!"

"Father!" began Leila; but her lips refused to utter more than that touching and holy word.

Almamen rose, and plucking the hands from her face, gazed on her some moments, as if he would penetrate her very soul; and Leila, recovering her courage in the pause, by degrees met his eyes unquailing,—her pure and ingenuous brow raised to his, and sadness, but not guilt, speaking from every line of that lovely face.

"Thou dost not tremble," said Almamen, at length breaking the silence, "and I have erred. Thou art not the criminal I deemed thee. Come to my arms!"

"Alas!" said Leila, obeying the instinct, and casting herself upon that rugged bosom, "I will dare, at least, not to disavow my God. Father! by that dread anathema which is on our race, which has made us homeless and powerless, outcasts and strangers in the land,—by the persecution and anguish we have known, teach thy lordly heart that we are rightly punished for the persecution and the anguish we doomed to Him, whose footstep hallowed our native earth! FIRST, IN

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, DID THE STERN HEBREWS INFILCT UPON MANKIND THE AWFUL CRIME OF PERSECUTION FOR OPINION'S SAKE. The seed we sowed hath brought forth the Dead Sea fruit upon which we feed. I asked for resignation and for hope: I looked upon yonder cross, and I found both. Harden not thy heart; listen to thy child; wise though thou be, and weak though her woman spirit, listen to me."

"Be dumb!" cried Almamen, in such a voice as might have come from the charnel, so ghostly and deathly sounded its hollow tone; then, recoiling some steps, he placed both his hands upon his temples, and muttered, "Mad, mad! yes, yes, this is but a delirium, and I am tempted with a devil! Oh, my child!" he resumed, in a voice that became, on the sudden, inexpressibly tender and imploring, "I have been sorely tried; and I have dreamed a feverish dream of passion and revenge. Be thine the lips, and thine the soothing hand, that shall wake me from it. Let us fly forever from these hated lands; let us leave to these miserable infidels their bloody contest, careless which shall fall. To a soil on which the iron heel does not clang, to an air where man's orisons rise, in solitude, to the Great Jehovah, let us hasten our wearied steps. Come! while the castle yet sleeps, let us forth unseen, — the father and the child. We will hold sweet commune by the way. And hark ye, Leila," he added, in a low and abrupt whisper, "talk not to me of yonder symbol; for thy God is a jealous God, and hath no likeness in the graven image."

Had he been less exhausted by long travail and racking thoughts, far different, perhaps, would have been the language of a man so stern. But circumstance impresses the hardest substance; and despite his native

intellect and affected superiority over others, no one, perhaps, was more human in his fitful moods — his weakness and his strength, his passion and his purpose — than that strange man, who had dared, in his dark studies and arrogant self-will, to aspire beyond humanity.

That was, indeed, a perilous moment for the young convert. The unexpected softness of her father utterly subdued her; nor was she sufficiently possessed of that all-denying zeal of the Catholic enthusiast to which every human tie and earthly duty has been often sacrificed on the shrine of a rapt and metaphysical piety. Whatever her opinions, her new creed, her secret desire of the cloister, fed as it was by the sublime though fallacious notion that in her conversion, her sacrifice, the crimes of her race might be expiated in the eyes of Him whose death had been the great atonement of a world, — whatever such higher thoughts and sentiments, they gave way, at that moment, to the irresistible impulse of household nature and of filial duty. Should she desert her father, and could that desertion be a virtue? Her heart put and answered both questions in a breath. She approached Almamen, placed her hand in his, and said steadily and calmly, "Father, wheresoever thou goest, I will wend with thee."

But Heaven ordained to each another destiny than might have been theirs, had the dictates of that impulse been fulfilled. Ere Almamen could reply, a trumpet sounded clear and loud at the gate.

"Hark!" he said, griping his dagger, and starting back to a sense of the dangers round him. "They come, my pursuers and my murderers! but these limbs are sacred from the rack."

Even that sound of ominous danger was almost a relief to Leila. "I will go," she said, "and learn what the blast betokens; remain here, — be cautious: I will return."

Several minutes, however, elapsed, before Leila reappeared; she was accompanied by Donna Inez, whose paleness and agitation betokened her alarm. A courier had arrived at the gate to announce the approach of the queen, who with a considerable force was on her way to join Ferdinand, then, in the usual rapidity of his movements, before one of the Moorish towns that had revolted from his allegiance. It was impossible for Almamen to remain in safety in the castle; and the only hope of escape was departing immediately and in disguise.

"I have," she said, "a trusty and faithful servant with me in the castle, to whom I can without anxiety confide the charge of your safety; and even if suspected by the way, my name and the companionship of my servant will remove all obstacles; it is not a long journey hence to Guadix, which has already revolted to the Moors: there, till the armies of Ferdinand surround the walls, your refuge may be secure."

Almamen remained for some moments plunged in a gloomy silence; but at length he signified his assent to the plan proposed, and Donna Inez hastened to give the directions to his intended guide.

"Leila," said the Hebrew, when left alone with his daughter, "think not that it is for mine own safety that I stoop to this flight from thee. No: but never till thou wert lost to me, by mine own rash confidence in another, did I know how dear to my heart was the last scion of my race, the sole memorial left to me of thy mother's love. Regaining thee once more, a new and

a soft existence opens upon my eyes; and the earth seems to change, as by a sudden revolution, from winter into spring. For thy sake, I consent to use all the means that man's intellect can devise, for preservation from my foes. Meanwhile here will rest my soul; to this spot, within one week from this period,—no matter through what danger I pass,—I shall return: then I shall claim thy promise. I will arrange all things for our flight, and no stone shall harm thy foot-step by the way. The Lord of Israel be with thee, my daughter, and strengthen thy heart! But," he added, tearing himself from her embrace, as he heard steps ascending to the chamber, "deem not that, in this most fond and fatherly affection, I forget what is due to me and thee. Think not that my love is only the brute and insensate feeling of the progenitor to the offspring: I love thee for thy mother's sake, I love thee for thine own; I love thee yet more for the sake of Israel. If thou perish, if thou art lost to us, thou, the last daughter of the house of Issachar, then the haughtiest family of God's great people is extinct."

Here Inez appeared at the door, but withdrew, at the impatient and lordly gesture of Almamen, who without further heed of the interruption resumed:—

"I look to thee and thy seed for the regeneration which I once trusted, fool that I was, mine own day might see effected. Let this pass. Thou art under the roof of the Nazarene. I will not believe that the arts we have resisted against fire and sword can prevail with thee. But if I err, awful will be the penalty! Could I once know that thou hadst forsaken thy ancestral creed, though warrior and priest stood by thee, though thousands and ten thousands were by thy right hand, this steel should save the race of Issachar from dis-

honor. Beware! Thou weepest; but, child, I warn, not threaten. God be with thee!"

He wrung the cold hand of his child, turned to the door, and, after such disguise as the brief time allowed him could afford, quitted the castle with his Spanish guide, who, accustomed to the benevolence of his mistress, obeyed her injunction without wonder, though not without suspicion.

The third part of an hour had scarcely elapsed, and the sun was yet on the mountain-tops, when Isabel arrived.

She came to announce that the outbreaks of the Moorish towns in the vicinity rendered the half-fortified castle of her friend no longer a secure abode; and she honored the Spanish lady with a command to accompany her with her female suite to the camp of Ferdinand.

Leila received the intelligence with a kind of stupor. Her interview with her father, the strong and fearful contests of emotion which that interview occasioned, left her senses faint and dizzy; and when she found herself, by the twilight star, once more with the train of Isabel, the only feeling that stirred actively through her stunned and bewildered mind was that the hand of Providence conducted her from a temptation that the Reader of all hearts knew the daughter and woman would have been too feeble to resist.

On the fifth day from his departure Almamen returned,—to find the castle deserted, and his daughter gone.

CHAPTER V.

In the Ferment of Great Events the Dregs Rise.

THE Israelites did not limit their struggles to the dark conspiracy to which allusion has been made. In some of the Moorish towns that revolted from Ferdinand, they renounced the neutrality they had hitherto maintained between Christian and Moslem. Whether it was that they were inflamed by the fearful and wholesale barbarities enforced by Ferdinand and the Inquisition against their tribe; or whether they were stirred up by one of their own order, in whom was recognized the head of their most sacred family; or whether, as is most probable, both causes combined, — certain it is that they manifested a feeling that was thoroughly unknown to the ordinary habits and policy of that peaceable people. They bore great treasure to the public stock, — they demanded arms, and under their own leaders were admitted, though with much jealousy and precaution, into the troops of the arrogant and disdainful Moslems.

In this conjunction of hostile planets, Ferdinand had recourse to his favorite policy of wile and stratagem. Turning against the Jews the very treaty Almamen had once sought to obtain in their favor, he caused it to be circulated, privately, that the Jews, anxious to purchase their peace with him, had promised to betray the Moorish towns, and Granada itself, into his hands. The paper which Ferdinand himself had signed in his interview with Almamen, and of which on the capture

of the Hebrew he had taken care to repossess himself, he gave to a spy, whom he sent, disguised as a Jew, into one of the revolted cities.

Private intelligence reached the Moorish ringleader of the arrival of this envoy. He was seized, and the document found on his person. The form of the words drawn up by Almamen (who had carefully omitted mention of his own name,—whether that which he assumed or that which by birth he should have borne) merely conveyed the compact that if by a Jew, within two weeks from the date therein specified, Granada was delivered to the Christian king, the Jews should enjoy certain immunities and rights.

The discovery of this document filled the Moors of the city to which the spy had been sent, with a fury that no words can describe. Always distrusting their allies, they now imagined they perceived the sole reason of their sudden enthusiasm, of their demand for arms. The mob rose: the principal Jews were seized and massacred without trial; some by the wrath of the multitude, some by the slower tortures of the magistrate. Messengers were sent to the different revolted towns, and above all, to Granada itself, to put the Moslems on their guard against these unhappy enemies of either party. At once covetous and ferocious, the Moors rivalled the Inquisition in their cruelty, and Ferdinand in their extortion.

It was the dark fate of Almamen, as of most premature and heated liberators of the enslaved, to double the terrors and the evils he had sought to cure. The warning arrived at Granada at a time in which the vizier, Jusef, had received the commands of his royal master, still at the siege of Salobreña, to use every exertion to fill the wasting treasuries. Fearful of new exactions

against the Moors, the vizier hailed, as a message from Heaven, so just a pretext for a new and sweeping impost on the Jews. The spendthrift violence of the mob was restrained, because it was headed by the authorities, who were wisely anxious that the state should have no rival in the plunder it required; and the work of confiscation and robbery was carried on with a majestic and calm regularity which redounded no less to the credit of Jusef than it contributed to the coffers of the king.

It was late, one evening, when Ximen was making his usual round through the chambers of Almamen's house. As he glanced around at the various articles of wealth and luxury, he ever and anon burst into a low fitful chuckle, rubbed his lean hands, and mumbled out, "If my master should die! if my master should die!"

While thus engaged, he heard a confused and distant shout; and, listening attentively, he distinguished a cry, grown of late sufficiently familiar, of, "Live, Jusef the just! Perish the traitor Jews!"

"Ah!" said Ximen, as the whole character of his face changed: "some new robbery upon our race! and this is thy work, son of Issachar! Madman that thou wert, to be wiser than thy sires, and seek to dupe the idolaters in the council-chamber and the camp,—their field their vantage-ground, as the bazaar and the market-place are ours. None suspect that the potent santon is the traitor Jew; but I know it! I could give thee to the bow-string; and if thou wert dead, all thy goods and gold, even to the mule at the manger, would be old Ximen's."

He paused at that thought, shut his eyes, and smiled at the prospect his fancy conjured up; and, completing his survey, retired to his own chamber, which opened, by a small door, upon one of the back courts. He had

scarcely reached the room, when he heard a low tap at the outer door; and when it was thrice repeated, he knew that it was one of his Jewish brethren. For Ximen — as years, isolation, and avarice gnawed away whatever of virtue once put forth some meagre fruit from a heart naturally bare and rocky — still preserved one human feeling towards his countrymen. It was the bond which unites all the persecuted; and Ximen loved them, because he could not envy their happiness. The power, the knowledge, the lofty though wild designs of his master, stung and humbled him: he secretly hated, because he could not compassionate or condemn him. But the bowed frame and slavish voice and timid nerves of his crushed brotherhood presented to the old man the likeness of things that could not exult over him. Debased and aged and solitary as he was, he felt a kind of wintry warmth in the thought that even *he* had the power to protect!

He thus maintained an intercourse with his fellow Israelites; and often in their dangers had afforded them a refuge in the numerous vaults and passages, the ruins of which may still be despaired beneath the mouldering foundations of that mysterious mansion. And as the house was generally supposed the property of an absent emir, and had been especially recommended to the care of the cadi by Boabdil, who alone of the Moors knew it as one of the dwelling-places of the santon, whose ~~ostensible~~ residence was in apartments allotted to him within the palace, — it was, perhaps, the sole place within Granada which afforded an unsuspected and secure refuge to the hunted Israelites.

When Ximen recognized the wonted signal of his brethren, he crawled to the door; and, after the precaution of a Hebrew watchword, replied to in the same

tongue, he gave admittance to the tall and stooping frame of the rich Elias.

“ Worthy and excellent master ! ” said Ximen, after again securing the entrance ; “ what can bring the honored and wealthy Elias to the chamber of the poor hireling ? ”

“ My friend,” answered the Jew, “ call me not wealthy nor honored. For years I have dwelt within the city, safe and respected even by the Moslemin, verily and because I have purchased, with jewels and treasure, the protection of the king and the great men. But now, alas ! in the sudden wrath of the heathen, — ever imagining vain things, — I have been summoned into the presence of their chief rabbi, and only escaped the torture by a sum that ten years of labor and the sweat of my brow cannot replace. Ximen ! the bitterest thought of all is that the frenzy of one of our own tribe has brought this desolation upon Israel.”

“ My lord speaks riddles,” said Ximen, with well-feigned astonishment in his glassy eyes.

“ Why dost thou wind and turn, good Ximen ? ” said the Jew, shaking his head ; “ thou knowest well what my words drive at. Thy master is the pretended Almamen ; and that recreant Israelite (if Israelite, indeed, still be one who hath forsaken the customs and the forms of his forefathers) is he who has stirred up the Jews of Cordova and Guadix, and whose folly hath brought upon us these dread things. Holy Abraham ! this Jew hath cost me more than fifty Nazarenes and a hundred Moors.”

Ximen remained silent ; and, the tongue of Elias being loosed by the recollection of his sad loss, the latter continued : “ At the first, when the son of Issachar re-appeared, and became a counsellor in the

king's court, I indeed, who had led him, then a child, to the synagogue,—for old Issachar was to me dear as a brother,—recognized him by his eyes and voice: but I exulted in his craft and concealment; I believed he would work mighty things for his poor brethren, and would obtain for his father's friend the supplying of the king's wives and concubines with raiment and cloth of price. But years have passed: he hath not lightened our burdens; and, by the madness that hath of late come over him, heading the heathen armies, and drawing our brethren into danger and death, he hath deserved the curse of the synagogue, and the wrath of our whole race. I find, from our brethren who escaped the Inquisition by the surrender of their substance, that his unskilful and frantic schemes were the main pretext for the sufferings of the righteous under the Nazarene; and, again, the same schemes bring on us the same oppression from the Moor. Accursed be he, and may his name perish!"

Ximen sighed, but remained silent, conjecturing to what end the Jew would bring his invectives. He was not long in suspense. After a pause, Elias recommenced, in an altered and more careless tone, "He is rich, this son of Issachar,—wondrous rich."

"He has treasures scattered over half the cities of Africa and the Orient," said Ximen.

"Thou seest, then, my friend, that thy master hath doomed me to a heavy loss. I possess his secret; I could give him up to the king's wrath; I could bring him to the death. But I am just and meek: let him pay my forfeiture, and I will forego mine anger."

"Thou dost not know him," said Ximen, alarmed at the thought of a repayment which might grievously diminish his own heritage of Almamen's effects in Granada.

"But if I threaten him with exposure?"

"Thou wouldest feed the fishes of the Darro," interrupted Ximen. "Nay, even now, if Almamen learn that thou knowest his birth and race, tremble! for thy days in the land will be numbered."

"Verily," exclaimed the Jew, in great alarm, "then have I fallen into the snare; for these lips revealed to him that knowledge."

"Then is the righteous Elias a lost man, within ten days from that in which Almamen returns to Granada. I know my master; and blood is to him as water."

"Let the wicked be consumed!" cried Elias, furiously stamping his foot, while fire flashed from his dark eyes, for the instinct of self-preservation made him fierce. "Not from me, however," he added, more calmly, "will come his danger. Know that there be more than a hundred Jews in this city who have sworn his death; Jews who, flying hither from Cordova, have seen their parents murdered and their substance seized, and who behold, in the son of Issachar, the cause of the murder and the spoil. They have detected the impostor, and a hundred knives are whetting even now for his blood: let him look to it. Ximen, I have spoken to thee as the foolish speak; thou mayest betray me to thy lord: but from what I have learned of thee from our brethren, I have poured my heart into thy bosom without fear. Wilt thou betray Israel, or assist us to smite the traitor?"

Ximen mused a moment, and his meditation conjured up the treasures of his master. He stretched forth his right hand to Elias; and when the Israelites parted, they were friends.

CHAPER VI.

Boabdil's Return. — The Reappearance of Ferdinand
before Granada.

THE third morning from this interview, a rumor reached Granada that Boabdil had been repulsed in his assault on the citadel of Salobreña with a severe loss; that Hernando del Pulgar had succeeded in conducting to its relief a considerable force; and that the army of Ferdinand was on its march against the Moorish king. In the midst of the excitement occasioned by these reports, a courier arrived to confirm their truth, and to announce the return of Boabdil.

At nightfall the king, preceding his army, entered the city, and hastened to bury himself in the Alhambra. As he passed dejectedly into the women's apartments, his stern mother met him.

“ My son,” she said bitterly; “ dost thou return, and not a conqueror? ”

Before Boabdil could reply, a light and rapid step sped through the glittering arcades; and weeping with joy, and breaking all the Oriental restraints, Amine fell upon his bosom. “ My beloved! my king! light of mine eyes! thou hast returned. Welcome, — for thou art safe.”

The different form of these several salutations struck Boabdil forcibly. “ Thou seest, my mother,” said he, “ how great the contrast between those who love us from affection and those who love us from pride. In adversity, God keep me, O my mother, from thy tongue! ”

"But I love thee from pride too," murmured Amine; "and for that reason is thine adversity dear to me, for it takes thee from the world to make thee more mine own: and I am proud of the afflictions that my hero shares with his slave."

"Lights there, and the banquet!" cried the king, turning from his haughty mother; "we will feast and be merry while we may. My adored Amine, kiss me!"

Proud, melancholy, and sensitive as he was in that hour of reverse, Boabdil felt no grief; such balm has Love for our sorrows, when its wings are borrowed from the dove! And although the laws of the Eastern life confined to the narrow walls of a harem the sphere of Amine's gentle influence; although, even in romance, THE NATURAL compels us to portray her vivid and rich colors only in a faint and hasty sketch, — yet still are left to the outline the loveliest and the noblest features of the sex: the spirit to arouse us to exertion, the softness to console us in our fall!

While Boabdil and the body of the army remained in the city, Muza, with a chosen detachment of the horse, scoured the country to visit the newly acquired cities and sustain their courage.

From this charge he was recalled by the army of Ferdinand, which once more poured down into the Vega, completely devastated its harvests, and then swept back to consummate the conquests of the revolted towns. To this irruption succeeded an interval of peace, the calm before the storm. From every part of Spain, the most chivalric and resolute of the Moors, taking advantage of the pause in the contest, flocked to Granada; and that city became the focus of all that Paganism in Europe possessed of brave and determined spirits.

At length Ferdinand, completing his conquests and having refilled his treasury, mustered the whole force of his dominions, forty thousand foot and ten thousand horse, and once more and for the last time appeared before the walls of Granada. A solemn and prophetic determination filled both besiegers and besieged; each felt that the crowning crisis was at hand.

CHAPTER VII.

The Conflagration.—The Majesty of an Individual Passion in the midst of hostile Thousands.

IT was the eve of a great and general assault upon Granada, deliberately planned by the chiefs of the Christian army. The Spanish camp (the most gorgeous Christendom had ever known) gradually grew calm and hushed. The shades deepened, — the stars burned forth more serene and clear. Bright in that azure air streamed the silken tents of the court, blazoned with heraldic devices and crowned by gaudy banners, which, filled by a brisk and murmuring wind from the mountains, flaunted gayly on their gilded staves. In the centre of the camp rose the pavilion of the queen, — a palace in itself. Lances made its columns; brocade and painted arras, its walls; and the space covered by its numerous compartments would have contained the halls and out-works of an ordinary castle. The pomp of that camp realized the wildest dreams of Gothic, coupled with Oriental splendor,— something worthy of a Tasso to have imagined, or a Beckford to create. Nor was the exceeding costliness of the more courtly tents lessened in effect by those of the soldiery in the outskirts, many of which were built from boughs, still retaining their leaves,— salvage and picturesque huts; as if, realizing old legends, wild men of the woods had taken up the cross, and followed the Christian warriors against the swarthy followers of Termagaunt and Mahound. There, then, extended that mighty camp in profound

repose, as the midnight threw deeper and longer shadows over the sward from the tented avenues and canvas streets. It was at that hour that Isabel, in the most private recess of her pavilion, was employed in prayer for the safety of the king, and the issue of the Sacred War. Kneeling before the altar of that warlike oratory, her spirit became rapt and absorbed from earth in the intensity of her devotions; and in the whole camp (save the sentries), the eyes of that pious queen were, perhaps, the only ones unclosed. All was profoundly still; her guards, her attendants, were gone to rest; and the tread of the sentinel, without that immense pavilion, was not heard through the silken walls.

It was then that Isabel suddenly felt a strong grasp upon her shoulder, as she still knelt by the altar. A faint shriek burst from her lips; she turned, and the broad curved knife of an Eastern warrior gleamed close before her eyes.

“Hush! utter a cry, breathe more loudly than thy wont, and, queen though thou art, in the centre of swarming thousands, thou diest!”

Such were the words that reached the ear of the royal Castilian, whispered by a man of stern and commanding though haggard aspect.

“What is thy purpose? Wouldst thou murder me?” said the queen, trembling, perhaps for the first time, before a mortal presence.

“Thy life is safe, if thou strivest not to elude or to deceive me. Our time is short,—answer me. I am Almamen, the Hebrew. Where is the hostage rendered to thy hands? I claim my child. She is with thee,—I know it. In what corner of thy camp?”

“Rude stranger!” said Isabel, recovering somewhat

from her alarm, — “ thy daughter is removed, I trust, forever from thine impious reach. She is not within the camp.”

“ Lie not, Queen of Castile,” said Almamen, raising his knife; “ for days and weeks I have tracked thy steps, followed thy march, haunted even thy slumbers, though men of mail stood as guards around them; and I know that my daughter has been with thee. Think not I brave this danger without resolves the most fierce and dread. Answer me! where is my child? ”

“ Many days since,” said Isabel, awed, despite herself, by her strange position, “ thy daughter left the camp for the house of God. It was her own desire. The Saviour hath received her into his fold.”

Had a thousand lances pierced his heart, the vigor and energy of life could scarce more suddenly have deserted Almamen. The rigid muscles of his countenance relaxed at once, from resolve and menace into unutterable horror, anguish, and despair. He recoiled several steps; his knees trembled violently; he seemed stunned by a death-blow. Isabel, the boldest and haughtiest of her sex, seized that moment of reprieve; she sprang forward, darted through the draperies into the apartments occupied by her train, and in a moment the pavilion resounded with her cries for aid. The sentinels were aroused; retainers sprang from their pillows: they heard the cause of the alarm; they made to the spot; when, ere they reached its partition of silk, a vivid and startling blaze burst forth upon them. The tent was on fire. The materials fed the flame like magic. Some of the guards had yet the courage to dash forward; but the smoke and the glare drove them back, blinded and dizzy. Isabel herself had scarcely time for escape, so rapid was the conflagration. Alarmed for her hus-

band, she rushed to his tent, — to find him already awakened by the noise, and issuing from its entrance, his drawn sword in his hand. The wind, which had a few minutes before but curled the triumphant banners, now circulated the destroying flame. It spread from tent to tent, almost as a flash of lightning that shoots along neighboring clouds. The camp was in one continued blaze, ere any man could dream of checking the conflagration.

Not waiting to hear the confused tale of his royal consort, Ferdinand, exclaiming, “The Moors have done this, — they will be on us!” ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound, and hastened in person, wrapped merely in his long mantle, to alarm his chiefs. While that well-disciplined and veteran army, fearing every moment the rally of the foe, endeavored rapidly to form themselves into some kind of order, the flame continued to spread till the whole heavens were illumined. By its light, cuirass and helmet glowed, as in the furnace, and the armed men seemed rather like life-like and lurid meteors than human forms. The city of Granada was brought near to them by the intensity of the glow; and as a detachment of cavalry spurred from the camp to meet the anticipated surprise of the Paynims, they saw, upon the walls and roofs of Granada, the Moslems clustering and their spears gleaming. But, equally amazed with the Christians, and equally suspicious of craft and design, the Moors did not issue from their gates. Meanwhile the conflagration, as rapid to die as to begin, grew fitful and feeble; and the night seemed to fall with a melancholy darkness over the ruin of that silken city.

Ferdinand summoned his council. He had now perceived it was no ambush of the Moors. The account

of Isabel, which at last he comprehended; the strange and almost miraculous manner in which Almamen had baffled his guards and penetrated to the royal tent,—might have aroused his Gothic superstition, while it relieved his more earthly apprehensions, if he had not remembered the singular but far from supernatural dexterity with which Eastern warriors and even robbers continued then, as now, to elude the most vigilant precautions, and baffle the most wakeful guards; and it was evident that the fire which burned the camp of an army had been kindled merely to gratify the revenge, or favor the escape of an individual. Shaking, therefore, from his kingly spirit the thrill of superstitious awe that the greatness of the disaster, when associated with the name of a sorcerer, at first occasioned, he resolved to make advantage out of misfortune itself. The excitement, the wrath of the troops, produced the temper most fit for action.

“And Heaven,” said the King of Spain to his knights and chiefs, as they assembled round him “has in this conflagration announced to the warriors of the Cross that henceforth their camp shall be the palaces of Granada! Woe to the Moslem with to-morrow’s sun!”

Arms clanged, and swords leapt from their sheaths, as the Christian knights echoed the anathema, “**Woe to the Moslem!**”

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

The Great Battle.

THE day slowly dawned upon that awful night; and the Moors, still upon the battlements of Granada, beheld the whole army of Ferdinand on its march towards their walls. At a distance lay the wrecks of the blackened and smouldering camp, while before them, gaudy and glittering pennons waving, and trumpets sounding, came the exultant legions of the foe. The Moors could scarcely believe their senses. Fondly anticipating the retreat of the Christians, after so signal a disaster, the gay and dazzling spectacle of their march to the assault filled them with consternation and alarm.

While yet wondering and inactive, the trumpet of Boabdil was heard behind; and they beheld the Moorish king at the head of his guards, emerging down the avenues that led to the gate. The sight restored and exhilarated the gazers; and when Boabdil halted in the space before the portals, the shout of twenty thousand warriors rolled ominously to the ears of the advancing Christians.

“Men of Granada!” said Boabdil, as soon as the deep and breathless silence had succeeded to that martial acclamation,—“the advance of the enemy is to their

destruction! In the fire of last night the hand of Allah wrote their doom. Let us forth, each and all! We will leave our homes unguarded,—our hearts shall be their wall! True, that our numbers are thinned by famine and by slaughter, but enough of us are yet left for the redemption of Granada. Nor are the dead departed from us: the dead fight with us,—their souls animate our own. He who has lost a brother becomes twice a man. On this battle we will set all. Liberty or chains! empire or exile! victory or death! Forward!"

He spoke, and gave the rein to his barb. It bounded forward, and cleared the gloomy arch of the portals; and Boabdil el Chico was the first Moor who issued from Granada to that last and eventful field. Out, then, poured, as a river that rushes from caverns into day, the burnished and serried files of the Moorish cavalry. Muza came the last, closing the array. Upon his dark and stern countenance there spoke not the ardent enthusiasm of the sanguine king. It was locked and rigid; and the anxieties of the last dismal weeks had thinned his cheeks, and ploughed deep lines around the firm lips and iron jaw which bespoke the obstinate and ungovernable resolution of his character.

As Muza now spurred forward, and, riding along the wheeling ranks, marshalled them in order, arose the acclamation of female voices; and the warriors, who looked back at the sound, saw that their women — their wives and daughters, their mothers and their beloved (released from their seclusion by a policy which bespoke the desperation of the cause) — were gazing at them with outstretched arms from the battlements and towers. The Moors knew that they were now to fight for their hearths and altars in the presence of those who, if they

failed, became slaves and harlots; and each Moslem felt his heart harden like the steel of his own sabre.

While the cavalry formed themselves into regular squadrons, and the tramp of the foemen came more near and near, the Moorish infantry, in miscellaneous, eager, and undisciplined bands, poured out, until spreading wide and deep below the walls, Boabdil's charger was seen, rapidly careering amongst them, as in short but distinct directions or fiery adjuration, he sought at once to regulate their movements, and confirm their hot but capricious valor.

Meanwhile the Christians had abruptly halted; and the politic Ferdinand resolved not to incur the full brunt of a whole population, in the first flush of their enthusiasm and despair. He summoned to his side Hernando del Pulgar, and bade him, with a troop of the most adventurous and practised horsemen, advance towards the Moorish cavalry, and endeavor to draw the fiery valor of Muza away from the main army. Then, splitting up his force into several sections, he dismissed each to different stations, — some to storm the adjacent towers, others to fire the surrounding gardens and orchards, — so that the action might consist rather of many battles than of one, and the Moors might lose the concentration and union which made at present their most formidable strength.

Thus, while the Mussulmans were waiting in order for the attack, they suddenly beheld the main body of the Christians dispersing; and, while yet in surprise and perplexed, they saw the fires breaking out from their delicious gardens, to the right and left of the walls, and heard the boom of the Christian artillery against the scattered bulwarks that guarded the approaches of that city.

At that moment a cloud of dust rolled rapidly towards the post occupied in the van by Muza; and the shock of the Christian knights in their mighty mail broke upon the centre of the prince's squadron.

Higher, by several inches, than the plumage of his companions, waved the crest of the gigantic Del Pulgar; and as Moor after Moor went down before his headlong lance, his voice, sounding deep and sepulchral through his visor, shouted out, "Death to the infidel!"

The rapid and dexterous horsemen of Granada were not, however, discomfited by this fierce assault: opening their ranks with extraordinary celerity, they suffered the charge to pass, comparatively harmless, through their centre, and then, closing in one long and bristling line, cut off the knights from retreat. The Christians wheeled round, and charged again upon their foe.

"Where art thou, O Moslem dog! that wouldest play the lion? Where art thou, Muza Ben Abil Gazan?"

"Before thee, Christian!" cried a stern and clear voice; and from amongst the helmets of his people gleamed the dazzling turban of the Moor.

Hernando checked his steed, gazed a moment at his foe, turned back for greater impetus to his charge, and in a moment more the bravest warriors of the two armies met, lance to lance.

The round shield of Muza received the Christian's weapon; his own spear shivered, harmless, upon the breast of the giant. He drew his sword, whirled it rapidly over his head, and for some minutes the eyes of the bystanders could scarcely mark the marvellous rapidity with which strokes were given and parried by those redoubted swordsmen.

At length Hernando, anxious to bring to bear his superior strength, spurred close to Muza; and leaving

his sword pendent by a thong to his wrist, seized the shield of Muza in his formidable grasp, and plucked it away with a force that the Moor vainly endeavored to resist: Muza therefore suddenly released his hold, and ere the Spaniard recovered his balance (which was lost by the success of his own strength, put forth to the utmost), he dashed upon him the hoofs of his black charger, and with a short but heavy mace which he caught up from the saddle-bow dealt Hernando so thundering a blow upon the helmet that the giant fell to the ground, stunned and senseless.

To dismount, to repossess himself of his shield, to resume his sabre, to put one knee to the breast of his fallen foe, was the work of a moment; and then had Don Hernando del Pulgar been sped, without priest or surgeon, but that, alarmed by the peril of their most valiant comrade, twenty knights spurred at once to the rescue, and the points of twenty lances kept the lion of Granada from his prey. Thither, with similar speed, rushed the Moorish champions; and the fight became close and deadly round the body of the still unconscious Christian. Not an instant of leisure to unlace the helmet of Hernando, by removing which alone the Moorish blade could find a mortal place, was permitted to Muza; and what with the spears and trampling hoofs around him, the situation of the Paynim was more dangerous than that of the Christian. Meanwhile Hernando recovered his dizzy senses; and, made aware of his state, watched his occasion, and suddenly shook off the knee of the Moor. With another effort he was on his feet; and the two champions stood confronting each other, neither very eager to renew the combat. But on foot, Muza, daring and rash as he was, could not but recognize his disadvantage against

the enormous strength and impenetrable armor of the Christian; he drew back, whistled to his barb, that, piercing the ranks of the horsemen, was by his side on the instant, remounted, and was in the midst of the foe almost ere the slower Spaniard was conscious of his disappearance.

But Hernando was not delivered from his enemy. Clearing a space around him, as three knights, mortally wounded, fell beneath his sabre, Muza now drew from behind his shoulder his short Arabian bow; and shaft after shaft came rattling upon the mail of the dismounted Christian with so marvellous a celerity that, encumbered as he was with his heavy accoutrements, he was unable either to escape from the spot or ward off that arrowy rain, and felt that nothing but chance or our Lady could prevent the death which one such arrow would occasion if it should find the opening of the visor or the joints of the hauberk.

“Mother of Mercy!” groaned the knight, perplexed and enraged, “let not thy servant be shot down like a hart by this cowardly warfare; but if I must fall, be it with mine enemy, grappling hand to hand.”

While yet muttering this short invocation, the war-cry of Spain was heard hard by, and the gallant company of Villena was seen scouring across the plain to the succor of their comrades. The deadly attention of Muza was distracted from individual foes, however eminent; he wheeled round, re-collected his men, and in a serried charge met the new enemy in midway.

While the contest thus fared in that part of the field, the scheme of Ferdinand had succeeded so far as to break up the battle in detached sections. Far and near, plain, grove, garden, tower, presented each the scene of obstinate and determined conflict. Boabdil,

at the head of his chosen guard, the flower of the haughtier tribe of nobles, who were jealous of the fame and blood of the tribe of Muza, and followed also by his gigantic Ethiopians, exposed his person to every peril, with the desperate valor of a man who feels his own stake is greatest in the field. As he most distrusted the infantry, so amongst the infantry he chiefly bestowed his presence; and wherever he appeared, he sufficed for the moment to turn the changes of the engagement. At length, at midday, Ponce de Leon led against the largest detachment of the Moorish foot a strong and numerous battalion of the best disciplined and veteran soldiery of Spain. He had succeeded in winning a fortress from which his artillery could play with effect; and the troops he led were composed partly of men flushed with recent triumph, and partly of a fresh reserve, now first brought into the field. A comely and a breathless spectacle it was, to behold this Christian squadron emerging from a blazing copse, which they fired on their march; the red light gleaming on their complete armor, as in steady and solemn order they swept on to the swaying and clamorous ranks of the Moorish infantry. Boabdil learned the danger from his scouts; and hastily quitting a tower, from which he had for a while repulsed a hostile legion, he threw himself into the midst of the battalions menaced by the skilful Ponce de Leon. Almost at the same moment the wild and ominous apparition of Almamen, long absent from the eyes of the Moors, appeared in the same quarter, so suddenly and unexpectedly that none knew whence he had emerged; the sacred standard in his left hand, his sabre, bared and dripping gore, in his right, his face exposed, and its powerful features working with an excitement that seemed

inspired, his abrupt presence breathed a new soul into the Moors.

“They come! they come!” he shrieked aloud. “The God of the East hath delivered the Goth into your hands!”

From rank to rank, from line to line, sped the santon; and as the mystic banner gleamed before the soldiery, each closed his eyes, and muttered an “amen” to his adjurations.

And now, to the cry of Spain and St. Iago, came trampling down the relentless charge of the Christian war. At the same instant, from the fortress lately taken by Ponce de Leon, the artillery opened upon the Moors, and did deadly havoc. The Moslems wavered for a moment, when before them gleamed the white banner of Almamen; and they beheld him, rushing, alone and on foot, amidst the foe. Taught to believe the war itself depended on the preservation of the enchanted banner, the Paynims could not see it thus rashly adventured without anxiety and shame; they rallied, advanced firmly, and Boabdil himself, with waving cimeter and fierce exclamations, dashed impetuously, at the head of his guards and Ethiopians, into the affray. The battle became obstinate and bloody. Thrice the white banner disappeared amidst the closing ranks; and thrice, like a moon from the clouds, it shone forth again, — the light and guide of the Pagan power.

The day ripened; and the hills already cast lengthening shadows over the blazing groves and the still Darro, whose waters, in every creek where the tide was arrested, ran red with blood, when Ferdinand, collecting his whole reserve, descended from the eminence on which hitherto he had posted himself. With him moved three thousand foot and a thousand horse, fresh

in their vigor and panting for a share in that glorious day. The king himself, who, though constitutionally fearless, from motives of policy rarely perilled his person save on imminent occasions, was resolved not to be outdone by Boabdil; and armed *cap-à-pie* in mail, so wrought with gold that it seemed nearly all of that costly metal, with his snow-white plumage waving above a small diadem that surmounted his lofty helm, he seemed a fit leader to that armament of heroes. Behind him flaunted the great gonfalon of Spain, and trump and cymbal heralded his approach. The Count de Tendilla rode by his side.

“Señor,” said Ferdinand, “the infidels fight hard; but they are in the snare, — we are about to close the nets upon them. But what cavalcade is this?”

The group that thus drew the king’s attention consisted of six squires, bearing on a martial litter, composed of shields, the stalwart form of Hernando del Pulgar.

“Ah, the dogs!” cried the king, as he recognized the pale features of the darling of the army, — “have they murdered the bravest knight that ever fought for Christendom?”

“Not that, your Majesty,” quoth he of the exploits, faintly; “but I am sorely stricken.”

“It must have been more than man who struck thee down,” said the king.

“It was the mace of Muza Ben Abil Gazan, an please you, sire,” said one of the squires; “but it came on the good knight unawares, and long after his own arm had seemingly driven away the Pagan.”

“We will avenge thee well,” said the king, setting his teeth; “let our own leeches tend thy wounds. Forward, sir knights! St. Iago and Spain!”

The battle had now gathered to a vortex; Muza and his cavalry had now joined Boabdil and the Moorish foot. On the other hand, Villena had been reinforced by detachments that, in almost every other quarter of the field, had routed the foe. The Moors had been driven back, though inch by inch; they were now in the broad space before the very walls of the city, which were still crowded by the pale and anxious faces of the aged and the women; and at every pause in the artillery the voices that spoke of **HOME** were borne by that lurid air to the ears of the infidels. The shout that ran through the Christian force, as Ferdinand had now joined it, struck like a death-knell upon the last hope of Boabdil. But the blood of his fierce ancestry burned in his veins, and the cheering voice of Almamen, whom nothing daunted, inspired him with a kind of superstitious frenzy.

“King against king,—so be it! Let Allah decide between us!” cried the Moorish monarch. “Bind up this wound,—’t is well! A steed for the santon! Now, my prophet and my friend, mount by the side of thy king,—let us at least fall together. Lelilies! Lelilies!”

Throughout the brave Christian ranks went a thrill of reluctant admiration, as they beheld the Paynim king, conspicuous by his fair beard and the jewels of his harness, lead the scanty guard yet left to him once more into the thickest of their lines. Simultaneously Muza and his Zegris made their fiery charge; and the Moorish infantry, excited by the example of their leaders, followed with unslackened and dogged zeal. The Christians gave way,—they were beaten back. Ferdinand spurred forward; and, ere either party were well aware of it, both kings met in the same *mélée*. All order and discipline for the moment lost, general and monarch were,

as common soldiers, fighting hand to hand. It was then that Ferdinand, after bearing down before his lance Naim Reduon, second only to Muza in the songs of Granada, beheld opposed to him a strange form, that seemed to that royal Christian rather fiend than man; his raven hair and beard, clotted with blood, hung like snakes about a countenance whose features, naturally formed to give expression to the darkest passions, were distorted with the madness of despairing rage. Wounded in many places, the blood dabbled his mail; while over his head he waved the banner wrought with mystic characters, which Ferdinand had already been taught to believe the workmanship of demons.

"Now, perjured king of the Nazarenes!" shouted this formidable champion, "we meet at last! — no longer host and guest, monarch and dervise, but man to man! I am Almamen! Die!"

He spoke; and his sword descended so fiercely on that anointed head that Ferdinand bent to his saddlebow. But the king quickly recovered his seat, and gallantly met the encounter; it was one that might have tasked to the utmost the prowess of his bravest knight. Passions which in their number, their nature, and their excess animated no other champion on either side, gave to the arm of Almamen the Israelite a preternatural strength: his blows fell like rain upon the harness of the king; and the fiery eyes, the gleaming banner of the mysterious sorcerer, who had eluded the tortures of his Inquisition, who had walked unscathed through the midst of his army, whose single hand had consumed the encampment of a host, filled the stout heart of the king with a belief that he encountered no earthly foe. Fortunately, perhaps, for Ferdinand and Spain, the contest did not last long. Twenty horsemen spurred into the

mélée to the rescue of the plumed diadem. Tendilla arrived the first; with a stroke of his two-handed sword the white banner was cleft from its staff, and fell to the earth. At that sight the Moors around broke forth in a wild and despairing cry; that cry spread from rank to rank, from horse to foot; the Moorish infantry, sorely pressed on all sides, no sooner learned the disaster than they turned to fly; the rout was as fatal as it was sudden. The Christian reserve, just brought into the field, poured down upon them with a simultaneous charge. Boabdil, too much engaged to be the first to learn the downfall of the sacred insignia, suddenly saw himself almost alone, with his diminished Ethiopians and a handful of his cavaliers.

“Yield thee, Boabdil el Chico!” cried Tendilla, from his rear, “or thou canst not be saved.”

“By the Prophet, never!” exclaimed the king, and he dashed his barb against the wall of spears behind him; and with but a score or so of his guard, cut his way through the ranks that were not unwilling, perhaps, to spare so brave a foe. As he cleared the Spanish battalions, the unfortunate monarch checked his horse for a moment and gazed along the plain; he beheld his army flying in all directions, save in that single spot where yet glittered the turban of Muza Ben Abil Gazan. As he gazed, he heard the panting nostrils of the chargers behind, and saw the levelled spears of a company despatched to take him, alive or dead, by the command of Ferdinand; he laid the reins upon his horse’s neck and galloped into the city,—three lances quivered against the portals as he disappeared through the shadows of the arch. But while Muza remained, all was not yet lost; he perceived the flight of the infantry and the king, and with his followers galloped across the plain; he came in

time to encounter and slay, to a man, the pursuers of Boabdil; he then threw himself before the flying Moors.

“ Do ye fly in the sight of your wives and daughters? Would ye not rather they beheld ye die? ”

A thousand voices answered him. “ The banner is in the hands of the infidel,— all is lost! ” They swept by him, and stopped not till they gained the gates.

But still a small and devoted remnant of the Moorish cavaliers remained to shed a last glory over defeat itself. With Muza, their soul and centre, they fought every atom of ground: it was, as the chronicler expresses it, as if they grasped the soil with their arms. Twice they charged into the midst of the foe: the slaughter they made doubled their own number; but, gathering on and closing in, squadron upon squadron, came the whole Christian army,— they were encompassed, wearied out, beaten back, as by an ocean. Like wild beasts, driven at length to their lair, they retreated with their faces to the foe; and when Muza came the last,— his cimeter shivered to the hilt,— he had scarcely breath to command the gates to be closed and the portcullis lowered, ere he fell from his charger in a sudden and deadly swoon, caused less by his exhaustion than his agony and shame. So ended the last battle fought for the Monarchy of Granada!

CHAPTER II.

The Novice.

IT was in one of the cells of a convent renowned for the piety of its inmates and the wholesome austerity of its laws, that a young novice sat alone. The narrow casement was placed so high in the cold gray wall as to forbid to the tenant of the cell the solace of sad, or the distraction of pious, thoughts, which a view of the world without might afford. Lovely, indeed, was the landscape that spread below; but it was barred from those youthful and melancholy eyes: for Nature might tempt to a thousand thoughts not of a tenor calculated to reconcile the heart to an eternal sacrifice of the sweet human ties. But a faint and partial gleam of sunshine broke through the aperture, and made yet more cheerless the dreary aspect and gloomy appurtenances of the cell. And the young novice seemed to carry on within herself that struggle of emotions without which there is no victory in the resolves of virtue: sometimes she wept bitterly, but with a low, subdued sorrow which spoke rather of despondency than passion; sometimes she raised her head from her breast, and smiled as she looked upward, or as her eyes rested on the crucifix and the death's head that were placed on the rude table by the pallet on which she sat. They were emblems of death here, and life hereafter, which, perhaps, afforded to her the sources of a twofold consolation.

She was yet musing, when a slight tap at the door was heard, and the abbess of the convent appeared.

“ Daughter,” said she, “ I have brought thee the comfort of a sacred visitor. The Queen of Spain, whose pious tenderness is maternally anxious for thy full contentment with thy lot, has sent hither a holy friar, whom she deems more soothing in his counsels than our brother Tomas, whose ardent zeal often terrifies those whom his honest spirit only desires to purify and guide. I will leave him with thee. May the saints bless his ministry ! ” So saying, the abbess retired from the threshold, making way for a form in the garb of a monk, with the hood drawn over the face. The monk bowed his head meekly, advanced into the cell, closed the door, and seated himself on a stool, which, save the table and the pallet, seemed the sole furniture of the dismal chamber.

“ Daughter,” said he, after a pause, “ it is a rugged and a mournful lot, this renunciation of earth and all its fair destinies and soft affections, to one not wholly prepared and armed for the sacrifice. Confide in me, my child; I am no dire inquisitor, seeking to distort thy words to thine own peril. I am no bitter and morose ascetic. Beneath these robes still beats a human heart, that can sympathize with human sorrows. Confide in me without fear. Dost thou not dread the fate they would force upon thee ? Dost thou not shrink back ? Wouldst thou not be free ? ”

“ No,” said the poor novice; but the denial came faint and irresolute from her lips.

“ Pause,” said the friar, growing more earnest in his tone, — “ pause; there is yet time.”

“ Nay,” said the novice, looking up with some surprise in her countenance, — “ nay, even were I so weak, escape now is impossible. What hand could unbar the gates of the convent ? ”

"Mine!" cried the monk, with impetuosity. "Yes, I have that power. In all Spain, but one man can save thee, and I am he."

"You!" faltered the novice, gazing at her strange visitor with mingled astonishment and alarm. "And who are you, that could resist the fiat of that Tomas de Torquemada before whom, they tell me, even the crowned heads of Castile and Aragon veil low?"

The monk half rose, with an impatient and almost haughty start, at this interrogatory; but, reseating himself, replied in a deep and half-whispered voice: "Daughter, listen to me! It is true that Isabel of Spain (whom the Mother of Mercy bless! for merciful to all is her secret heart, if not her outward policy), — it is true that Isabel of Spain, fearful that the path to heaven might be made rougher to thy feet than it well need be," — there was a slight accent of irony in the monk's voice as he thus spoke, — "selected a friar of suasive eloquence and gentle manners to visit thee. He was charged with letters to yon abbess from the queen. Soft though the friar, he was yet a hypocrite. Nay, hear me out! he loved to worship the rising sun; and he did not wish always to remain a simple friar, while the Church had higher dignities of this earth to bestow. In the Christian camp, daughter, there was one who burned for tidings of thee, whom thine image haunted; who, stern as thou wert to him, loved thee with a love he knew not of till thou wert lost to him. Why dost thou tremble, daughter? Listen, yet! To that lover, for he was one of high birth, came the monk; to that lover the monk sold his mission. The monk will have a ready tale, that he was waylaid amidst the mountains by armed men, and robbed of his letters to the abbess. The lover took his garb, and he took

the letters; and he hastened hither. Leila! beloved Leila! behold him at thy feet!"

The monk raised his cowl, and, dropping on his knee beside her, presented to her gaze the features of the prince of Spain.

"You!" said Leila, averting her countenance, and vainly endeavoring to extricate the hand which he had seized. "This is indeed cruel. You, the author of so many sufferings,—such calumny, such reproach!"

"I will repair all," said Don Juan, fervently. "I alone, I repeat it, have the power to set you free. You are no longer a Jewess: you are one of our faith; there is now no bar upon our loves. Imperious though my father, all dark and dread as is this new POWER which he is rashly erecting in his dominions, the heir of two monarchies is not so poor in influence and in friends as to be unable to offer the woman of his love an inviolable shelter, alike from priest and despot. Fly with me!—quit this dreary sepulchre, ere the last stone close over thee forever! I have horses, I have guards at hand. This night it can be arranged. This night—oh, bliss!—thou mayest be rendered up to earth and love!"

"Prince," said Leila, who had drawn herself from Juan's grasp during this address, and who now stood at a little distance, erect and proud, "you tempt me in vain; or, rather, you offer me no temptation. I have made my choice; I abide by it."

"Oh, bethink thee," said the prince, in a voice of real and imploring anguish; "bethink thee well of the consequences of thy refusal. Thou canst not see them yet; thine ardor blinds thee. But when hour after hour, day after day, year after year, steals on in the appalling monotony of this sanctified prison; when thou

shalt see thy youth withering without love, thine age without honor; when thy heart shall grow as stone within thee, beneath the looks of yon icy spectres; when nothing shall vary the aching dulness of wasted life, save a longer fast or a severer penance: then, then will thy grief be rendered tenfold by the despairing and remorseless thought that thine own lips sealed thine own sentence. *Thou mayest think,*" continued Juan, with rapid eagerness, "that my love to thee was, at first, light and dishonoring. Be it so. I own that my youth has passed in idle wooings and the mockeries of affection. But for the first time in my life, I feel that *I love*. Thy dark eyes, thy noble beauty, even thy womanly scorn, have fascinated me. I — never yet disdained where I have been a suitor — acknowledge, at last, that there is a triumph in the conquest of a woman's heart. Oh, Leila! do not — do not reject me. You know not how rare and how deep a love you cast away."

The novice was touched: the present language of Don Juan was so different from what it had been before; the earnest love that breathed in his voice, that looked from his eyes, struck a chord in her breast; it reminded her of her own unconquered, unconquerable love for the lost Muza. She was touched, then, — touched to tears; but her resolves were not shaken.

"Oh, Leila!" resumed the prince, fondly, mistaking the nature of her emotion, and seeking to pursue the advantage he imagined he had gained, "look at yonder sunbeam, struggling through the loophole of thy cell. Is it not a messenger from the happy world? Does it not plead for me? Does it not whisper to thee of the green fields and the laughing vineyards, and all the beautiful prodigality of that earth thou art about to

renounce forever? Dost thou dread my love? Are the forms around thee, ascetic and lifeless, fairer to thine eyes than mine? Dost thou doubt my power to protect thee? I tell thee that the proudest nobles of Spain would flock around my banner, were it necessary to guard thee by force of arms. Yet, speak the word, be mine,—and I will fly hence with thee to climes where the Church has not cast out its deadly roots, and, forgetful of crowns and cares, live alone for thee. Ah, speak!"

"My lord," said Leila, calmly, and arousing herself to the necessary effort, "I am deeply and sincerely grateful for the interest you express, for the affection you avow. But you deceive yourself. I have pondered well over the alternative I have taken. I do not regret nor repent,—much less would I retract it. The earth that you speak of, full of affections and of bliss to others, has no ties, no allurements for me. I desire only peace, repose, and an early death."

"Can it be possible," said the prince, growing pale, "that thou lovest another? Then, indeed, and then only, would my wooing be in vain."

The cheek of the novice grew deeply flushed, but the color soon subsided: she murmured to herself, "Why should I blush to own it now?" and then spoke aloud: "Prince, I trust I have done with the world; and bitter the pang I feel when you call me back to it. But you merit my candor: I *have* loved another; and in that thought, as in an urn, lie the ashes of all affection. That other is of a different faith. We may never—never meet again below, but it is a solace to pray that we may meet above. That solace and these cloisters are dearer to me than all the pomp, all the pleasures, of the world."

The prince sank down, and, covering his face with his hands, groaned aloud, but made no reply.

“Go, then, Prince of Spain,” continued the novice; “son of the noble Isabel, Leila is not unworthy of her cares. Go, and pursue the great destinies that await you. And if you forgive — if you still cherish a thought of — the poor Jewish maiden, soften, alleviate, mitigate, the wretched and desperate doom that awaits the fallen race she has abandoned for thy creed.”

“Alas, alas!” said the prince, mournfully, “thee alone, perchance, of all thy race, I could have saved from the bigotry that is fast covering this knightly land, like the rising of an irresistible sea, — and thou rejectest me! Take time, at least, to pause — to consider. Let me see thee again to-morrow.”

“No, prince, no, — not again! I will keep thy secret only if I see thee no more. If thou persist in a suit that I feel to be that of sin and shame, then, indeed, mine honor —”

“Hold!” interrupted Juan, with haughty impatience, “I torment, I harass you no more. I release you from my importunity. Perhaps, already I have stooped too low.” He drew the cowl over his features, and strode sullenly to the door; but, turning for one last gaze on the form that had so strangely fascinated a heart capable of generous emotions, the meek and despondent posture of the novice, her tender youth, her gloomy fate, melted his momentary pride and resentment. “God bless and reconcile thee, poor child!” he said in a voice choked with contending passions; and the door closed upon his form.

“I thank thee, Heaven, that it was not Muza!” muttered Leila, breaking from a reverie in which she seemed to be communing with her own soul; “I feel

that I could not have resisted *him*." With that thought she knelt down, in humble and penitent self-reproach, and prayed for strength.

Ere she had risen from her supplications, her solitude was again invaded by Torquemada the Dominican.

This strange man, though the author of cruelties at which nature recoils, had some veins of warm and gentle feeling, streaking, as it were, the marble of his hard character; and when he had thoroughly convinced himself of the pure and earnest zeal of the young convert, he relaxed from the grim sternness he had at first exhibited towards her. He loved to exert the eloquence he possessed in raising her spirit, in reconciling her doubts. He prayed *for* her, and he prayed *beside* her, with passion and with tears.

He stayed long with the novice, and when he left her she was, if not happy, at least contented. Her warmest wish now was to abridge the period of her novitiate, which, at her desire, the Church had already rendered merely a nominal probation. She longed to put irresolution out of her power, and to enter at once upon the narrow road through the strait gate.

The gentle and modest piety of the young novice touched the sisterhood: she was endeared to all of them. Her conversion was an event that broke the lethargy of their stagnant life. She became an object of general interest, of avowed pride, of kindly compassion; and their kindness to her, who from her cradle had seen little of her own sex, had a great effect towards calming and soothing her mind. But at night her dreams brought before her the dark and menacing countenance of her father. Sometimes he seemed to pluck her from the gates of heaven, and to sink with her into the yawning abyss below. Sometimes she saw him with her beside

the altar, but imploring her to forswear the Saviour, before whose crucifix she knelt. Occasionally her visions were haunted, also, with Muza, — but in less terrible guise. She saw his calm and melancholy eyes fixed upon her; and his voice asked, “Canst thou take a vow that makes it sinful to remember me?”

The night, that usually brings balm and oblivion to the sad, was thus made more dreadful to Leila than the day. Her health grew feebler and feebler, but her mind still was firm. In happier time and circumstance that poor novice would have been a great character; but she was one of the countless victims the world knows not of, whose virtues are in silent motives, whose struggles are in the solitary heart.

Of the prince she heard and saw no more. There were times when she fancied, from oblique and obscure hints, that the Dominican had been aware of Don Juan’s disguise and visit. But, if so, that knowledge appeared only to increase the gentleness, almost the respect, which Torquemada manifested towards her. Certainly, since that day, from some cause or other, the priest’s manner had been softened when he addressed her; and he who seldom had recourse to other arts than those of censure and of menace, often uttered sentiments half of pity and half of praise.

Thus consoled and supported in the day, thus haunted and terrified by night, but still not repenting her resolve, Leila saw the time glide on to that eventful day when her lips were to pronounce that irrevocable vow which is the epitaph of life. While in this obscure and remote convent progressed the history of an individual, we are summoned back to witness the crowning fate of an expiring dynasty.

CHAPTER III.

The Pause between Defeat and Surrender.

THE unfortunate Boabdil plunged once more amidst the recesses of the Alhambra. Whatever his anguish or his despondency, none were permitted to share, or even to witness, his emotions. But he especially resisted the admission to his solitude, demanded by his mother, implored by his faithful Amine, and sorrowfully urged by Muza: those most loved or most respected were, above all, the persons from whom he most shrunk.

Almamen was heard of no more. It was believed that he had perished in the battle. But he was one of those who, precisely as they are effective when present, are forgotten in absence. And in the mean while, as the Vega was utterly desolated, and all supplies were cut off, famine, daily made more terrifically severe, diverted the attention of each humbler Moor from the fall of the city to his individual sufferings.

New persecutions fell upon the miserable Jews. Not having taken any share in the conflict (as was to be expected from men who had no stake in the country which they dwelt in, and whose brethren had been taught so severe a lesson upon the folly of interference), no sentiment of fellowship in danger mitigated the hatred and loathing with which they were held; and as, in their lust of gain, many of them continued, amidst the agony and starvation of the citizens, to sell food at enormous prices, the excitement of the multitude against them — released, by the state of the city,

from all restraint and law—made itself felt by the most barbarous excesses. Many of the houses of the Israelites were attacked by the mob, plundered, razed to the ground, and the owners tortured to death, to extort confession of imaginary wealth. Not to sell what was demanded was a crime; to sell it was a crime also. These miserable outcasts fled to whatever secret places the vaults of their houses or the caverns in the hills within the city could yet afford them, cursing their fate, and almost longing even for the yoke of the Christian bigots.

Thus passed several days; the defence of the city abandoned to its naked walls and mighty gates. The glaring sun looked down upon closed shops and depopulated streets, save when some ghostly and skeleton band of the famished poor collected, in a sudden paroxysm of revenge or despair, around the stormed and fired mansion of a detested Israelite.

At length Boabdil aroused himself from his seclusion; and Muza, to his own surprise, was summoned to the presence of the king. He found Boabdil in one of the most gorgeous halls of his gorgeous palace.

Within the Tower of Comares is a vast chamber, still called the Hall of the Ambassadors. Here it was that Boabdil now held his court. On the glowing walls hung trophies and banners, and here and there an Arabian portrait of some bearded king. By the windows, which overlooked the most lovely banks of the Darro, gathered the santons and alfaquis, a little apart from the main crowd. Beyond, through half-veiling draperies, might be seen the great court of the Alberca, whose peristyles were hung with flowers; while, in the centre, the gigantic basin, which gives its name to the court, caught the sunlight obliquely, and its waves

glittered on the eye from amidst the roses that then clustered over it.

In the audience hall itself, a canopy over the royal cushions on which Boabdil reclined was blazoned with the heraldic insignia of Granada's monarchs. His guards and his mutes and his eunuchs and his courtiers and his counsellors and his captains were ranged in long files on either side the canopy. It seemed the last flicker of the lamp of the Moorish empire, that hollow and unreal pomp! As Muza approached the monarch, he was startled by the change of his countenance: the young and beautiful Boabdil seemed to have grown suddenly old; his eyes were sunken, his countenance sown with wrinkles, and his voice sounded broken and hollow on the ears of his kinsman.

"Come hither, Muza," said he; "seat thyself beside me, and listen as thou best canst to the tidings we are about to hear."

As Muza placed himself on a cushion, a little below the king, Boabdil motioned to one amongst the crowd.

"Hamet," said he, "thou hast examined the state of the Christian camp; "what news dost thou bring?"

"Light of the Faithful," answered the Moor, "it is a camp no longer,—it has already become a city. Nine towns of Spain were charged with the task; stone has taken the place of canvas; towers and streets arise like the buildings of a genius; and the misbelieving king hath sworn that this new city shall not be left until Granada sees his standard on its walls."

"Go on," said Boabdil, calmly.

"Traders and men of merchandise flock thither daily; the spot is one bazaar: all that should supply our famishing country pours its plenty into their mart."

Boabdil motioned to the Moor to withdraw, and an alfaqui advanced in his stead.

“ Successor of the Prophet, and darling of the world!” said the reverend man, “ the alfaquis and seers of Granada implore thee on their knees to listen to their voice. They have consulted the Books of Fate; they have implored a sign from the Prophet; and they find that the glory has left thy people and thy crown. The fall of Granada is predestined,—God is great!”

“ You shall have my answer forthwith,” said Boabdil. “ Abdelemic, approach.”

From the crowd came an aged and white-bearded man, the governor of the city.

“ Speak, old man,” said the king.

“ Oh, Boabdil!” said the veteran, with faltering tones, while the tears rolled down his cheeks; “ son of a race of kings and heroes! would that thy servant had fallen dead on thy threshold this day, and that the lips of a Moorish noble had never been polluted by the words that I now utter. Our state is hopeless: our granaries are as the sands of the desert; there is in them life neither for beast nor man. The war-horse that bore the hero is now consumed for his food; and the population of thy city, with one voice, cry for chains and — bread! I have spoken.”

“ Admit the ambassador of Egypt,” said Boabdil, as Abdelemic retired. There was a pause; one of the draperies at the end of the hall was drawn aside; and, with the slow and sedate majesty of their tribe and land, paced forth a dark and swarthy train, the envoys of the Egyptian soldan. Six of the band bore costly presents of gems and weapons; and the procession closed with four veiled slaves, whose beauty had been the boast of the ancient valley of the Nile.

“Sun of Granada and day-star of the Faithful!” said the chief of the Egyptians, “my lord, the Soldan of Egypt, delight of the world, and rose-tree of the East, thus answers to the letters of Boabdil. He grieves that he cannot send the succor thou demandest; and informing himself of the condition of thy territories, he finds that Granada no longer holds a seaport, by which his forces (could he send them) might find an entrance into Spain. He implores thee to put thy trust in Allah, who will not desert his chosen ones, and lays these gifts, in pledge of amity and love, at the feet of my lord the king.”

“It is a gracious and well-timed offering,” said Boabdil, with a writhing lip; “we thank him.” There was now a long and dead silence, as the ambassadors swept from the hall of audience; when Boabdil suddenly raised his head from his breast, and looked around his hall with a kingly and majestic look: “Let the heralds of Ferdinand of Spain approach.”

A groan involuntarily broke from the breast of Muza: it was echoed by a murmur of abhorrence and despair from the gallant captains who stood around; but to that momentary burst succeeded a breathless silence, as from another drapery, opposite the royal couch, gleamed the burnished mail of the knights of Spain. Foremost of those haughty visitors whose iron heels clanked loudly on the tessellated floor, came a noble and stately form, in full armor, save the helmet, and with a mantle of azure velvet, wrought with the silver cross that made the badge of the Christian war. Upon his manly countenance was visible no sign of undue arrogance or exultation; but something of that generous pity which brave men feel for conquered foes dimmed the lustre of his commanding eye, and softened the wonted

sternness of his martial bearing. He and his train approached the king with a profound salutation of respect; and, falling back, motioned to the herald that accompanied him, and whose garb, breast and back, was wrought with the arms of Spain, to deliver himself of his mission.

“To Boabdil!” said the herald, with a loud voice, that filled the whole expanse, and thrilled with various emotions the dumb assembly, — “to Boabdil el Chico, King of Granada, Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabel of Castile send royal greeting. They command me to express their hope that the war is at length concluded; and they offer to the King of Granada such terms of capitulation as a king, without dishonor, may receive. In the stead of this city, which their Most Christian Majesties will restore to their own dominion, as is just, they offer, O king, princely territories in the Alpuxarras mountains to your sway, holding them by oath of fealty to the Spanish crown. To the people of Granada, their Most Christian Majesties promise full protection of property, life, and faith, under a government by their own magistrates and according to their own laws; exemption from tribute for three years; and taxes thereafter, regulated by the custom and ratio of their present imposts. To such Moors as, discontented with these provisions, would abandon Granada, are promised free passage for themselves and their wealth. In return for these marks of their royal bounty, their Most Christian Majesties summon Granada to surrender (if no succor meanwhile arrive) within seventy days. And these offers are now solemnly recorded in the presence, and through the mission, of the noble and renowned knight, Gonzalvo of Cordova, deputed by their Most Christian Majesties from their new city of Santa Fé.”

When the herald had concluded, Boabdil cast his eye over his thronged and splendid court. No glance of fire met his own; amidst the silent crowd, a resigned content was alone to be perceived; the proposals exceeded the hope of the besieged.

"And," asked Boabdil, with a deep-drawn sigh, "if we reject these offers?"

"Noble prince," said Gonzalvo, earnestly, "ask us not to wound thine ears with the alternative. Pause, and consider of our offers; and, if thou doubttest, O brave king! mount the towers of thine Alhambra, survey our legions marshalled beneath thy walls, and turn thine eyes upon a brave people, defeated, not by human valor, but by famine, and the inscrutable will of God."

"Your monarchs shall have our answer, gentle Christian, perchance ere nightfall. And you, sir knight, who hast delivered a message bitter for kings to hear, receive, at least, our thanks for such bearing as might best mitigate the import. Our vizier will bear to your apartment those tokens of remembrance that are yet left to the monarch of Granada to bestow."

"Muza," resumed the king, as the Spaniards left the presence, "thou hast heard all. What is the last counsel thou canst give thy sovereign?"

The fierce Moor had with difficulty waited this license to utter such sentiments as death only could banish from that unconquerable heart. He rose, descended from the couch, and, standing a little below the king, and facing the motley throng of all of wise or brave yet left to Granada, thus spoke:—

"Why should we surrender? Two hundred thousand inhabitants are yet within our walls; of these, twenty thousand, at least, are Moors who have hands and

swords. Why should we surrender? Famine presses us, it is true; but hunger, that makes the lion more terrible, shall it make the man more base? Do ye despair?—so be it! Despair, in the valiant, ought to have an irresistible force. Despair has made cowards brave: shall it sink the brave to cowards? Let us arouse the people; hitherto we have depended too much upon the nobles. Let us collect our whole force, and march upon this new city, while the soldiers of Spain are employed in their new profession of architects and builders. Hear me, O God and Prophet of the Moslem! hear one who never was forsaken! If, Moors of Granada, ye adopt my counsel I cannot promise ye victory, but I promise ye never to live without it: I promise ye, at least, your independence,—for the dead know no chains! If we cannot live, let us so die that we may leave to remotest ages a glory that shall be more durable than kingdoms. King of Granada! this is the counsel of Muza Ben Abil Gazan."

The prince ceased. But he whose faintest word had once breathed fire into the dullest had now poured out his spirit upon frigid and lifeless matter. No man answered,—no man moved.

Boabdil, alone, clinging to the shadow of hope, turned at last towards the audience.

"Warriors and sages!" he said, "as Muza's counsel is your king's desire, say but the word, and, ere the hour-glass shed its last sand, the blast of our trumpet shall be ringing through the Vivarrambla."

"O king! fight not against the will of fate,—God is great!" replied the chief of the alfaquis.

"Alas!" said Abdelemic, "if the voice of Muza and your own fall thus coldly upon us, how can ye stir the breadless and heartless multitude?"

"Is such your general thought and your general will?" said Boabdil.

An universal murmur answered, "Yes!"

"Go, then, Abdelemic," resumed the ill-starred king, "go with yon Spaniards to the Christian camp, and bring us back the best terms you can obtain. The crown has passed from the head of El Zogoybi,—Fate sets her seal upon my brow. Unfortunate was the commencement of my reign, unfortunate its end. Break up the divan."

The words of Boabdil moved and penetrated an audience, never till then so alive to his gentle qualities, his learned wisdom, and his natural valor. Many flung themselves at his feet with tears and sighs; and the crowd gathered round to touch the hem of his robe.

Muza gazed at them in deep disdain, with folded arms and heaving breast.

"Women, not men!" he exclaimed, "ye weep, as if ye had not blood still left to shed! Ye are reconciled to the loss of liberty, because ye are told ye shall lose nothing else. Fools and dupes! I see, from the spot where my spirit stands above ye, the dark and dismal future to which ye are crawling on your knees: bondage and rapine, the violence of lawless lust, the persecution of hostile faith, your gold wrung from ye by torture,—your national name rooted from the soil. Bear this, and remember me! Farewell, Boabdil! you I pity not; for your gardens have yet a poison, and your armories a sword. Farewell, nobles and santons of Granada! I quit my country while it is yet free."

Scarcely had he ceased, ere he had disappeared from the hall. It was as the parting genius of Granada!

CHAPTER IV.

The Adventure of the Solitary Horseman.

IT was a burning and sultry noon, when, through a small valley skirted by rugged and precipitous hills, at the distance of several leagues from Granada, a horseman in complete armor wound his solitary way. His mail was black and unadorned; on his visor waved no plume: but there was something in his carriage and mien, and the singular beauty of his coal-black steed, which appeared to indicate a higher rank than the absence of page and squire and the plainness of his accoutrements would have denoted to a careless eye. He rode very slowly; and his steed, with the license of a spoiled favorite, often halted lazily in his sultry path, as a tuft of herbage or the bough of some overhanging tree offered its temptation. At length, as he thus paused, a noise was heard in a copse that clothed the descent of a steep mountain; and the horse started suddenly back, forcing the traveller from his reverie. He looked mechanically upward, and beheld the figure of a man bounding through the trees, with rapid and irregular steps. It was a form that suited well the silence and solitude of the spot; and might have passed for one of those stern recluses—half hermit, half soldier—who in the earlier crusades fixed their wild homes amidst the sands and caves of Palestine. The stranger supported his steps by a long staff. His hair and beard hung long and matted over his broad shoulders. A rusted mail, once splendid with arabesque enrichments,

protected his breast; but the loose gown—a sort of tartan, which descended below the cuirass—was rent and tattered, and his feet bare; in his girdle was a short curved cimeter, a knife or dagger, and a parchment roll, clasped and bound with iron.

As the horseman gazed at this abrupt intruder on the solitude, his frame quivered with emotion; and, raising himself to his full height, he called aloud, “Fiend or santon,—whatsoever thou art,—what seekest thou in these lonely places, far from the king thy counsels deluded, and the city betrayed by thy false prophecies and unhallowed charms?”

“Ha!” cried Almamen, for it was indeed the Israelite; “by thy black charger, and the tone of thy haughty voice, I know the hero of Granada. Rather, Muza Ben Abil Gazan, why art thou absent from the last hold of the Moorish empire?”

“Dost thou pretend to read the future, and art thou blind to the present? Granada has capitulated to the Spaniard. Alone I have left a land of slaves, and shall seek, in our ancestral Africa, some spot where the footstep of the misbeliever hath not trodden.”

“The fate of one bigotry is, then, sealed,” said Almamen, gloomily; “but that which succeeds it is yet more dark.”

“Dog!” cried Muza, couching his lance; “what art thou, that thus blasphemest?”

“A Jew!” replied Almamen, in a voice of thunder, and drawing his cimeter; “a despised and despising Jew! Ask you more? I am the son of a race of kings. I was the worst enemy of the Moors, till I found the Nazarene more hateful than the Moslem; and then even Muza himself was not their more renowned champion. Come on, if thou wilt,—man to man: I defy thee!”

“No, no,” muttered Muza, sinking his lance; “thy mail is rusted with the blood of the Spaniard, and this arm cannot smite the slayer of the Christian. Part we in peace.”

“Hold, prince!” said Almamen, in an altered voice; “is thy country the sole thing dear to thee? Has the smile of woman never stolen beneath thine armor? Has thy heart never beat for softer meetings than the encounter of a foe?”

“Am I human and a Moor?” returned Muza. “For once you divine aright; and could thy spells bestow on these eyes but one more sight of the last treasure left to me on earth, I should be as credulous of thy sorcery as Boabdil.”

“Thou lovest her still, then,—this Leila?”

“Dark necromancer, hast thou read my secret, and knowest thou the name of my beloved one? Ah! let me believe thee indeed wise, and reveal to me the spot of earth which holds the delight of my soul! Yes,” continued the Moor, with increased emotion, and throwing up his visor, as if for air,—“yes; Allah, forgive me! but, when all was lost at Granada, I had still one consolation in leaving my fated birthplace: I had license to search for Leila; I had the hope to secure to my wanderings in distant lands one to whose glance the eyes of the houris would be dim. But I waste words. Tell me where is Leila, and conduct me to her feet!”

“Moslem, I will lead thee to her,” answered Almamen, gazing on the prince with an expression of strange and fearful exultation in his dark eyes; “I will lead thee to her,—follow me. It is only yesternight that I learned the walls that confined her; and from that hour to this have I journeyed over mountain and desert, without rest or food.”

" Yet what is she to thee ? " asked Muza, suspiciously.
" Thou shalt learn full soon. Let us on."

So saying, Almamen sprang forward with a vigor which the excitement of his mind supplied to the exhaustion of his body. Muza wonderingly pushed on his charger, and endeavored to draw his mysterious guide into conversation ; but Almamen scarcely heeded him. And when he broke from his gloomy silence, it was but in incoherent and brief exclamations, often in a tongue foreign to the ear of his companion. The hardy Moor, though steeled against the superstitions of his race, less by the philosophy of the learned than the contempt of the brave, felt an awe gather over him as he glanced, from the giant rocks and lonely valleys, to the unearthly aspect and glittering eyes of the reputed sorcerer ; and more than once he muttered such verses of the Koran as were esteemed by his countrymen the counter-spell to the machinations of the evil genii.

It might be an hour that they had thus journeyed together, when Almamen paused abruptly. " I am wearied," said he, faintly ; " and though time presses, I fear that my strength will fail me."

" Mount, then, behind me," returned the Moor, after some natural hesitation ; " Jew though thou art, I will brave the contamination for the sake of Leila."

" Moor ! " cried the Hebrew, fiercely, " the contamination would be mine. Things of the yesterday, as thy prophet and thy creed are, thou canst not sound the unfathomable loathing which each heart, faithful to the Ancient of days, feels for such as thou and thine."

" Now, by the Kaaba ! " said Muza, and his brow became dark, " another such word, and the hoofs of my steed shall trample the breath of blasphemy from thy body."

“ I would defy thee to the death,” answered Almamen, disdainfully; “ but I reserve the bravest of the Moors to witness a deed worthy of the descendant of Jephtha. But, hist! I hear hoofs.”

Muza listened; and his sharp ear caught a distinct ring upon the hard and rocky soil. He turned round, and saw Almamen gliding away through the thick underwood, until the branches concealed his form. Presently a curve in the path brought in view a Spanish cavalier, mounted on an Andalusian jennet. The horseman was gayly singing one of the popular ballads of the time; and, as it related to the feats of the Spaniards against the Moors, Muza’s haughty blood was already stirred, and his mustache quivered on his lip. “ I will change the air,” muttered the Moslem, grasping his lance; when, as the thought crossed him, he beheld the Spaniard suddenly reel in his saddle, and fall prostrate on the ground. In the same instant Almamen had darted from his hiding place, seized the steed of the cavalier, mounted, and, ere Muza recovered from his surprise, was by the side of the Moor.

“ By what charm,” said Muza, curbing his barb, “ didst thou fell the Spaniard, — seemingly without a blow? ”

“ As David felled Goliath, — by the pebble and the sling,” answered Almamen, carelessly. “ Now, then, spur forward, if thou art eager to see thy Leila.”

The horsemen dashed over the body of the stunned and insensible Spaniard. Tree and mountain glided by; gradually the valley vanished, and a thick forest loomed upon their path. Still they made on, though the interlaced boughs and the ruggedness of the footing somewhat obstructed their way; until, as the sun began slowly to decline, they entered a broad and circular

space, round which trees of the eldest growth spread their motionless and shadowy boughs. In the midmost sward was a rude and antique stone, resembling the altar of some barbarous and departed creed. Here Almamen abruptly halted, and muttered inaudibly to himself.

“What moves thee, dark stranger?” said the Moor; “and why dost thou mutter and gaze on space?”

Almamen answered not, but dismounted, hung his bridle to a branch of a scathed and riven elm, and advanced alone into the middle of the space. “Dread and prophetic power that art within me!” said the Hebrew, aloud, “this, then, is the spot that, by dream and vision, thou hast foretold me wherein to consummate and record the vow that shall sever from the spirit the last weakness of the flesh. Night after night hast thou brought before mine eyes, in darkness and in slumber, the solemn solitude that I now survey. Be it so; I am prepared!”

Thus speaking, he retired for a few moments into the wood, collected in his arms the dry leaves and withered branches which cumbered the desolate clay, and placed the fuel upon the altar. Then, turning to the east, and raising his hands on high, he exclaimed, “Lo, upon this altar, once worshipped, perchance, by the heathen savage, the last bold spirit of thy fallen and scattered race dedicates, O Ineffable One, that precious offering thou didst demand from a sire of old. Accept the sacrifice!”

As the Hebrew ended his adjuration, he drew a phial from his bosom, and sprinkled a few drops upon the arid fuel. A pale blue flame suddenly leaped up; and as it lighted the haggard but earnest countenance of the Israelite, Muza felt his Moorish blood congeal in his veins, and shuddered, though he scarce knew why. Almamen, with his dagger, severed from his head one

of his long locks, and cast it upon the flame. He watched it until it was consumed; and then, with a stifled cry, fell upon the earth in a dead swoon. The Moor hastened to raise him; he chafed his hands and temples; he unbuckled the vest upon his bosom; he forgot that his comrade was a sorcerer and a Jew, so much had the agony of that excitement moved his sympathy.

It was not till several minutes had elapsed that Almamen, with a deep-drawn sigh, recovered from his swoon. "Ah, beloved one! bride of my heart!" he murmured, "was it for this that thou didst command to me the only pledge of our youthful love? Forgive me! I restore her to the earth, untainted by the Gentile." He closed his eyes again, and a strong convulsion shook his frame. It passed; and he rose as a man from a fearful dream, composed, and almost, as it were, refreshed, by the terrors he had undergone. The last glimmer of the ghastly light was dying away upon that ancient altar, and a low wind crept sighing through the trees.

"Mount, prince," said Almamen, calmly, but averting his eyes from the altar; "we shall have no more delays!"

"Wilt thou not explain thy incantation?" asked Muza; "or is it, as my reason tells me, but the mummery of a juggler?"

"Alas, alas!" answered Almamen, in a sad and altered tone, "thou wilt soon know all."

CHAPTER V.

The Sacrifice.

THE sun was now sinking slowly through those masses of purple cloud which belong to Iberian skies, when, emerging from the forest, the travellers saw before them a small and lovely plain, cultivated like a garden. Rows of orange and citron trees were backed by the dark-green foliage of vines; and these, again, found a barrier in girdling copses of chestnut, oak, and the deeper verdure of pines; while, far to the horizon, rose the distant and dim outline of the mountain range, scarcely distinguishable from the mellow colorings of the heaven. Through this charming spot went a slender and sparkling torrent, that collected its waters in a circular basin, over which the rose and orange hung their contrasted blossoms. On a gentle eminence, above this plain, or garden, rose the spires of a convent; and, though it was still clear daylight, the long and pointed lattices were illumined within; and as the horsemen cast their eyes upon the pile, the sound of the holy chorus — made more sweet and solemn from its own indistinctness, from the quiet of the hour, from the sudden and sequestered loveliness of that spot, suiting so well the ideal calm of the conventional life — rolled its music through the odorous and lucent air.

But that scene and that sound, so calculated to soothe and harmonize the thought, seemed to arouse Almamen into agony and passion. He smote his breast with his

clenched hand; and shrieking, rather than exclaiming, "God of my fathers! have I come too late?" buried his spurs to the rowels in the sides of his panting steed. Along the sward, through the fragrant shrubs, athwart the pebbly and shallow torrent, up the ascent to the convent, sped the Israelite. Muza, wondering and half-reluctant, followed at a little distance. Clearer and nearer came the voices of the choir; broader and redder glowed the tapers from the Gothic casements; the porch of the convent chapel was reached; the Hebrew sprang from his horse. A small group of the peasants dependent on the convent loitered reverently round the threshold; pushing through them, as one frantic, Almamen entered the chapel and disappeared.

A minute elapsed. Muza was at the door; but the Moor paused irresolutely ere he dismounted. "What is the ceremony?" he asked of the peasants.

"A nun is about to take the vows," answered one of them.

A cry of alarm, of indignation, of terror, was heard within. Muza no longer delayed; he gave his steed to the bystander, pushed aside the heavy curtain that screened the threshold, and was within the chapel.

By the altar gathered a confused and disordered group,—the sisterhood, with their abbess. Round the consecrated rail flocked the spectators, breathless and amazed. Conspicuous above the rest, on the elevation of the holy place, stood Almamen, with his drawn dagger in his right hand, his left arm clasped around the form of a novice, whose dress, not yet replaced by the serge, bespoke her the sister fated to the veil; and on the opposite side of that sister, one hand on her shoulder, the other rearing on high the sacred crucifix, stood a stern, calm, commanding form, in the

white robes of the Dominican order: it was Tomas de Torquemada.

“Avaunt, Abaddon!” were the first words which reached Muza’s ear, as he stood unnoticed in the middle of the aisle; “here thy sorcery and thine arts cannot avail thee. Release the devoted one of God!”

“She is mine! she is my daughter! I claim her from thee as a father, in the name of the great Sire of Man!”

“Seize the sorcerer! seize him!” exclaimed the Inquisitor, as with a sudden movement Almamen cleared his way through the scattered and dismayed group, and stood, with his daughter in his arms, on the first step of the consecrated platform.

But not a foot stirred, not a hand was raised. The epithet bestowed on the intruder had only breathed a supernatural terror into the audience; and they would have sooner rushed upon a tiger in his lair than on the lifted dagger and savage aspect of that grim stranger.

“Oh, my father!” then said a low and faltering voice that startled Muza as a voice from the grave, “wrestle not against the decrees of Heaven. Thy daughter is not compelled to her solemn choice. Humbly, but devotedly, a convert to the Christian creed, her only wish on earth is to take the consecrated and eternal vow.”

“Ha!” groaned the Hebrew, suddenly relaxing his hold, as his daughter fell on her knees before him, “then have I indeed been told, as I have foreseen, the worst. The veil is rent,—the spirit hath left the temple. Thy beauty is desecrated; thy form is but unhallowed clay. Dog!” he cried more fiercely, glaring round upon the unmoved face of the Inquisitor, “this is thy work; but thou shalt not triumph. Here, by thine own shrine, I spit at and defy thee, as once before amidst the tortures of thy inhuman court. Thus—thus—thus

— Almamen the Jew delivers the last of his house from the curse of Galilee!"

"Hold, murderer!" cried a voice of thunder; and an armed man burst through the crowd and stood upon the platform. It was too late: thrice the blade of the Hebrew had passed through that innocent breast; thrice was it reddened with that virgin blood. Leila fell in the arms of her lover; her dim eyes rested upon his countenance, as it shone upon her, beneath his lifted visor; a faint and tender smile played upon her lips, — Leila was no more.

One hasty glance Almamen cast upon his victim, and then, with a wild laugh that woke every echo in the dreary aisles, he leaped from the place. Brandishing his bloody weapon above his head, he dashed through the coward crowd; and ere even the startled Dominican had found a voice, the tramp of his headlong steed rang upon the air: an instant, — and all was silent.

But over the murdered girl leaned the Moor, as yet incredulous of her death; her head, still unshorn of its purple tresses, pillow'd on his lap, her icy hand clasped in his, and her blood weltering fast over his armor. None disturbed him; for, habited as the knights of Christendom, none suspected his faith, and all, even the Dominican, felt a thrill of sympathy at his distress. How he came hither, with what object, what hope, their thoughts were too much locked in pity to conjecture. There, voiceless and motionless, bent the Moor, until one of the monks approached and felt the pulse, to ascertain if life was, indeed, utterly gone.

The Moor at first waved him haughtily away; but when he divined the monk's purpose, suffered him in silence to take the beloved hand. He fixed on him his

dark and imploring eyes; and when the father dropped the hand, and gently shaking his head, turned away, a deep and agonizing groan was all that the audience heard from that heart in which the last iron of fate had entered. Passionately he kissed the brow, the cheeks, the lips of the hushed and angel face, and rose from the spot.

"What dost thou here, and what knowest thou of yon murderous enemy of God and man?" asked the Dominican, approaching.

Muza made no reply as he stalked slowly through the chapel. The audience was touched to sudden tears. "Forbear!" said they, almost with one accord, to the harsh Inquisitor; "he hath no voice to answer thee."

And thus amidst the oppressive grief and sympathy of the Christian throng, the unknown Paynim reached the door, mounted his steed, and as he turned once more and cast a hurried glance upon the fatal pile, the bystanders saw the large tears rolling down his swarthy cheeks.

Slowly that coal-black charger wound down the hillock, crossed the quiet and lovely garden, and vanished amidst the forest. And never was known, to Moor or Christian, the future fate of the hero of Granada. Whether he reached in safety the shores of his ancestral Africa, and carved out new fortunes and a new name; or whether death, by disease or strife, terminated obscurely his glorious and brief career, mystery—deep and unpenetrated, even by the fancies of the thousand bards who have consecrated his deeds—wraps in everlasting shadow the destinies of Muza Ben Abil Gazan, from that hour when the setting sun threw its parting ray over his stately form and his ebon barb, disappearing amidst the breathless shadows of the forest.

CHAPTER VI.

The Return. — The Riot. — The Treachery. — And the Death.

IT was the eve of the fatal day on which Granada was to be delivered to the Spaniards, and in that subterranean vault beneath the house of Almamen, before described, three elders of the Jewish persuasion were met.

“ Trusty and well-beloved Ximen,” cried one, a wealthy and usurious merchant, with a twinkling and humid eye, and a sleek and unctuous aspect, which did not, however, suffice to disguise something fierce and crafty in his low brow and pinched lips, — “ trusty and well-beloved Ximen,” said this Jew, “ truly thou hast served us well in yielding to thy persecuted brethren this secret shelter. Here, indeed, may the heathen search for us in vain. Verily, my veins grow warm again; and thy servant hungereth and hath thirst.”

“ Eat, Isaac, eat; yonder are viands prepared for thee; eat, and spare not. And thou, Elias, — wilt thou not draw near the board? The wine is old and precious, and will revive thee.”

“ Ashes and hyssop, hyssop and ashes, are food and drink for me!” answered Elias, with passionate bitterness; “ they have razed my house, they have burned my granaries, they have molten down my gold. I am a ruined man!”

“ Nay,” said Ximen, who gazed at him with a malevolent eye (for so utterly had years and sorrows mixed with gall even the one kindlier sympathy he possessed,

that he could not resist an inward chuckle over the very afflictions he relieved, and the very impotence he protected), — “nay, Elias, thou hast wealth yet left in the seaport towns, sufficient to buy up half Granada.”

“The Nazarene will seize it all!” cried Elias; “I see it already in his grasp!”

“Nay, thinkest thou so? — and wherefore?” asked Ximen, startled into sincere because selfish anxiety.

“Mark me! Under license of the truce, I went, last night, to the Christian camp. I had an interview with the Christian king; and when he heard my name and faith, his very beard curled with ire. ‘Hound of Belial!’ he roared forth, ‘has not thy comrade carrion, the sorcerer Almamen, sufficiently deceived and insulted the majesty of Spain? For his sake, ye shall have no quarter. Tarry here another instant, and thy corpse shall be swinging to the winds! Go, and count over thy misgotten wealth; just census shall be taken of it; and if thou defraudest our holy impost by one piece of copper, thou shalt sup with Dives!’ Such was my mission, and mine answer. I return home to see the ashes of mine house! Woe is me!”

“And this we owe to Almamen, the pretended Jew!” cried Isaac, from his solitary but not idle place at the board.

“I would this knife were at his false throat!” growled Elias, clutching his poniard with his long, bony fingers.

“No chance of that,” muttered Ximen; “he will return no more to Granada. The vulture and the worm have divided his carcass between them ere this; and,” he added inly with a hideous smile, “his house and his gold have fallen into the hands of old childless Ximen.”

“This is a strange and fearful vault,” said Isaac.

quaffing a large goblet of the hot wine of the Vega ; “ here might the Witch of Endor have raised the dead. Yon door, whither doth it lead ? ”

“ Through passages none that I know of, save my master, hath trodden,” answered Ximen. “ I have heard that they reach even to the Alhambra. Come, worthy Elias ! thy form trembles with the cold : take this wine.”

“ Hist ! ” said Elias, shaking from limb to limb ; “ our pursuers are upon us, — I hear a step ! ”

As he spoke, the door to which Isaac had pointed slowly opened, and Almamen entered the vault.

Had indeed a new Witch of Endor conjured up the dead, the apparition would not more have startled and appalled that goodly trio. Elias, griping his knife, retreated to the farthest end of the vault. Isaac dropped the goblet he was about to drain, and fell upon his knees. Ximen alone, growing if possible a shade more ghastly, retained something of self-possession, as he muttered to himself, “ He lives ! and his gold is not mine ! Curse him ! ”

Seemingly unconscious of the strange guests his sanctuary shrouded, Almamen stalked on, like a man walking in his sleep.

Ximen roused himself, softly unbarred the door which admitted to the upper apartments, and motioned to his comrades to avail themselves of the opening ; but as Isaac, the first to accept the hint, crept across, Almamen fixed upon him his terrible eye, and appearing suddenly to awake to consciousness, shouted out, “ Thou miscreant Ximen ! whom hast thou admitted to the secrets of thy lord ? Close the door ; these men must die ! ”

“ Mighty master ! ” said Ximen, calmly, “ is thy servant to blame that he believed the rumor that declared thy

death? These men are of our holy faith, whom I have snatched from the violence of the sacrilegious and maddened mob. No spot but this seemed safe from the popular frenzy."

"Are ye Jews?" said Almamen. "Ah, yes! I know ye now, things of the marketplace and bazaar! Oh, ye are Jews, indeed! Go, go! Leave me!"

Waiting no further license, the three vanished; but ere he quitted the vault, Elias turned back his scowling countenance on Almamen (who had sunk again into an absorbed meditation) with a glance of vindictive ire. Almamen was alone.

In less than a quarter of an hour Ximen returned to seek his master; but the place was again deserted.

It was midnight in the streets of Granada, — midnight, but not repose. The multitude, roused into one of their paroxysms of wrath and sorrow, by the reflection that the morrow was indeed the day of their subjection to the Christian foe, poured forth through the streets to the number of twenty thousand. It was a wild and stormy night; those formidable gusts of wind which sometimes sweep in sudden winter from the snows of the Sierra Nevada, howled through the tossing groves and along the winding streets. But the tempest seemed to heighten, as if by the sympathy of the elements, the popular storm and whirlwind. Brandishing arms and torches and gaunt with hunger, the dark forms of the frantic Moors seemed like ghouls, or spectres, rather than mortal men; as, apparently without an object, save that of venting their own disquietude or exciting the fears of earth, they swept through the desolate city.

In the broad space of the Vivarrambla the crowd halted; irresolute in all else, but resolved, at least, that something for Granada should yet be done. They

were for the most armed in their Moorish fashion; but they were wholly without leaders: not a noble, a magistrate, an officer, would have dreamed of the hopeless enterprise of violating the truce with Ferdinand. It was a mere popular tumult, the madness of a mob; but not the less formidable, for it was an Eastern mob, and a mob with sword and shaft, with buckler and mail, — the mob by which Oriental empires have been built and overthrown. There, in the splendid space that had witnessed the games and tournaments of that Arab and Africian chivalry, — there, where for many a lustrum kings have reviewed devoted and conquering armies, — assembled those desperate men; the loud winds agitating their tossing torches, that struggled against the moonless night.

“ Let us storm the Alhambra! ” cried one of the band; “ let us seize Boabdil, and place him in the midst of us; let us rush against the Christians, buried in their proud repose! ”

“ Lelilies, Lelilies! — the Keys and the Crescent! ” shouted the mob.

The shout died; and at the verge of the space was suddenly heard a once familiar and ever-thrilling voice.

The Moors, who heard it, turned round in amaze and awe; and beheld, raised upon the stone upon which the criers or heralds had been wont to utter the royal proclamations, the form of Almamen, the santon, whom they had deemed already with the dead.

“ Moors and people of Granada! ” he said, in a solemn but hollow voice, “ I am with ye still. Your monarch and your heroes have deserted ye, but I am with ye to the last! Go not to the Alhambra: the fort is impenetrable, the guard faithful. Night will be wasted, and day bring upon you the Christian army. March to

the gates; pour along the Vega; descend at once upon the foe!"

He spoke, and drew forth his sabre; it gleamed in the torchlight—the Moors bowed their heads in fanatic reverence,—the santon sprang from the stone, and passed into the centre of the crowd.

Then once more arose joyful shouts. The multitude had found a leader worthy of their enthusiasm; and in regular order, they formed themselves rapidly, and swept down the narrow streets.

Swelled by several scattered groups of desultory marauders (the ruffians and refuse of the city), the infidel numbers were now but a few furlongs from the great gate, whence they had been wont to issue on the foe. And then, perhaps, had the Moors passed these gates, and reached the Christian encampment, lulled as it was in security and sleep, that wild army of twenty thousand desperate men might have saved Granada; and Spain might at this day possess the only civilized empire which the faith of Mahomet ever founded.

But the evil star of Boabdil prevailed. The news of the insurrection in the city reached him. Two aged men from the lower city arrived at the Alhambra,—demanded and obtained an audience; and the effect of that interview was instantaneous upon Boabdil. In the popular frenzy he saw only a justifiable excuse for the Christian king to break the conditions of the treaty, raze the city, and exterminate the inhabitants. Touched by a generous compassion for his subjects, and actuated no less by a high sense of kingly honor, which led him to preserve a truce solemnly sworn to, he once more mounted his cream-colored charger, with the two elders who had sought him by his side; and, at the head of

his guard, rode from the Alhambra. The sound of his trumpets, the tramp of his steeds, the voice of his heralds, simultaneously reached the multitude; and, ere they had leisure to decide their course, the king was in the midst of them.

“What madness is this, O my people!” cried Boabdil, spurring into the midst of the throng, — “whither would ye go?”

“Against the Christian, against the Goth!” shouted a thousand voices. “Lead us on! The santon is risen from the dead, and will ride by thy right hand!”

“Alas!” resumed the king, “ye would march against the Christian king! Remember that our hostages are in his power; remember that he will desire no better excuse to level Granada with the dust, and put you and your children to the sword. We have made such treaty as never yet was made between foe and foe. Your lives, laws, wealth, — all are saved. Nothing is lost, save the crown of Boabdil. I am the only sufferer. So be it! My evil star brought on you these evil destinies; without me you may revive, and be once more a nation. Yield to fate to-day, and you may grasp her proudest awards to-morrow. To succumb is not to be subdued. But go forth against the Christians, and if ye win one battle, it is but to incur a more terrible war; if you lose, it is not honorable capitulation, but certain extermination, to which you rush! Be persuaded, and listen once again to your king.”

The crowd were moved, were softened, were half convinced. They turned, in silence, towards their santon; and Almamen did not shrink from the appeal, but stood forth, confronting the king.

“King of Granada!” he cried aloud, “behold thy friend, thy prophet! Lo! I assure you victory!”

“ Hold ! ” interrupted Boabdil ; “ thou hast deceived and betrayed me too long ! Moors ! know ye this pretended santon ? He is of no Moslem creed. He is a hound of Israel, who would sell you to the best bidder. Slay him ! ”

“ Ha ! ” cried Almamen, “ and who is my accuser ? ”

“ Thy servant, — behold him ! ” At these words the royal guards lifted their torches, and the glare fell redly on the death-like features of Ximen.

“ Light of the world ! there be other Jews that know him,” said the traitor.

“ Will ye suffer a Jew to lead ye, O race of the Prophet ? ” cried the king.

The crowd stood confused and bewildered : Almamen felt his hour was come ; he remained silent, his arms folded, his brow erect.

“ Be there any of the tribe of Moisa amongst the crowd ? ” cried Boabdil, pursuing his advantage ; “ if so, let them approach and testify what they know.” Forth came — not from the crowd, but from amongst Boabdil’s train — a well-known Israelite.

“ We disown this man of blood and fraud,” said Elias, bowing to the earth ; “ but he was of our creed.”

“ Speak, false santon ! art thou dumb ? ” cried the king.

“ A curse light on thee, dull fool ! ” cried Almamen, fiercely. “ What matters who the instrument that would have restored to thee thy throne ? Yes ! I, who have ruled thy councils, who have led thine armies, I am of the race of Joshua and of Samuel, and the Lord of Hosts is the God of Almamen ! ”

A shudder ran through that mighty multitude ; but the looks, the mien, and the voice of the man awed them, and not a weapon was raised against him. He

might, even then, have passed scathless through the crowd; he might have borne to other climes his burning passions and his torturing woes: but his care for life was past; he desired but to curse his dupes and to die. He paused, looked round, and burst into a laugh of such bitter and haughty scorn as the tempted of earth may hear, in the halls below, from the lips of Eblis.

“ Yes,” he exclaimed; “ such I am! I have been your idol and your lord; I may be your victim, but in death I am your vanquisher. Christian and Moslem alike my foe, I would have trampled upon both. But the Christian, wiser than you, gave me smooth words; and I would have sold ye to his power: wickeder than you, he deceived me; and I would have crushed him, that I might have continued to deceive and rule the puppets that ye call your chiefs. But they for whom I toiled and labored and sinned,—for whom I surrendered peace and ease, yea, and a daughter’s person and a daughter’s blood,—they have betrayed me to your hands; and the Curse of Old rests with them evermore, — amen! The disguise is rent: Almamen, the santon, is the son of Issachar the Jew!”

More might he have said, but the spell was broken. With a ferocious yell those living waves of the multitude rushed over the stern fanatic; six cimeters passed through him, and he fell not; at the seventh he was a corpse. Trodden in the clay, then whirled aloft, limb torn from limb,—ere a man could have drawn breath nine times, scarce a vestige of the human form was left to the mangled and bloody clay!

One victim sufficed to slake the wrath of the crowd. They gathered like wild beasts, whose hunger is appeased, around their monarch, who in vain had

endeavored to stay their summary revenge, and who now, pale and breathless, shrunk from the passions he had excited. He faltered forth a few words of remonstrance and exhortation, turned the head of his steed, and took his way to his palace.

The crowd dispersed, but not yet to their homes. The crime of Almamen worked against his whole race. Some rushed to the Jews' quarter, which they set on fire; others to the lonely mansion of Almamen.

Ximen, on quitting the king, had been before the mob. Not anticipating such an effect of the popular rage, he had hastened to the house which he now deemed at length his own. He had just reached the treasury of his dead' lord,— he had just feasted his eyes on the massive ingots and glittering gems; in the lust of his heart he had just cried aloud, “And these are mine!” when he heard the roar of the mob below the wall,— when he saw the glare of their torches against the casement. It was in vain that he shrieked aloud, “I am the man that exposed the Jew!” the wild winds scattered his words over a deafened audience. Driven from his chamber by the smoke and flame, afraid to venture forth amongst the crowd, the miser loaded himself with the most precious of the store: he descended the steps, he bent his way to the secret vault, when suddenly the floor, pierced by the flames, crashed under him, and the fire rushed up in a fiercer and more rapid volume, as the death-shriek broke through that lurid shroud.

Such were the principal events of the last night of the Moorish dynasty in Granada.

CHAPTER VII.

The End.

DAY dawned upon Granada: the populace had sought their homes, and a profound quiet wrapped the streets, save where, from the fires committed in the late tumult, was yet heard the crash of roofs, or the crackle of the light and fragrant timber employed in those pavilions of the summer. The manner in which the mansions of Granada were built, each separated from the other by extensive gardens, fortunately prevented the flames from extending. But the inhabitants cared so little for the hazard that not a single guard remained to watch the result. Now and then some miserable forms in the Jewish gown might be seen cowering by the ruins of their house, like the souls that, according to Plato, watch in charnels over their own mouldering bodies. Day dawned, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily on the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro.

Alone, upon a balcony commanding that stately landscape, stood the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had cultivated.

“What are we,” thought the musing prince, “that we should fill the world with ourselves,—we kings! Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne: on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost?—nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of

all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life. Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought or action, or man's more material luxuries of food or sleep,— the common and the cheap desires of all? Arouse thee, then, O heart within me! many and deep emotions of sorrow or of joy are yet left to break the monotony of my existence."

He paused; and, at the distance, his eye fell upon the lonely minarets of the distant and deserted palace of Musa Ben Abil Gazan.

"Thou wert right, then," resumed the king, — "thou wert right, brave spirit, not to pity Boabdil: but not because death was in his power; man's soul is greater than his fortunes, and there is majesty in a life that towers above the ruins that fall around its path." He turned away, and his cheek suddenly grew pale; for he heard, in the courts below, the tread of hoofs, the bustle of preparation: it was the hour for his departure. His philosophy vanished: he groaned aloud, and re-entered the chamber, just as his vizier and the chief of his guard broke upon his solitude.

The old vizier attempted to speak, but his voice failed him.

"It is time, then, to depart," said Boabdil, with calmness; "let it be so: render up the palace and the fortress, and join thy friend, no more thy monarch, in his new home."

He stayed not for reply: he hurried on, descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and with a small and saddened train passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amidst gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unwitnessed way. When he came

to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence.

At the head of this vanguard rode, upon a snow-white palfrey, the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of barefooted monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addresses an infidel and an inferior. With the quick sense of dignity common to the great, and yet more to the fallen, Boabdil felt, but resented not, the pride of the ecclesiastic. "Go, Christian," said he, mildly; "the gates of the Alhambra are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king: may his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!" So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on, without looking to the right or left. The Spaniards also pursued their way. The sun had fairly ridden above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the flash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standard. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and exclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while, beside that badge of the holy war, waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. Iago, the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain.

At that sight the king's voice died within him: he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and did not slacken his speed till almost within bow-shot of the first ranks of the army. Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach, extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlit spears and blazoned banners; while beside, murmured and glowed and danced the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the arch-priests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivalled the Rolands of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand; and the high-born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail.

Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted; composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and, a little in advance of his scanty train, but never, in mien and majesty, more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival, their new subject; and, as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter

console thee for reverses, against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king,— resisting man, but resigned at length to God!"

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city.

"O king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Granada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy."

"They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But, since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Granada be surrendered."

Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil; but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

"Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues: this is thy last, nor least, glorious conquest. But I detain ye: let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say, 'Farewell.' "

“ May we not hint at the blessed possibility of conversion ? ” whispered the pious queen, through her tears, to her royal consort.

“ Not now, — not now, by St. Iago ! ” returned Ferdinand, quickly and in the same tone, willing himself to conclude a painful conference. He then added, aloud, “ Go, my brother, and fair fortune with you ! Forget the past.”

Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march ; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslems.

Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful Amine (sent on before) awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path.

They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, the towers of Granada, broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted, mechanically and abruptly : every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home — of childhood, of fatherland — swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye. Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sunlit valley and crystal river. An universal wail burst from the exiles ; it smote — it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride or

stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands.

Then said his haughty mother, gazing at him with hard and disdainful eyes, in that unjust and memorable reproach which history has preserved, “Ay, weep, like a woman, over what thou couldst not defend like a man!”

Boabdil raised his countenance, with indignant majesty, when he felt his hand tenderly clasped, and, turning round, saw Amine by his side.

“Heed her not! heed her not, Boabdil!” said the slave; “never didst thou seem to me more noble than in that sorrow. Thou wert a hero for thy throne; but feel still, O light of mine eyes, a woman for thy people!”

“God is great!” said Boabdil; “and God comforts me still! Thy lips, which never flattered me in my power, have no reproach for me in my affliction!”

He said, and smiled upon Amine, — it was *her* hour of triumph.

The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place where the king wept, and the woman soothed, is still called “El ultimo suspiro del Moro,” — **THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.**

CALDERON, THE COURTIER.

A TALE.

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CHAPTER I.

The Antechamber.

THE Tragi-Comedy of Court Intrigue, which had ever found its principal theatre in Spain since the accession of the House of Austria to the throne, was represented with singular complication of incident, and brilliancy of performance, during the reign of Philip III. That monarch, weak, indolent, and superstitious, left the reins of government in the hands of the Duke of Lerma. The Duke of Lerma, in his turn, mild, easy, ostentatious, and shamefully corrupt, resigned the authority he had thus received to Roderigo Calderon, an able and resolute upstart, whom Nature and fortune seemed equally to favor and endow. But not more to his talents, which were great, than to the policy of religious persecution, which he had supported and enforced, Roderigo Calderon owed his promotion. The king and the Inquisition had, some years before our story opens, resolved upon the general expulsion of the Moriscos,—the wealthiest, the most active, the most industrious portion of the population.

"I would sooner," said the bigoted king,—and his words were hallowed by the enthusiasm of the Church,—"depopulate my kingdom than suffer it to harbor a single infidel."

The Duke de Lerma entered into the scheme that lost to Spain many of her most valuable subjects, with the zeal of a pious Catholic, expectant of the cardinal's hat, which he afterwards obtained. But to this scheme Calderon brought an energy, a decision,—a vehemence and sagacity of hatred that savored more of personal vengeance than religious persecution. His perseverance in this good work established him firmly in the king's favor; and in this he was supported by the friendship not only of Lerma, but of Fray Louis de Aliaga, a renowned Jesuit, and confessor to the king. The disasters and distresses occasioned by this barbarous crusade, which crippled the royal revenues, and seriously injured the estates of the principal barons, from whose lands the industrious and intelligent Moriscos were expelled, ultimately concentrated a deep and general hatred upon Calderon. But his extraordinary address and vigorous energies, his perfect mastery of the science of intrigue, not only sustained, but continued to augment, his power. Though the king was yet in the prime of middle age, his health was infirm and his life precarious. Calderon had contrived, while preserving the favor of the reigning monarch, to establish himself as the friend and companion of the heir apparent. In this, indeed, he had affected to yield to the policy of the king himself; for Philip III. had a wholesome terror of the possible ambition of his son, who early evinced talents which might have been formidable, but for passions which urged him into the most vicious pleasures and the most extravagant excesses. The craft of the king was satisfied by the

device of placing about the person of the Infant one devoted to himself; nor did his conscience, pious as he was, revolt at the profligacy in which his favorite was said to participate, and, perhaps, to encourage; since the less popular the prince, the more powerful the king.

But all this while there was formed a powerful cabal against both the Duke of Lerma and Don Roderigo Calderon, in a quarter where it might least have been anticipated. The cardinal-duke, naturally anxious to cement and perpetuate his authority, had placed his son, the Duke d'Uzeda, in a post that gave him constant access to the monarch. The prospect of power made Uzeda eager to seize at once upon all its advantages; and it became the object of his life to supplant his father. This would have been easy enough, but for the genius and vigilance of Calderon, whom he hated as a rival, disdained as an upstart, and dreaded as a foe. Philip was soon aware of the contest between the two factions; but, in the true spirit of Spanish kingcraft, he took care to play one against the other. Nor could Calderon, powerful as he was, dare openly to seek the ruin of Uzeda; while Uzeda, more rash and perhaps more ingenuous, entered into a thousand plots for the downfall of the prime favorite.

The frequent missions, principally into Portugal, in which of late Calderon had been employed, had allowed Uzeda to encroach more and more upon the royal confidence; while the very means which Don Roderigo had adopted to perpetuate his influence, by attaching himself to the prince, necessarily distracted his attention from the intrigues of his rival. Perhaps, indeed, the greatness of Calderon's abilities made him too arrogantly despise the machinations of the duke, who, though not without some capacities as a courtier, was wholly incom-

petent to those duties of a minister on which he had set his ambition and his grasp.

Such was the state of parties in the Court of Philip III. at the time in which we commence our narrative in the antechamber of Don Roderigo Calderon.

“It is not to be endured,” said Don Felix de Castro, an old noble, whose sharp features and diminutive stature proclaimed the purity of his blood and the antiquity of his descent.

“Just three quarters of an hour and five minutes have I waited for audience to a fellow who would once have thought himself honored if I had ordered him to call my coach,” said Don Diego Sarmiento de Mendoza.

“Then, if it chafe you so much, gentlemen, why come you here at all? I dare say Don Roderigo can dispense with your attendance.”

This was said bluntly by a young noble of good mien, whose impetuous and irritable temperament betrayed itself by an impatience of gesture and motion unusual amongst his countrymen. Sometimes he walked with uneven strides to and fro the apartments, unheeding the stately groups whom he jostled, or the reproving looks that he attracted; sometimes he paused abruptly, raised his eyes, muttered, twitched his cloak, or played with his sword-knot; or turning abruptly round upon his solemn neighbors as some remark on his strange bearing struck his ear, brought the blood to many a haughty cheek by his stern gaze of defiance and disdain. It was easy to perceive that this personage belonged to the tribe — rash, vain, and young — who are eager to take offence and to provoke quarrel. Nevertheless, the cavalier had noble and great qualities. A stranger to courts, in the camp he was renowned for a chivalrous generosity and an extravagant valor, that

emulated the ancient heroes of Spanish romauant and song. His was a dawn that promised a hot noon and a glorious eve. The name of this brave soldier was Martin Fonseca. He was of an ancient but impoverished house, and related in a remote degree to the Duke de Lerma. In his earliest youth he had had cause to consider himself the heir to a wealthy uncle on his mother's side; and with those expectations, while still but a boy, he had been invited to court by the cardinal-duke. Here, however, the rude and blunt sincerity of his bearing had so greatly shocked the formal hypocrisies of the court, and had more than once so seriously offended the minister, that his powerful kinsman gave up all thought of pushing Fonseca's fortunes from Madrid, and meditated some plausible excuse for banishing him from court. At this time the rich uncle hitherto childless married a second time, and was blessed with an heir. It was no longer necessary to keep terms with Don Martin; and he suddenly received an order to join the army on the frontiers. Here his courage soon distinguished him; but his honest nature still stood in the way of his promotion. Several years elapsed, and his rise had been infinitely slower than that of men not less inferior to him in birth than merit. Some months since he had repaired to Madrid, to enforce his claims upon the government; but instead of advancing his suit he had contrived to effect a serious breach with the cardinal, and been abruptly ordered back to the camp. Once more he appeared at Madrid; but this time it was not to plead desert, and demand honors.

In any country but Spain, under the reign of Philip III., Martin Foncesca would have risen early to high fortunes. But, as we have said, his talents were not

those of the flatterer or the hypocrite; and it was a matter of astonishment to the calculators round him to see Don Martin Fonseca in the anteroom of Roderigo Calderon, Count Oliva, Marquis de Siete Iglesias, secretary to the king, and parasite and favorite of the Infant of Spain.

“Why come you here at all?” repeated the young soldier.

“Señor,” answered Don Felix de Castro, with great gravity, “we have business with Don Roderigo. Men of our station must attend to the affairs of the state, no matter by whom transacted.”

“That is, you must crawl on your knees to ask for pensions and governorships, and transact the affairs of the state by putting your hands into its coffers.”

“Señor!” growled Don Felix, angrily, as his hand played with his sword-belt.

“Tush!” said the young man, scornfully turning on his heel.

The folding-doors were thrown open, and all conversation ceased at the entrance of Don Roderigo Calderon.

This remarkable personage had risen from the situation of a confidential scribe to the Duke of Lerma, to the nominal rank of secretary to the king,—to the real station of autocrat of Spain. The birth of the favorite of fortune was exceedingly obscure. He had long affected to conceal it; but when he found curiosity had proceeded into serious investigation of his origin, he had suddenly appeared to make a virtue of necessity, proclaimed of his own accord that his father was a common soldier of Valladolid, and even invited to Madrid and lodged in his own palace his low-born progenitor. This prudent frankness disarmed malevolence on the score of birth. But when the old soldier

died, rumors went abroad that he had confessed on his death-bed that he was not in any way related to Calderon; that he had submitted to an imposture which secured to his old age so respectable and luxurious an asylum; and that he knew not for what end Calderon had forced upon him the honors of spurious parentship. This tale which, ridiculed by most, was yet believed by some, gave rise to darker reports concerning one on whom the eyes of all Spain were fixed. It was supposed that he had some motive beyond that of shame at their meanness to conceal his real origin and name. What could be that motive if not the dread of discovery for some black and criminal offence connected with his earlier youth, and for which he feared the prosecution of the law? They who affected most to watch his exterior averred that often in his gayest revels and proudest triumphs his brow would lower,—his countenance change,—and it was only by a visible and painful effort that he could restore his mind to its self-possession. His career, which evinced an utter contempt for the ordinary rules and scruples that curb even adventurers into a seeming of honesty and virtue, appeared in some way to justify these reports. But at times flashes of sudden and brilliant magnanimity broke forth to bewilder the curious, to puzzle the examiners of human character, and to contrast the general tenor of his ambitious and remorseless ascent to power. His genius was confessed by all, but it was a genius that in no way promoted the interests of his country. It served only to prop, defend, and advance himself; to baffle difficulties; to defeat foes; to convert every accident, every chance, into new stepping-stones in his course. Whatever his birth, it was evident that he had received every advantage of education; and scholars extolled his learning and boasted of his

patronage. While more recently, if the daring and wild excesses of the profligate prince were on the one hand popularly imputed to the guidance of Calderon, and increased the hatred generally conceived against him, so on the other hand his influence over the future monarch seemed to promise a new lease to his authority, and struck fear into the councils of his foes. In fact, the power of the upstart marquis appeared so firmly rooted, the career before him so splendid, that there were not wanted whisperers who in addition to his other crimes ascribed to Roderigo Calderon the assistance of the black art. But the black art in which that subtle courtier was a proficient is one that dispenses with necromancy. It was the art of devoting the highest intellect to the most selfish purposes,—an art that thrives tolerably well for a time in the great world !

He had been for several weeks absent from Madrid on a secret mission ; and to this, his first public levee, on his return, thronged all the rank and chivalry of Spain.

The crowd gave way, as, with haughty air, in the maturity of manhood, the Marquis de Siete Iglesias moved along. He disdained all accessories of dress, to enhance the effect of his singularly striking exterior. His mantle and vest of black cloth, made in the simplest fashion, were unadorned with the jewels that then constituted the ordinary insignia of rank. His hair, bright and glossy as the raven's plume, curled back from the lofty and commanding brow, which, save by one deep wrinkle between the eyes, was not only as white, but as smooth as marble. His features were aquiline and regular; and the deep olive of his complexion seemed pale and clear when contrasted by the rich jet of the mustache and pointed beard. The

lightness of his tall and slender but muscular form made him appear younger than he was; and had it not been for the supercilious and scornful arrogance of air which so seldom characterizes gentle birth, Calderon might have mingled with the loftiest magnates of Europe, and seemed to the observer the stateliest of the group. It was one of those rare forms that are made to command the one sex and fascinate the other. But, on a deeper scrutiny, the restlessness of the brilliant eye, the quiver of the upper lip, a certain abruptness of manner and speech, might have shown that greatness had brought suspicion as well as pride. The spectators beheld the huntsman on the height; the huntsman saw the abyss below, and respiration with difficulty the air above.

The courtiers one by one approached the marquis, who received them with very unequal courtesy. To the common herd he was sharp, dry, and bitter; to the great he was obsequious, yet with certain grace and manliness of bearing that elevated even the character of servility; and all the while, as he bowed low to a Medina or a Guzman, there was a half imperceptible mockery lurking in the corners of his mouth, which seemed to imply that, while his policy cringed, his heart despised. To two or three, whom he either personally liked or honestly esteemed, he was familiar but brief in his address; to those whom he had cause to detest or to dread—his foes, his underminers—he assumed a yet greater frankness, mingled with the most caressing insinuation of voice and manner.

Apart from the herd, with folded arms, and an expression of countenance in which much admiration was blent with some curiosity and a little contempt, Don Martin Fonseca gazed upon the favorite.

"I have done this man a favor," thought he: "I have contributed towards his first rise,—I am now his suppliant. 'Faith! I who have never found sincerity or gratitude in the camp, come to seek those hidden treasures at a court! Well, we are strange puppets, we mortals!"

Don Diego Sarmiento de Mendoza had just received the smiling salutation of Calderon, when the eye of the latter fell upon the handsome features of Fonseca. The blood mounted to his brow; he hastily promised Don Diego all that he desired, and hurrying back through the crowd, retired to his private cabinet. The levee was broken up.

As Fonseca, who had caught the glance of the secretary, and who drew no favorite omen from his sudden evanishment, slowly turned to depart with the rest, a young man, plainly dressed, touched him on the shoulder.

"You are Señor Don Martin Fonseca?"

"The same."

"Follow me, if it please you, señor, to my master, Don Roderigo Calderon."

Fonseca's face brightened: he obeyed the summons; and in another moment he was in the cabinet of the Sejanus of Spain.

CHAPTER II.

The Lover and the Confidant.

CALDERON received the young soldier at the door of his chamber with marked and almost affectionate respect.

“Don Martin,” said he, and there seemed a touch of true feeling in the tremor of his rich sweet voice, “I owe you the greatest debt one man can incur to another, — it was your hand that set before my feet their first stepping-stone to power. I date my fortunes from the hour in which I was placed in your father’s house as your preceptor. When the cardinal-duke invited you to Madrid, I was your companion; and when afterwards you joined the army, and required no longer the services of the peaceful scholar, you demanded of your illustrious kinsman the single favor, — to provide for Calderon. I had already been fortunate enough to win the countenance of the duke, and from that day my rise was rapid. Since then we have never met. Dare I hope that it is now in the power of Calderon to prove himself not ungrateful?”

“Yes,” said Fonseca, eagerly; “it is in your power to save me from the most absolute wretchedness that can befall me. It is in your power, at least I think so, to render me the happiest of men!”

“Be seated, I pray you, señor. And how? I am your servant.”

“Thou knowest,” said Fonseca, “that, though the kinsman, I am not the favorite, of the Duke of Lerma?”

“Nay, nay,” interrupted Calderon, softly, and with a bland smile; “you misunderstand my illustrious patron: he loves you, but not your indiscretions.”

“Yes, honesty is very indiscreet! I cannot stoop to the life of the antechamber; I cannot, like the Duke of Lerma, detest my nearest relative, if his shadow cross the line of my interests. I am of the race of Pelayo, not Oppas; and my profession, rather that of an ancient Persian than a modern Spaniard, is to manage the steed, to wield the sword, and to speak the truth.”

There was an earnestness and gallantry in the young man’s aspect, manner, and voice, as he thus spoke, which afforded the strongest contrast to the inscrutable brow and artificial softness of Calderon; and which, indeed, for the moment, occasioned that crafty and profound adventurer an involuntary feeling of self-humiliation.

“But,” continued Fonseca, “let this pass: I come to my story and my request. Do you, or do you not, know that I have been for some time attached to Beatriz Coello?”

“Beatriz,” repeated Calderon, abstractedly, with an altered countenance, “it is a sweet name,—it was my mother’s!”

“Your mother’s! I thought to have heard her name was Mary Sandalen?”

“True,—Mary Beatriz Sandalen,” replied Calderon, indifferently. “But proceed. I heard, after your last visit to Madrid, when, owing to my own absence in Portugal, I was not fortunate enough to see you, that you had offended the duke by desiring an alliance unsuitable to your birth. Who, then, is this Beatriz Coello?”

“An orphan of humble origin and calling. In infancy she was left to the care of a woman who, I believe, had been her nurse; they were settled in Seville, and the old gouvernante’s labors in embroidery maintained them both till Beatriz was fourteen. At that time the poor woman was disabled, by a stroke of palsy, from continuing her labors; and Beatriz, good child, yearning to repay the obligations she had received, in her turn sought to maintain her protectress. She possessed the gift of a voice wonderful for its sweetness. This gift came to the knowledge of the superintendent of the theatre at Seville: he made her the most advantageous proposals to enter upon the stage. Beatriz, innocent child, was unaware of the perils of that profession: she accepted eagerly the means that would give comfort to the declining life of her only friend,—she became an actress. At that time we were quartered in Seville, to keep guard on the suspected Moriscos.”

“Ah, the hated infidels!” muttered Calderon, fiercely, through his teeth.

“I saw Beatriz, and loved her at first sight. I do not say,” added Fonseca, with a blush, “that my suit, at the outset, was that which alone was worthy of her; but her virtue soon won my esteem, as well as love. I left Seville to seek my father, and obtain his consent to a marriage with Beatriz. You know a *hidalgo*’s prejudices,—they are insuperable. Meanwhile the fame of the beauty and voice of the actress reached Madrid, and hither she was removed from Seville, by royal command. To Madrid, then, I hastened, on the pretence of demanding promotion. You, as you have stated, were absent in Portugal, on some state mission. I sought the Duke de Lerma. I implored him to give

me some post, anywhere,—I recked not beneath what sky, in the vast empire of Spain,—in which, removed from the prejudices of birth and of class, and provided with other means, less precarious than those that depend on the sword, I might make Beatriz my wife. The polished duke was more inexorable than the stern hidalgo. I flew to Beatriz; I told her I had nothing but my heart and right hand to offer. She wept, and she refused me."

"Because you were not rich?"

"Shame on you, no! but because she would not consent to mar my fortunes, and banish me from my native land. The next day I received a peremptory order to rejoin the army, and with that order came a brevet of promotion. Lover though I be, I am a Spaniard; to have disobeyed the order would have been dishonor. Hope dawned upon me: I might rise, I might become rich. We exchanged our vows of fidelity,—I returned to the camp. We corresponded. At last her letters alarmed me. Through all her reserve, I saw that she was revolted by her profession, and terrified at the persecutions to which it exposed her: the old woman, her sole guide and companion, was dying; she was dejected and unhappy; she despaired of our union; she expressed a desire for the refuge of the cloister. At last came this letter, bidding me farewell forever. Her relation was dead; and, with the little money she had amassed, she had bought her entrance into the convent of St. Mary of the White Sword. Imagine my despair! I obtained leave of absence,—I flew to Madrid. Beatriz is already immured in that dreary asylum; she has entered on her novitiate."

"Is that the letter you refer to?" said Calderon, extending his hand.

Fonseca gave him the letter.

Hard and cold as Calderon's character had grown, there was something in the tone of this letter — its pure and noble sentiments, its innocence, its affection — that touched some mystic chord in his heart. He sighed as he laid it down.

"You are, like all of us, Don Martin," said he, with a bitter smile, — "the dupe of a woman's faith. But you must purchase experience for yourself, and if, indeed, you ask my services to procure you present bliss and future disappointment, those services are yours. It will not, I think, be difficult to interest the queen in your favor: leave me this letter, it is one to touch the heart of a woman. If we succeed with the queen, who is the patroness of the convent, we may be sure to obtain an order from court for the liberation of the novice: the next step is one more arduous. It is not enough to restore Beatriz to freedom, — we must reconcile your family to the marriage. This cannot be done while she is not noble; but letters patent," here Calderon smiled, "could ennable a mushroom itself, — your humble servant is an example. Such letters may be bought or begged; I will undertake to procure them. Your father, too, may find a dowry accompanying the title, in the shape of a high and honorable post for yourself. You deserve much; you are beloved in the army; you have won a high name in the world. I take shame on myself that your fortunes have been overlooked. 'Out of sight out of mind,' alas! it is a true proverb. I confess that, when I beheld you in the anteroom, I blushed for my past forgetfulness. No matter, — I will repair my fault. Men say that my patronage is misapplied, — I will prove the contrary by your promotion."

“ Generous Calderon!” said Fonseca, falteringly; “ I ever hated the judgments of the vulgar. They calumniate you: it is from envy.”

“ No,” said Calderon, coldly; “ I am bad enough, but I am still human. Besides, gratitude is my policy. I have always found that it is a good way to get on in the world, to serve those who serve us.”

“ But the duke?”

“ Fear not; I have an oil that will smooth all the billows on that surface. As for the letter, I say, leave it with me; I will show it to the queen. Let me see you again to-morrow.”

CHAPTER III.

A Rival.

CALDERON's eyes were fixed musingly on the door which closed on Fonseca's martial and noble form.

"Great contrasts among men!" said he, half aloud. "All the classes into which naturalists ever divided the animal world contain not the variety that exists between man and man. And yet we all agree in one object of our being,—all prey on each other! Glory, which is but the thirst of blood, makes yon soldier the tiger of his kind; other passions have made me the serpent: both fierce, relentless, unscrupulous,—both! hero and courtier, valor and craft! Hem! I will serve this young man,—he has served me. When all other affection was torn from me, he, then a boy, smiled on me and bade me love him. Why has he been so long forgotten? He is not of the race that I abhor; no Moorish blood flows in his veins; neither is he of the great and powerful, whom I dread; nor of the crouching and the servile, whom I despise: he is one whom I can aid without a blush."

While Calderon thus soliloquized, the arras was lifted aside, and a cavalier, on whose cheek was the first down of manhood, entered the apartment.

"So, Roderigo, alone! welcome back to Madrid. Nay, seat thyself, man,—seat thyself."

Calderon bowed with the deepest reverence; and, placing a large *fauteuil* before the stranger, seated himself on a stool, at a little distance.

The new-comer was of sallow complexion; his gorgeous dress sparkled with prodigal jewels. Boy as he was, there was yet a careless loftiness, a haughty ease, in the gesture,—the bend of the neck; the wave of the hand, which, coupled with the almost servile homage of the arrogant favorite, would have convinced the most superficial observer that he was born of the highest rank. A second glance would have betrayed, in the full Austrian lip, the high but narrow forehead, the dark, voluptuous, but crafty and sinister eye, the features of the descendant of Charles V. It was the Infant of Spain that stood in the chamber of his ambitious minion.

“This is convenient, this private entrance into thy penetralia, Roderigo. It shelters me from the prying eyes of Uzeda, who ever seeks to cozen the sire by spying on the son. We will pay him off one of these days. He loves you no less than he does his prince.”

“I bear no malice to him for that, your Highness. He covets the smiles of the rising sun, and rails at the humble object which, he thinks, obstructs the beam.”

“He might be easy on that score: I hate the man and his cold formalities. He is ever fancying that we princes are intent on the affairs of state, and forgets that we are mortal, and that youth is the age for the bower, not the council. My precious Calderon, life would be dull without thee: how I rejoice at thy return, thou best inventor of pleasure that satiety ever prayed for! Nay, blush not: some men despise thee for thy talents: I do thee homage. By my great grandsire’s beard, it will be a merry time at court when I am monarch, and thou minister!”

Calderon looked earnestly at the prince, but his scrutiny did not serve to dispel a certain suspicion of

the royal sincerity that ever and anon came across the favorite's most sanguine dreams. With all Philip's gayety, there was something restrained and latent in his ambiguous smile, and his calm, deep, brilliant eye. Calderon, immeasurably above his lord in genius, was scarcely, perhaps, the equal of that beardless boy in hypocrisy and craft, in selfish coldness, in matured depravity.

"Well," resumed the prince, "I pay you not these compliments without an object. I have need of you, — great need; never did I so require your services as at this moment; never was there so great demand on your invention, your courage, your skill. Know, Calderon, I love!"

"My prince," said the marquis, smiling, "it is certainly not first love. How often has your Highness —"

"No," interrupted the prince, hastily, — "no, I never loved till now. We never can love what we can easily win; but this, Calderon, *this* heart would be a conquest. Listen. I was at the convent chapel of St. Mary of the White Sword yesterday with the queen. Thou knowest that the abbess once was a lady of the chamber, and the queen loves her. Both of us were moved and astonished by the voice of one of the choir, — it was that of a novice. After the ceremony the queen made inquiries touching this new Santa Cecilia; and who dost thou think she is? No; thou wilt never guess! — the once celebrated singer, — the beautiful the inimitable Beatriz Coello! Ah! you may well look surprised; when actresses turn nuns, it is well-nigh time for Calderon and Philip to turn monks. Now, you must know, Roderigo, that I, unworthy though I be, am the cause of this conversion. There is a certain Martin Fonseca, a kinsman of Lerma's, — thou knowest

him well. I learned, some time since, from the duke, that this young Orlando was most madly enamored of a low-born girl,—nay, desired to wed her. The duke's story moved my curiosity. I found that it was the young Beatriz Coello, whom I had already admired on the stage. Ah, Calderon, she blazed and set during thy dull mission to Lisbon! I sought an opportunity to visit her. I was astonished at her beauty, that seemed more dazzling in the chamber than on the stage. I pressed my suit,—in vain. Calderon, hear you that? — in vain! Why wert thou not by? Thy arts never fail, my friend! She was living with an old relation, or gouvernante. The old relation died suddenly: I took advantage of her loneliness,—I entered her house at night. By St. Jago, her virtue baffled and defeated me. The next morning she was gone; nor could my researches discover her, until, at the convent of St. Mary, I recognized the lost actress in the young novice. She has fled to the convent, to be true to Fonseca; she must fly from the convent to bless the prince! This is my tale: I want thy aid."

"Prince," said Calderon, gravely, "thou knowest the laws of Spain, the rigor of the Church. I dare not —"

"Pshaw! No scruples,—my rank will bear thee harmless. Nay, look not so demure; why, even thou, I see, hast thy Armida. This billet in a female hand — Heaven and earth! Calderon! What name is this? Beatriz Coello! Darest thou have crossed my path? Speak, sir! speak!"

"Your Highness," said Calderon, with a mixture of respect and dignity in his manner,—"your Highness, hear me. My first benefactor, my beloved pupil, my earliest patron, was the same Don Martin Fonseca, who

seeks this girl with an honest love. This morning he has visited me, to implore my intercession on his behalf. Oh, prince! turn not away: thou knowest not half his merit. Thou knowest not the value of such subjects,—men of the old iron race of Spain. Thou hast a noble and royal heart; be not the rival to the defender of thy crown. Bless this brave soldier; spare this poor orphan,—and one generous act of self-denial shall give thee absolution for a thousand pleasures."

"This from Roderigo Calderon!" said the prince, with a bitter sneer. "Man, know thy station and thy profession. When I want homilies, I seek my confessor; when I have resolved on a vice, I come to thee. A truce with this bombast! For Fonseca, he shall be consoled; and when he shall learn who is his rival, he is a traitor if he remain discontented with his lot. Thou shalt aid me, Calderon!"

"Your Highness will pardon me,—no!"

"Do I hear right? No!—Art thou not my minion, my instrument? Can I not destroy as I have helped to raise thee? Thy fortunes have turned thy brain. The king already suspects and dislikes thee; thy foe, Uzeda, has his ear. The people execrate thee. If I abandon thee, thou art lost. Look to it!"

Calderon remained mute and erect, with his arms folded on his breast, and his cheek flushed with suppressed passions. Philip gazed at him earnestly, and then, muttering to himself, approached the favorite with an altered air.

"Come, Calderon, I have been hasty,—you maddened me; I meant not to wound you. Thou art honest, and I think thou lovest me; and I will own that in ordinary circumstances thy advice would be good, and thy scruples laudable. But I tell thee that I

adore this girl; that I have set all my hopes upon her; that, at whatever cost, whatever risk, she must be mine. Wilt *thou* desert me? Wilt thou, on whose faith I have ever leaned so trustingly, forsake thy friend and thy prince for this brawling soldier? No; I wrong thee."

"Oh!" said Calderon, with much semblance of emotion, "I would lay down my life in your service, and I have often surrendered my conscience to your lightest will. But this would be so base a perfidy in me! He has confided his life of life to my hands. How canst even thou count on my faith, if thou knowest me false to another?"

"False! art thou not false to me? Have I not confided to thee, and dost thou not desert me,—nay, perhaps, betray? How wouldst thou serve this Fonseca? How liberate the novice?"

"By an order of the court. Your royal mother—"

"Enough!" said the prince, fiercely; "do so. Thou shalt have leisure for repentance."

As he spoke, Philip strode to the door. Calderon, alarmed and anxious, sought to detain him; but the prince broke disdainfully away, and Calderon was again alone.

CHAPTER IV.

Civil Ambition, and Ecclesiastical.

SCARCELY had the prince vanished before the door that led from the anteroom was opened, and an old man in the ecclesiastical garb entered the secretary's cabinet.

"Do I intrude, my son?" said the churchman.

"No, father, no; I never more desired your presence, your counsel. It is not often that I stand halting and irresolute between the two magnets of interest and conscience: this is one of those rare dilemmas."

Here Calderon rapidly narrated the substance of his conversation with Fonseca, and of the subsequent communication with the prince.

"You see," he said in conclusion, "how critical is my position. On one side my obligations to Fonseca, my promise to a benefactor, a friend to the boy I assisted to rear. Nor is that all: the prince asks me to connive at the abstraction of a novice from a consecrated house. What peril, what hazard! On the other side, if I refuse, the displeasure, the vengeance of the prince, for whose favor I have already half forfeited that of the king; and who, were he once to frown upon me, would encourage all my enemies—in other phrase, the whole court—in one united attempt at my ruin."

"It is a stern trial," said the monk, gravely; "and one that may well excite your fear."

"Fear, Aliaga! — ha, ha! — fear!" said Calderon, laughing scornfully. "Did true ambition ever know

fear? Have we not the old Castilian proverb, that tells us, ‘He who has climbed the first step to power, has left terror a thousand leagues behind!’ No, it is not fear that renders me irresolute; it is wisdom and some touch, some remnant of human nature, philosophers would call it virtue; you priests, religion.” —

“ Son, ” said the priest, “ when, as one of that sublime calling which enables us to place our unshodden feet upon the necks of kings, I felt that I had the power to serve and to exalt you; when, as confessor to Philip, I backed the patronage of Lerma, recommended you to the royal notice, and brought you into the sunshine of the royal favor, it was because I had read in your heart and brain those qualities of which the spiritual masters of the world ever seek to avail their cause. I knew thee brave, crafty, aspiring, unscrupulous. I knew that thou wouldest not shrink at the means that could secure to thee a noble end. Yea, when years ago in the valley of the Xenil, I saw thee bathe thy hands in the blood of thy foe, and heard thy laugh of exulting scorn; when I, alone master of thy secret, beheld thee afterwards flying from thy home stained with a second murder, but still calm, stern, and lord of thine own reason, my knowledge of mankind told me, ‘ Of such men are high converts and mighty instruments made! ’ ”

The priest paused; for Calderon heard him not. His cheek was livid, his eyes closed, his chest heaved wildly.

“ Horrible remembrance! ” he muttered; “ fatal love, dread revenge! Inez, Inez, what hast thou to answer for! ”

“ Be soothed, my son; I meant not to tear the bandage from thy wounds.”

“ Who speaks? ” cried Calderon, starting. “ Ha, priest! priest! I thought I heard the dead. Talk on,

talk on ; talk of the world, the Inquisition, thy plots, the torture, the rack ! Talk of aught that will lead me back from the past."

" No ; let me for a moment lead thee thither, in order to portray the future that awaits thee. When at night I found thee, the blood-stained fugitive, cowering beneath the shadow of the forest, dost thou remember that I laid my hand upon thine arm and said to thee, ' Thy life is in my power ? ' From that hour, thy disdain of my threats, of myself, of thine own life, — all made me view thee as one born to advance our immortal cause. I led thee to safety far away ; I won thy friendship and thy confidence. Thou becamest one of us, — one of the great Order of Jesus. Subsequently I placed thee as the tutor to young Fonseca, then heir to great fortunes. The second marriage of his uncle, and the heir that by that marriage interposed between him and the honor of his house, rendered the probable alliance of the youth profitless to us. But thou hadst procured his friendship. He presented thee to the Duke of Lerma. I was just then appointed confessor to the king ; I found that years had ripened thy genius, and memory had blunted in thee all the affections of the flesh. Above all, hating as thou didst the very name of the Moor, thou wert the man of men to aid in our great design of expelling the accursed race from the land of Spain. Enough, — I served thee, and thou didst repay us. Thou hast washed out thy crime in the blood of the infidel, thou art safe from detection. In Roderigo Calderon, Marquis de Siete Iglesias, who will suspect the Roderigo Nunez, the murderous student of Salamanca ? Our device of the false father stifled even curiosity. Thou mayest wake to the future, nor tremble at one shadow in the past. The brightest hopes are before us both ;

but to realize them we must continue the same path. We must never halt at an obstacle in our way. We must hold that to be no crime which advances our common objects. Mesh upon mesh, we must entangle the future monarch in our web, — thou by the nets of pleasure, I by those of superstition. The day that sees Philip IV. upon the throne must be a day of jubilee for the Brotherhood and the Inquisition. When thou art prime minister, and I grand inquisitor, — that time must come, — we shall have the power to extend the sway of the sect of Loyola to the ends of the Christian world. The Inquisition itself our tool! Posterity shall regard us as the apostles of intellectual faith. And thinkest thou that for the attainment of these great ends we can have the tender scruples of common men? Perish a thousand Fonsecas, ten thousand novices, ere thou lose, by the strength of a hair, thy hold over the senses and soul of the licentious Philip! At whatever hazard, save thy power; for with it are bound, as mariners to a plank, the hopes of those who make the mind a sceptre."

"Thy enthusiasm blinds and misleads thee, Aliaga," said Calderon, coldly. "For me, I tell thee now, as I have told thee before, that I care not a rush for thy grand objects. Let mankind serve itself,— I look to myself alone. But fear not my faith; my interests and my very life are identified with thee and thy fellow-fanatics. If I desert thee, thou art too deep in my secrets not to undo me; and were I to slay thee, in order to silence thy testimony, I know enough of thy fraternity to know that I should but raise up a multitude of avengers. As for this matter, you give me wise, if not pious counsel. I will consider well of it. Adieu! The hour summons me to attend the king."

CHAPTER V.

The True Fata Morgana.

IN the royal chamber, before a table covered with papers, sat the king and his secretary. Grave, sullen, and taciturn, there was little in the habitual manner of Philip III. that could betray to the most experienced courtier the outward symptoms of favor or caprice. Education had fitted him for the cloister, but the necessities of despotism had added acute cunning to slavish superstition. The business for which Calderon had been summoned was despatched, with a silence broken but by monosyllables from the king, and brief explanations from the secretary; and Philip, rising, gave the signal for Calderon to retire. It was then that the king, turning a dull but steadfast eye upon the marquis, said, with a kind of effort, as if speech were painful to him,—

“ The prince left me but a minute before your entrance; have you seen him since your return? ”

“ Your Majesty, yes. He honored me this morning with his presence.”

“ On state affairs? ”

“ Your Majesty knows, I trust, that your servant treats of state affairs only with your august self or your appointed ministers.”

“ The prince has favored you, Don Roderigo.”

“ Your Majesty commanded me to seek that favor.”

“ It is true. Happy the monarch whose faithful servant is the confidant of the heir to his crown! ”

“ Could the prince harbor one thought displeasing to your Majesty, I think I could detect and quell it at its birth. But your Majesty is blessed in a grateful son.”

“ I believe it. His love of pleasure decoys him from ambition,—so it should be. I am not an austere parent. Keep his favor, Don Roderigo; it pleases me. Hast thou offended him in aught? ”

“ I trust I have not incurred so great a misfortune.”

“ He spoke not of thee with his usual praises,—I noticed it. I tell thee this, that thou mayst rectify what is wrong. Thou canst not serve me more than by guarding him from all friendships save with those whose affection to myself I can trust. I have said enough.”

“ Such has ever been my object. But I have not the youth of the prince, and men speak ill of me, that, in order to gain his confidence, I share in his pursuits.”

“ It matters not what they say of thee. Faithful ministers are rarely eulogized by the populace or the court. Thou knowest my mind: I repeat, lose not the prince’s favor.”

Calderon bowed low, and withdrew. As he passed through the apartments of the palace, he crossed a gallery, in which he perceived, stationed by a window, the young prince and his own arch foe, the Duke d’Uzeda. At the same instant, from an opposite door, entered the Cardinal Duke de Lerma; and the same unwelcome conjunction of hostile planets smote the eyes of that intriguing minister. Precisely because Uzeda was the duke’s son, was he the man in the world whom the duke most dreaded and suspected.

Whoever is acquainted with the Spanish comedy will not fail to have remarked the prodigality of intrigue and counter-intrigue, upon which its interest is made to

depend. In this, the Spanish comedy was the faithful mirror of the Spanish life, especially in the circles of a court. Men lived in a perfect labyrinth of plot and counter-plot. The spirit of finesse, manœuvre, subtlety, and double-dealing pervaded every family. Not a house that was not divided against itself!

As Lerma turned his eyes from the unwelcome spectacle of such sudden familiarity between Uzeda and the heir apparent,—a familiarity which it had been his chief care to guard against,—his glance fell on Calderon. He beckoned to him in silence, and retired, unobserved by the two confabulators, through the same door by which he had entered. Calderon took the hint, and followed him. The duke entered a small room, and carefully closed the door.

“How is this, Calderon?” he asked, but in a timid tone, for the weak old man stood in awe of his favorite. “Whence this new and most ill-boding league?”

“I know not, your Eminence; remember that I am but just returned to Madrid; it amazes me no less than it does your Eminence.”

“Learn the cause of it, my good Calderon; the prince ever professed to hate Uzeda. Restore him to those feelings; thou art all in all with his Highness! If Uzeda once gain his ear, thou art lost.”

“Not so,” cried Calderon, proudly. “My service is to the king; I have a right to his royal protection, for I have a claim on his royal gratitude.”

“Do not deceive thyself,” said the duke, in a whisper. “The king cannot live long; I have it from the best authority, his physician; nor is this all,—a formidable conspiracy against thee exists at court. But for myself and the king’s confessor, Philip would consent to thy ruin. The strong hold thou hast over him is in thy in-

fluence with the Infant,— an influence which he knows to be exerted on behalf of his own fearful and jealous policy ; that influence gone, neither I nor Aliaga could suffice to protect thee. Enough! Shut every access to Philip's heart against Uzeda."

Calderon bowed in silence, and the duke hastened to the royal cabinet.

" What a fool was I to think that I could still wear a conscience!" muttered Calderon, with a sneering lip ; " but, Uzeda, I will baffle thee yet."

The next morning, the Marquis de Siete Iglesias presented himself at the levee of the Prince of Spain.

Around the favorite, as his proud stature towered above the rest, flocked the obsequious grandees. The haughty smile was yet on his lip, when the door opened, and the prince entered. The crowd, in parting suddenly, left Calderon immediately in front of Philip, who, after gazing on him sternly for a moment, turned away, with marked courtesy, from the favorite's profound reverence, and began a low and smiling conversation with Gonsalez de Leon, one of Calderon's open foes.

The crowd exchanged looks of delight and surprise ; and each of the nobles, before so wooing in their civilities to the minister, edged cautiously away.

His mortification had but begun. Presently Uzeda, hitherto almost a stranger to those apartments, appeared ; the prince hastened to him, and in a few minutes the duke was seen following the prince into his private chamber. The sun of Calderon's favor seemed set. So thought the courtiers,— not so the haughty favorite. There was even a smile of triumph on his lip,— a sanguine flush upon his pale cheek, as he turned unheeding from the throng, and then, entering his carriage, regained his home.

He had scarcely re-entered his cabinet, ere, faithful to his appointment, Fonseca was announced.

"What tidings, my best of friends?" exclaimed the soldier.

Calderon shook his head mournfully.

"My dear pupil," said he, in accents of well-affected sympathy, "there is no hope for thee. Forget this vain dream,—return to the army. I can promise thee promotion, rank, honors; but the hand of Beatriz is beyond my power."

"How?" said Fonseca, turning pale, and sinking into a seat. "How is this? Why so sudden a change? Has the queen —"

"I have not seen her Majesty; but the king is resolved upon this matter: so are the Inquisition. The Church complains of recent and numerous examples of unholy and impolitic relaxation of her dread power. The court dare not interfere. The novice must be left to her own choice."

"And is there no hope?"

"None! Return to the excitement of thy brave career."

"Never!" cried Fonseca, with great vehemence. "If, in requital of all my services,—of life risked, blood spilt,—I cannot obtain a boon so easy to accord me, I renounce a service in which even fame has lost its charm. And hark you, Calderon, I tell you that I will *not* forego this pursuit. So fair, so innocent a victim shall not be condemned to that living tomb. Through the walls of the nunnery, through the spies of the Inquisition, love will find out its way; and in some distant land I will yet unite happiness and honor. I fear not exile; I fear not reverse; I no longer fear poverty itself. All lands where the sound of the trumpet is not unknown, can afford

career to the soldier, who asks from Heaven no other boon but his mistress and his sword."

" You will seek to abstract Beatriz, then ? " said Calderon, calmly and musingly. " Yes,— it may be your best course if you take the requisite precautions. But can you see her, can you concert with her ? "

" I think so. I trust I have already paved the way to an interview. Yesterday, after I quitted thee, I sought the convent; and as the chapel is one of the public sights of the city, I made my curiosity my excuse. Happily, I recognized in the porter of the convent an old servitor of my father's; he had known me from a child: he dislikes his calling,— he will consent to accompany our flight, to share our fortunes: he has promised to convey a letter from me to Beatriz, and to transmit to me her answer."

" The stars smile on thee, Don Martin. When thou hast learned more, consult with me again. *Now* I see a way to assist thee."

CHAPTER VI.

Web upon Web.

THE next day, to the discomfiture of the courtiers, Calderon and the Infant of Spain were seen together, publicly, on the parade; and the secretary made one of the favored few who attended the prince at the theatre. His favor was greater, his power more dazzling, than ever it had been known before. No cause for the breach and reconciliation being known, some attributed it to caprice, others to the wily design of the astute Calderon for the humiliation of Uzeda, who seemed only to have been admitted to one smile from the rising sun, in order more signally to be reconsigned to the shade.

Meanwhile Fonseca prospered almost beyond his hopes. Young, ardent, sanguine, the poor novice had fled from her quiet home, and the indulgence of her free thoughts, to the chill solitude of the cloister, little dreaming of the extent of the change. With a heart that overflowed with the warm thoughts of love and youth, the ghostlike shapes that flitted round her, the icy forms, the rigid ceremonials of that life which is but the mimicry of death, appalled and shocked her. That she had preserved against a royal and most perilous because unscrupulous suitor her fidelity to the absent Fonseca, was her sole consolation.

Another circumstance had combined, with the loss of her protectress and the absence of Don Martin, to sadden her heart, and dispose her to the cloister. On the

deathbed of the old woman, who had been to her as a mother, she had learned a secret hitherto concealed from her tender youth. Dark and tragic were the influences of the star which had shone upon her birth; gloomy the heritage of memories associated with her parentage. A letter, of which she now became the guardian and treasurer, — a letter in her mother's hand, — woke tears more deep and bitter than she had ever shed for herself. In that letter she read the strength and the fidelity, the sorrow and the gloom, of woman's love; and a dreary foreboding told her that the shadow of the mother's fate was cast over the child's. Such were the thoughts that had made the cloister welcome, till the desolation of the shelter was tried and known. But when, through the agency of the porter, Fonseca's letter reached her, all other feelings gave way to the burst of natural and passionate emotion. The absent had returned, again wooed, was still faithful. The awful vow was not spoken, — she might yet be his. She answered; she chided; she spoke of doubt, of peril, of fear for him, of maiden shame; but her affection colored every word, and the letter was full of hope. The correspondence continued; the energetic remonstrances of Fonseca, the pure and fervent attachment of the novice, led more and more rapidly and surely to the inevitable result. Beatriz yielded to the prayer of her lover; she consented to the scheme of escape and flight that he proposed.

Late at evening Fonseca sought Calderon. The marquis was in the gardens of his splendid mansion.

The moonlight streamed over many a row of orange-trees and pomegranates, — many a white and richly sculptured vase on its marble pedestal; many a fountain, that scattered its low music round the breathless air.

Upon a terrace that commanded a stately view of the spires and palaces of Madrid, stood Calderon, alone; beside him, one solitary and gigantic aloe cast its deep gloom of shade; and his motionless attitude, his folded arms, his face partially lifted to the starlit heavens, bespoke the earnestness and concentration of his thoughts.

"Why does this shudder come over me?" said he, half aloud. "It was thus in that dismal hour which preceded the knowledge of my shame, — the deed of a dark revenge, the revolution of my eventful and wondrous life! Ah, how happy was I once, — a contented and tranquil student, a believer in those eyes that were to me as the stars to the astrologer! But the golden age passed into that of iron. And now," added Calderon, with a self-mocking sneer, "comes the era which the poets have not chronicled; for fraud and hypocrisy and vice know no poets!"

The quick step of Fonseca interrupted the courtier's reverie. He turned, knit his brow, and sighed heavily, as if nerving himself to some effort; but his brow was smooth, and his aspect cheerful, ere Fonseca reached his side.

"Give me joy, give me joy, dear Calderon! she has consented. Now, then, your promised aid."

"You can depend upon the fidelity of your friendly porter?"

"With my life."

"A master key to the back-door of the chapel has been made?"

"See, I have it."

"And Beatriz can contrive to secrete herself in the confessional at the hour of the night prayers?"

"There is no doubt of her doing so with safety. The

number of the novices is so great that one of them cannot well be missed."

"So much then for your part of the enterprise. Now for mine. You know that solitary house in the suburbs on the high-road to Fuencarral, which I pointed out to you yesterday? Well, the owner is a creature of mine. There horses shall be in waiting; there disguises shall be prepared. Beatriz must necessarily divest herself of the professional dress; you had better choose meaner garments for yourself. Drop those hidalgo titles of which your father is so proud, and pass off yourself and the novice as a notary and his wife about to visit France on a lawsuit of inheritance. One of my secretaries shall provide you with a pass. Meanwhile, to-morrow, I shall be the first officially to hear of the flight of the novice, and I will set the pursuers on a wrong scent. Have I not arranged all things properly, my Fonseca?"

"You are our guardian angel!" cried Don Martin, fervently. "The prayers of Beatriz will be registered in your behalf above,—prayers that will reach the Great Throne as easily from the open valleys of France as in the gloomy cloisters of Madrid. At midnight, to-morrow, then, we seek the house you have described to us."

"Ay, at midnight all shall be prepared."

With a light step and exulting heart, Fonseca turned from the palace of Calderon. Naturally sanguine and high-spirited, visions of hope and joy floated before his eyes, and the future seemed to him a land owning but the twin deities of Glory and Love.

He had reached about the centre of the street in which Calderon's abode was placed, when six men, who for some moments had been watching him from a little distance, approached.

"I believe," said the one who appeared the chief of the band, "that I have the honor to address Señor Don Martin Fonseca?"

"Such is my name."

"In the name of the king, we arrest you. Follow us."

"Arrest! on what plea? What is my offence?"

"It is stated on this writ, signed by his Eminence the Cardinal-Duke de Lerma. You are charged with the crime of desertion."

"Thou liest, knave! I had the general's free permission to quit the camp."

"We have said all, — follow!"

Fonseca, naturally of the most impetuous and passionate character, was not in that moment in a mood to calculate coldly all the consequences of resistance. Arrest, imprisonment, on the eve before that which was to see him the deliverer of Beatriz, constituted a sentence of such despair that all other considerations vanished before it. He set his teeth firmly, drew his sword, dashed aside the alguazil who attempted to obstruct his path, and strode grimly on, shaking one clenched hand in defiance, while with the other he waved the good Toledo that had often blazed in the van of battle at the war-cry of "St. Jago and Spain!"

The alguazils closed round the soldier, and the clash of swords was already heard; when suddenly torches, borne on high, threw their glare across the moonlit street, and two running footmen called out, "Make way for the most noble the Marquis de Siete Iglesias!" At that name Fonseca dropped the point of his weapon; the alguazils themselves drew aside, and the tall figure and pale countenance of Calderon were visible amongst the group.

"What means this brawl in the open streets at this late hour?" said the minister, sternly.

"Calderon!" exclaimed Fonseca; "this is indeed fortunate. These caitiffs have dared to lay hands on a soldier of Spain, and to forge for their villany the name of his own kinsman, the Duke de Lerma."

"Your charge against this gentleman?" asked Calderon, calmly, turning to the principal alguazil, who placed the writ of arrest in the secretary's hand. Calderon read it leisurely, and raised his hat as he returned it to the alguazil; he then drew aside Fonseca.

"Are you mad?" said he in a whisper. "Do you think you can resist the law? Had I not arrived so opportunely, you would have converted a slight accusation into a capital offence. Go with these men: do not fear; I will see the duke, and obtain your immediate release. To-morrow I will visit and accompany you home."

Fonseca, still half beside himself with rage, would have replied; but Calderon significantly placed his finger on his hip, and turned to the alguazils.

"There is a mistake here: it will be rectified to-morrow. Treat this cavalier with all the respect and worship due to his birth and merits. Go, Don Martin, go," he added, in a lower voice; "go, unless you desire to lose Beatriz forever. Nothing but obedience can save you from the imprisonment of half a life!"

Awed and subdued by this threat, Fonseca in gloomy silence placed his sword in its sheath, and sullenly followed the alguazils. Calderon watched them depart with a thoughtful and absent look; then, starting from his reverie, he bade his torch-bearers proceed, and resumed his way to the Prince of Spain.

CHAPTER VII.

The Open Countenance, the Concealed Thoughts.

THE next day, at noon, Calderon visited Fonseca in his place of confinement. The young man was seated by a window that overlooked a large, dull courtyard, with a neglected and broken fountain in the centre, leaning his cheek upon his hand. His long hair was dishevelled, his dress disordered, and a gloomy frown darkened features naturally open and ingenuous. He started to his feet as Calderon approached.

“ My release, — you have brought my release; let us forth! ”

“ My dear pupil, be ruled, be calm. I have seen the duke: the cause of your imprisonment is as I suspected. Some imprudent words, overheard perhaps but by your valet, have escaped you, — words intimating your resolution not to abandon Beatriz. You know your kinsman, — a man of doubts and fears, of forms, ceremonies, and scruples. From very affection for his kindred and yourself, he has contrived your arrest; all my expostulations have been in vain. I fear your imprisonment may continue, either until you give a solemn promise to renounce all endeavor to dissuade Beatriz from the final vows, or until she herself has pronounced them.”

Fonseca, as if stupefied, stared a moment at Calderon, and then burst into a wild laugh. Calderon continued, —

“ Nevertheless, do not despair. Be patient; I am ever about the duke; nay, I have the courage, in your cause, to appeal even to the king himself.”

“ And to-night she expects me, — to-night she was to be free ! ”

“ We can convey the intelligence of your mischance to her: the porter will befriend you.”

“ Away, false friend, or powerless protector, that you are ! Are your promises of aid come to this ? But I care not; my case, my wrongs, shall be laid before the king; I will inquire if it be thus that Philip III. treats the defenders of his crown. Don Roderigo Calderon, will you place my memorial in the hands of your royal master ? Do this, and I will thank you.”

“ No, Fonseca, I will not ruin you; the king would pass your memorial to the Duke de Lerma. Tush ! this is not the way that men of sense deal with misfortune. Think you I should be what I now am, if in every reverse I had raved, and not reflected ? Sit down, and let us think of what can now be done.”

“ Nothing, unless the prison-door open by sunset ! ”

“ Stay, a thought strikes me. The term of your imprisonment ceases when you relinquish the hope of Beatriz. But what if the duke could believe that Beatriz relinquished *you* ? What, for instance, if she fled from the convent, as you proposed, and we could persuade the duke that it was with another ? ”

“ Ah, be silent ! ”

“ Nay, what advantages in this scheme, — what safety ! If she fly alone, or, as supposed, with another lover, the duke will have no interest in pursuit, in punishment. She is not of that birth that the state will take the trouble very actively to interfere: she may reach France in safety; ay, a thousand times more safely than if she fled with you, a hidalgo, and a man of rank, whom the state would have an interest to reclaim, and to whom the Inquisition, hating the

nobles, would impute the crime of sacrilege. It is an excellent thought! Your imprisonment may be the salvation of you both; your plan may succeed still better without your intervention; and after a few days the duke, believing that your resentment must necessarily replace your love, will order your release; you can join Beatriz on the frontier, and escape with her to France."

"But," said Fonseca struck but not convinced by the suggestion of Calderon, "who will take my place with Beatriz, who penetrate into the gardens, who bear her from the convent?"

"That, for your sake, will I do. Perhaps," added Calderon, smiling, "a courtier may manage such an intrigue with even more dexterity than a soldier. I will bear her to the house we spoke of; there I know she can lie hid in safety till the languid pursuit of uninterested officials shall cease, and thence I can easily find means to transport her, under safe and honorable escort, to any place it may please you to appoint."

"And think you Beatriz will fly with you, a stranger? Impossible! Your plan pleases me not."

"Nor does it please me," said Calderon, coldly; "the risks I proposed to run are too imminent to be contemplated complacently: I thank you for releasing me from my offer; nor should I have made it, Fonseca, but from this fear,—what if to-morrow the duke himself (he is a churchman, remember) see the novice, what if he terrify her with threats against yourself, what if he induce the abbess and the Church to abridge the novitiate, what if Beatriz be compelled or awed into taking the veil, what if you be released even next week, and find her lost to you forever?"

"They cannot,—they dare not!"

“The duke dares all things for ambition; your alliance with Beatriz he would hold a disgrace to his house. Think not my warnings are without foundation,—I speak from authority; such is the course the Duke de Lerma *has* resolved upon. Nothing else could have induced me to offer to brave for your sake all the hazard of outraging the law, and braving the terrors of the Inquisition. But let us think of some other plan. Is your escape possible? I fear not. No; you must trust to my chance of persuading the duke into prosecuting the matter no further; trust to some mightier scheme engrossing all his thoughts, to a fit of good-humor after his siesta, or, perhaps, an attack of the gout or a stroke of apoplexy. Such, after all, are the chances of human felicity, the pivots on which turns the solemn wheel of human life!”

Fonseca made no reply for some moments; he traversed the room with hasty and disordered strides, and at last stopped abruptly.

“Calderon, there is no option; I must throw myself on your generosity, your faith, your friendship. I will write to Beatriz; I will tell her, for my sake, to confide in you.”

As he spoke, Don Martin turned to the table, and wrote a hasty and impassioned note, in which he implored the novice to trust herself to the directions of Don Roderigo Calderon, his best, his only friend; and as he placed this letter in the hands of the courtier, he turned aside to conceal his emotions. Calderon himself was deeply moved; his cheek was flushed, and his hand seemed tremulous as it took the letter.

“Remember,” said Fonseca, “that I trust to you my life of life. As you are true to me, may Heaven be merciful to you!”

Calderon made no answer, but turned to the door.

“ Stay,” said Fonseca; “ I had forgot this,—here is the master key.”

“ True; how dull I was! And the porter,—will he attend to thy proxy?”

“ Doubt it not. Accost him with the word ‘ Granada,’ But he expects to share the flight.”

“ That can be arranged. To-morrow you will hear of my success. Farewell!”

CHAPTER VIII.

The Escape.

IT was midnight in the chapel of the convent.

The moonlight shone with exceeding lustre through the tall casements, and lit into a ghastly semblance of life the marble images of saint and martyr, that threw their long shadows over the consecrated floor. Nothing could well be conceived more dreary, solemn, and sepulchral than that holy place: its distained and time-hallowed walls; the impenetrable mass of darkness that gathered into those recesses which the moonlight failed to reach; its antique and massive tombs, above which reclined the sculptured effigies of some departed patroness or abbess, who had exchanged a living grave for the mansions of the blest. But there—oh, wonderful human heart!—even there, in that spot, the very homily and warning against earthly affections and mortal hopes,—even there, couldst thou beat with as wild, as bright, and as pure a passion as ever heaved the breast and shone in the eyes of Beauty, in the free air that ripples the Guadiana, or amidst the twilight dance of Castilian maids.

A tall figure, wrapped from head to foot in a cloak, passed slowly up the aisle. But light and cautious though the footstep, it woke a low, hollow, ominous echo, that seemed more than the step itself to disturb the sanctity of the place. It paused opposite to a confessional, which was but dimly visible through the shadows around it. And then there emerged timidly

a female form ; and a soft voice whispered, “ It is thou, Fonseca ! ”

“ Hist ! ” was the answer, “ he waits without. Be quick ; speak not, — come.”

Beatriz recoiled in surprise and alarm at the voice of a stranger ; but the man, seizing her by the hand, drew her hastily from the chapel, and hurried her across the garden, through a small postern door, which stood ajar, into an obscure street, bordering the convent walls. Here stood the expectant porter, with a bundle in his hand, which he opened, and took thence a long cloak, such as the women of middling rank in Madrid wore in the winter season, with the customary mantilla or veil. With these, still without speaking, the stranger hastily shrouded the form of the novice, and once more hurried her on, till, about a hundred yards from the garden gate, he came to a carriage, into which he lifted Beatriz, whispered a few words to the porter, seated himself by the side of the novice, and the vehicle drove rapidly away.

It was some moments before Beatriz could sufficiently recover from her first agitation and terror, to feel alive to all the strangeness of her situation. She was alone with a stranger, — where was Fonseca ? She turned suddenly towards her companion.

“ Who art thou ? ” she said ; “ whither art thou leading me, and why — ”

“ Why is not Don Martin by thy side ? Pardon me, señora : I have a billet for thee from Fonseca ; in a few minutes thou wilt know all.”

At this time the vehicle came suddenly in the midst of a train of footmen and equipages that choked up the way. There was a brilliant entertainment at the French embassy, and thither flocked all the rank and chivalry

of Madrid. Calderon drew down the blinds, and hastily enjoined silence on Beatriz. It was some minutes before the driver extricated himself from the throng; and then, as if to make amends for the delay, he put his horses to their full speed, and carefully selected the most obscure and solitary thoroughfares. At length the carriage entered the range of suburbs which still, at this day, the traveller passes on his road from Madrid to France. The horses stopped before a lonely house that stood a little apart from the road, and which, from the fashion of its architecture, appeared of considerable antiquity. The stranger descended, and knocked twice at the door: it was opened by an old man, whose exaggerated features, bended frame, and long beard proclaimed him of the race of Israel. After a short and whispered parley, the stranger returned to Beatriz, gravely assisted her from the carriage, and, leading her across the threshold, and up a flight of rude stairs, dimly lighted, entered a chamber richly furnished. The walls were hung with stuffs of gorgeous coloring and elaborate design. Pedestals of the whitest marble, placed at each corner of the room, supported candelabra of silver. The sofas and couches were of the heavy but sumptuous fashion which then prevailed in the palaces of France and Spain; and of which Venice (the true model of the barbaric decorations with which Louis XIV. corrupted the taste of Paris) was probably the original inventor. In an alcove, beneath a silken canopy, was prepared a table laden with wines, fruits, and viands; and, altogether, the elegance and luxury that characterized the apartment were in strong and strange contrast with the half-ruined exterior of the abode, the gloomy and rude approach to the chamber, and the mean and servile aspect of the Jew, who stood,

or rather cowered, by the door, as if waiting for further orders. With a wave of the hand the stranger dismissed the Israelite; and then, approaching Beatriz, presented to her Fonseca's letter.

As with an enchanting mixture of modesty and eagerness, Beatriz, half averting her face, bent over the well-known characters, Calderon gazed upon her with a scrutinizing and curious eye.

The courtier was not in this instance altogether the villain that from outward appearances the reader may have deemed him. His plan was this: he had resolved on compliance with the wishes of the prince,—his safety rested on that compliance. But Fonseca was not to be sacrificed without reserve. Profoundly despising womankind, and firmly persuaded of their constitutional treachery and deceit, Calderon could not believe the actress that angel of light and purity which she seemed to the enamored Fonseca. He had resolved to subject her to the ordeal of the prince's addresses. If she fell, should he not save his friend from being the dupe of an artful *intrigante*; should he not deserve the thanks of Don Martin, for the very temptation to which Beatriz was now to be submitted? If he could convince Fonseca of her falsehood, he should stand acquitted to his friend, while he should have secured his interest with the prince. But if, on the other hand, Beatriz came spotless through the trial; if the prince, stung by her obstinate virtue, should menace to sink courtship into violence, Calderon knew that it would not be in the first or second interview that the novice would have any real danger to apprehend; and he should have leisure to concert her escape by such means as would completely conceal from the prince his own connivance at her flight. Such was the compro-

mise that Calderon had effected between his conscience and his ambition. But while he gazed upon the novice, though her features were turned from him, and half veiled by the head-dress she had assumed, strange feelings, ominous and startling, like those remembrances of the Past which sometimes come in the guise of prophecies for the Future, thronged, indistinct and dim, upon his breast. The unconscious and exquisite grace of her form, its touching youth, an air of innocence diffused around it, a something helpless and pleading to man's protection, in the very slightness of her beautiful but fairylike proportions, seemed to reproach his treachery, and to awaken whatever of pity or human softness remained in his heart.

The novice had read the letter; and turning, in the impulse of surprise and alarm, to Calderon for explanation, for the first time she remarked his features and his aspect; for he had then laid aside his cloak, and the broad Spanish hat with its heavy plume. It was thus that their eyes met, and, as they did so, Beatriz, starting from her seat, uttered a wild cry,—

“And thy name is Calderon,—Don Roderigo Calderon? Is it possible? Hadst thou never another name?” she exclaimed; and, as she spoke, she approached him slowly and fearfully.

“Lady, Calderon is my name,” replied the marquis; but his voice faltered. “But thine—thine—is it, in truth, Beatriz Coello?”

Beatriz made no reply, but continued to advance, till her very breath came upon his cheek; she then laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up into his face with a gaze so earnest, so intent, so prolonged, that Calderon, but for a strange and terrible thought,—half of wonder, half of suspicion, which had gradually crept into his

soul, and now usurped it, — might have doubted whether the reason of the poor novice was not unsettled.

Slowly Beatriz withdrew her eyes, and they fell upon a large mirror opposite, which reflected in full light the features of Calderon and herself. It was then, — her natural bloom having faded into a paleness scarcely less statue-like than that which characterized the cheek of Calderon himself, and all the sweet play and mobility of feature that belong to first youth being replaced by a rigid and marble stillness of expression, — it was then that a remarkable resemblance between these two persons became visible and startling. That resemblance struck alike, and in the same instant, both Beatriz and Calderon; and both, gazing on the mirror, uttered an involuntary and simultaneous exclamation.

With a trembling and hasty hand the novice searched amidst the folds of her robe, and drew forth a small leathern case, closed with clasps of silver. She touched the spring, and took out a miniature, upon which she cast a rapid and wild glance; then, lifting her eyes to Calderon, she cried, “It must be so, — it is, it is my father!” and fell motionless at his feet.

Calderon did not for some moments heed the condition of the novice: that chamber, the meditated victim, the present time, the coming evil, — all were swept away from his soul; he was transported back into the past, with the two dread spirits, Memory and Conscience! His knees knocked together, his aspect was livid, the cold drops stood upon his brow; he muttered incoherently, and then bent down and took up the picture. It was the face of a man in the plain garb of a Salamanca student, and in the first flush of youth; the noble brow, serene and calm, and stamped alike with candor and courage; the smooth cheek, rich with

the hues of health; the lips, parting in a happy smile, and eloquent of joy and hope: it was the face of that wily, grasping, ambitious, unscrupulous man, when life had yet brought no sin; it was as if the ghost of youth were come back to accuse the crimes of manhood! The miniature fell from his hand,— he groaned aloud. Then gazing on the prostrate form of the novice, he said, “Poor wretch! can I believe that thou art indeed of mine own race and blood; or rather, does not Nature, that stamped these lineaments on thy countenance, deceive and mock me? If she, thy mother, lied, why not Nature herself?”

He raised the novice in his arms, and gazed long and wistfully upon her lifeless but most lovely features. She moved not,— she scarcely seemed to breathe; yet he fancied he felt her embrace tightening round him,— he fancied he heard again the voice that had hailed him “FATHER!” His heart beat aloud, the divine instinct overpowered all things, he pressed a passionate kiss upon her forehead, and his tears fell fast and warm upon her cheek. But again the dark remembrance crossed him, and he shuddered, placed the novice hastily on one of the couches, and shouted aloud.

The Jew appeared, and was ordered to summon Jacinta. A young woman of the same persuasion, and of harsh and forbidding exterior, entered; and to her care Calderon briefly consigned the yet insensible Beatriz.

While Jacinta unlaced the dress and chafed the temples of the novice, Calderon seemed buried in gloomy thought. At last he strode slowly away, as if to quit the chamber, when his foot struck against the case of the picture, and his eye rested upon a paper which lay therein, folded and embedded. He took it

up and lifting aside the hangings, hurried into a small cabinet, lighted by a single lamp. Here, alone and unseen, Calderon read the following letter:—

TO RODERIGO NUNEZ.

Will this letter ever meet thine eyes? I know not; but it is comfort to write to thee on the bed of death; and were it not for that horrible and haunting thought that thou believest me—me, whose very life was in thy love—faithless and dishonored, even death itself would be the sweeter, because it comes from the loss of thee. Yes, something tells me that these lines will not be written in vain; that thou wilt read them yet, when this hand is still, and this brain at rest, and that then thou wilt feel that I could not have dared to write to thee if I were not innocent; that in every word thou wilt recognize the evidence, that is strong as the voice of thousands,—the simple but solemn evidence of faith and truth. What! when for thee I deserted all,—home, and a father's love, wealth, and the name I had inherited from Moors, who had been monarchs in their day,—couldst thou think that I had not made the love of thee the core and life and principle of my very being! And one short year, could that suffice to shake my faith?—one year of marriage, but two months of absence? You left me, left that dear home, by the silver Xenil. For love did not suffice to you; ambition began to stir within you, and you called it “love.” You said, “It grieved you that I was poor; that you could not restore to me the luxury and wealth I had lost.” (Alas! why did you turn so incredulously from my assurance that in you, and you alone, were centred my ambition and pride?) You declared that the vain readers of the stars had foretold at your cradle that you were predestined to lofty honors and dazzling power, and that the prophecy would work out its own fulfilment. You left me to seek, in Madrid, your relation, who had risen into the favor of a minister, and from whose love you expected to gain an opening to your career. Do you remember how we parted; how you kissed away my tears, and how they gushed

forth again ; how again and again you said, “ Farewell ! ” and again and again returned, as if we could never part ! And I took my babe, but a few weeks born, from her cradle, and placed her in thy arms, and bade thee see that she had already learned thy smile ; and were these the signs of falsehood ? Oh, how I pined for the sound of thy footstep when thou wert gone ; how all the summer had vanished from the landscape ; and how, turning to thy child, I fancied I again beheld thee ! The day after thou hadst left me there was a knock at the door of the cottage ; the nurse opened it, and there entered your former rival, whom my father had sought to force upon me, the richest of the descendants of the Moor, Arraez Ferrares. Why linger on this hateful subject ? He had tracked us to our home, he had learned thy absence, he came to insult me with his vows. By the Blessed Mother, whom thou hast taught me to adore, by the terror and pang of death, by my hopes of heaven, I am innocent, Roderigo, I am innocent ! Oh, how couldst thou be so deceived ? He quitted the cottage, discomfited and enraged ; again he sought me, again and again ; and when the door was closed upon him, he waylaid my steps. Lone and defenceless as we were, thy wife and child, with but one attendant, I feared him not ; but I trembled at thy return, for I knew that thou wert a Spaniard, a Castilian, and that beneath thy calm and gentle seeming lurked pride and jealousy and revenge. Thy letter caine, the only letter since thy absence, — the last letter from thee I may ever weep over, and lay upon my heart. Thy relation was dead, and his wealth enriched a nearer heir. Thou wert to return. The day in which I might expect thee approached, — it arrived. During the last week I had seen and heard no more of Ferrares. I trusted that he had at length discovered the vanity of his pursuit. I walked into the valley, thy child in my arms, to meet thee ; but thou didst not come. The sun set, and the light of thine eyes replaced not the declining day. I returned home, and watched for thee all night, but in vain. The next morning again I went forth into the valley, and again with a sick heart returned to my desolate home. It was then noon. As I approached the

door, I perceived Ferrares. He forced his entrance. I told him of thy expected return, and threatened him with thy resentment. He left me ; and terrified with a thousand vague forebodings, I sat down to weep. The nurse, Leonarda, was watching by the cradle of our child in the inner room. I was alone. Suddenly the door opened. I heard thy step ; I knew it,—I knew its music. I started up. Saints of heaven! what a meeting, what a return ! Pale, haggard, thine hands and garments dripping blood, thine eyes blazing with insane fire, a terrible smile of mockery on thy lip, thou stoodst before me. I would have thrown myself on thy breast ; thou didst cast me from thee ; I fell on my knees, and thy blade was pointed at my heart,—the heart so full of thee ! “He is dead,” didst thou say in a hollow voice ; “he is dead,—thy paramour ; take thy bed beside him !” I know not what I said, but it seemed to move thee ; thy hand trembled, and the point of thy weapon dropped. It was then that, hearing thy voice, Leonarda hastened into the room, and bore in her arms thy child. “See,” I exclaimed, “see thy daughter ; see, she stretches her hands to thee, she pleads for her mother !” At that sight thy brow became dark, the demon seized upon thee again. “Mine !” were thy cruel words, they ring in my ear still ; “no ! she was born before the time, ha, ha !—thou didst betray me from the first !” With that thou didst raise thy sword ; but even then (ah, blessed thought ! even then) remorse and love palsied thy hand and averted thy gaze : the blow was not that of death. I fell senseless to the ground, and when I recovered, thou wert gone. Delirium succeeded ; and when once more my senses and reason returned to me, I found by my side a holy priest, and from him gradually I learned all that till then was dark. Ferrares had been found in the valley, weltering in his blood. Borne to a neighboring monastery, he lingered a few days, to confess the treachery he had practised on thee, to adopt in his last hours the Christian faith, and to attest his crime with his own signature. He enjoined the monk, who had converted and confessed him, to place this proof of my innocence in my hands. Behold it enclosed within. If this letter ever reach

thee, thou wilt learn how thy wife was true to thee in life, and has therefore the right to bless thee in death.

At this passage Calderon dropped the letter, and was seized with a kind of paralysis which for some moments seemed to deprive him of life itself. When he recovered, he eagerly grasped a scroll that was enclosed in the letter, but which hitherto he had disregarded. Even then, so strong were his emotions that sight itself was obscured and dimmed, and it was long before he could read the characters, which were already discolored by time.

TO INEZ.

I have but a few hours to live,—let me spend them in atonement and prayer, less for myself than thee. Thou knowest not how madly I adored thee, and how thy hatred or indifference stung every passion into torture. Let this pass. When I saw thee again,—the forsaker of thy faith, poor, obscure, and doomed to a peasant's lot,—daring hopes shaped themselves into fierce resolves. Finding that thou wert inexorable, I turned my arts upon thy husband. I knew his poverty and his ambition; we Moors have had ample knowledge of the avarice of the Christians! I bade one whom I could trust to seek him out at Madrid. Wealth—lavish wealth, wealth that could open to a Spaniard all the gates of power,—was offered to him if he would renounce thee forever. Nay, in order to crush out all love from his breast, it was told him that mine was the prior right; that thou hadst yielded to my suit ere thou didst fly with him; that thou didst use his love as an escape from thine own dishonor; that thy very child owned another father. I had learned, and I availed myself of the knowledge, that it was born before its time. We had miscalculated the effect of this representation, backed and supported by forged letters; instead of abandoning thee, he thought only of revenge for his shame. As I left thy house, the last time I gazed upon thy indignant eyes, I found

the avenger on my path ! He had seen me quit thy roof,— he needed no other confirmation of the tale. I fell into the pit which I had digged for thee. Conscience unnerved my hand and blunted my sword; our blades scarcely crossed before his weapon stretched me on the ground. They tell me he has fled from the anger of the law; let him return without a fear. Solemnly, and from the bed of death, and in the sight of the last tribunal, I proclaim to justice and the world that we fought fairly, and I perish justly. I have adopted thy faith, though I cannot comprehend its mysteries. It is enough that it holds out to me the only hope that we shall meet again. I direct these lines to be transmitted to thee,— an eternal proof of thy innocence and my guilt. Ah, canst thou forgive me ? I knew no sin till I knew thee.

ARRAEZ FERRARES.

Calderon paused ere he turned to the concluding lines of his wife's letter; and though he remained motionless and speechless, never were agony and despair stamped more terribly on the face of man.

CONCLUSION OF THE LETTER OF INEZ.

And what avails to me this testimony of my faith ? Thou art fled; they cannot track thy footsteps; I shall see thee no more on earth. I am dying fast, but not of the wound I took from thee; let not that thought darken thy soul, my husband ! No, that wound is healed. Thought is sharper than the sword.— I have pined away for the loss of thee and thy love ! Can the shadow live without the sun ? And wilt thou never place thy hands on my daughter's head, and bless her for her mother's sake ? Ah, yes, yes ! The saints that watch over our human destinies will one day cast her in thy way; and the same hour that gives thee a daughter shall redeem and hallow the memory of a wife. . . . Leonarda has vowed to be a mother to our child; to tend her, work for her, rear her, though in poverty, to virtue. I consign these letters to Leonarda's charge, with

thy picture,—never to be removed from my breast till the heart within has ceased to beat. Not till Beatriz (I have so baptized her,—it was thy mother's name!) has attained to the age when reason can wrestle with the knowledge of sorrow, shall her years be shadowed with the knowledge of our fate. Leonarda has persuaded me that Beatriz shall not take thy name of Nunez. Our tale has excited horror; for it is not understood,—and thou art called the murderer of thy wife; and the story of our misfortunes would cling to our daughter's life, and reach her ears, and perhaps mar her fate. But I know that thou wilt discover her not the less, for Nature has a providence of its own. When at last you meet her, protect, guard, love her,—sacred to you as she is and shall be,—the pure but mournful legacy of love and death. I have done; I die blessing thee!

INEZ.

Scarce had he finished these last words, ere the clock struck; it was the hour in which the prince was to arrive. The thought restored Calderon to the sense of the present time, the approaching peril. All the cold calculations he had formed for the stranger novice vanished now. He kissed the letter passionately, placed it in his breast, and hurried into the chamber where he had left his child. Our tale returns to Fonseca.

CHAPTER IX.

The Counterplot.

CALDERON had not long left the young soldier, before the governor of the prison entered, to pay his respects to a captive of such high birth and military reputation.

Fonseca, always blunt and impatient of mood, was not in a humor to receive and return compliments; but the governor had scarcely seated himself, ere he struck a chord in the conversation which immediately arrested the attention and engaged the interest of the prisoner.

“Do not fear, sir,” said he, “that you will be long detained; the power of your enemy is great, but it will not be of duration. The storm is already gathering round him; he must be more than man, if he escape the thunderbolt.”

“Do you speak to me thus of my own kinsman, the Cardinal-Duke de Lerma?”

“No, Don Martin, pardon me. I spoke of the Marquis de Siete Iglesias. Are you so great a stranger to Madrid and to the court, as to suppose that the Cardinal de Lerma ever signs a paper but at the instance of Don Roderigo,—nay, that he ever looks over the paper to which he sets his hand? Depend upon it, you are here to gratify the avarice or revenge of the Scourge of Spain.”

“Impossible!” cried Fonseca. “Don Roderigo is my friend, my intercessor. He overwhelms me with his kindness.”

“Then you are indeed lost,” said the governor, in accents of compassion; “the tiger always caresses his

prey before he devours it. What have you done to provoke his kindness?"

"Señor," said Fonseca, suspiciously, "you speak with a strange want of caution to a stranger, and against a man whose power you confess."

"Because I am safe from his revenge; because the Inquisition have already fixed their fatal eyes upon him; because by that Inquisition I am not unknown nor unprotected; because I see, with joy and triumph, the hour approaching that must render up to justice the pander of the prince, the betrayer of the king, the robber of the people; because I have an interest in thee, Don Martin, of which thou wilt be aware when thou hast learned my name. I am Juan de la Nuza, the father of the young officer whose life you saved in the assault of the Moriscos, in Valentia, and I owe you an everlasting gratitude."

There was something in the frank and hearty tone of the governor which at once won Fonseca's confidence. He became agitated and distracted with suspicions of his former tutor and present patron.

"What, I ask, hast thou done to attract his notice? Calderon is not capricious in cruelty. Art thou rich, and does he hope that thou wilt purchase freedom with five thousand pistoles? No! Hast thou crossed the path of his ambition? Hast thou been seen with Uzeda? or art thou in favor with the prince? No, again! Then hast thou some wife, some sister, some mistress, of rare accomplishments and beauty, with whom Calderon would gorge the fancy and retain the esteem of the profligate Infant? Ah, thou changest color!"

"By Heaven! you madden me with these devilish surmises. Speak plainly."

"I see thou knowest not Calderon," said the governor, with a bitter smile. "I do; for my niece was beautiful, and the prince wooed her— But enough of that; at his scaffold or at the rack I shall be avenged on Roderigo Calderon. You said the Cardinal was your kinsman; you are, then, equally related to his son, the Duke d'Uzeda. Apply not to Lerma; he is the tool of Calderon. Apply yourself to Uzeda; he is Calderon's mortal foe. While Calderon gains ground with the prince, Uzeda advances with the king. Uzeda, by a word, can procure thy release. The duke knows and trusts me. Shall I be commissioned to acquaint him with thy arrest, and entreat his intercession with Philip?"

"You give me new life! But not an hour is to be lost; this night—this day—oh, Mother of Mercy! what image have you conjured up! Fly to Uzeda, if you would save my very reason. I myself have scarcely seen him since my boyhood,—Lerma forbade me to seek his friendship. But I am of his race, his blood."

"Be cheered,—I shall see the duke to-day. I have business with him where you wot not. We are bringing strange events to a crisis. Hope the best."

With this the governor took his leave.

At the dusk of the evening Don Juan de la Nuza, wrapped in a dark mantle, stood before a small door, deep-set in a massive and gloomy wall, that stretched along one side of a shunned and deserted street. Without sign of living hand, the door opened at his knock, and the governor entered a long and narrow passage that conducted to chambers more associated with images of awe than any in his own prison. Here he suddenly encountered the Jesuit, Fray Louis de Aliaga, confessor to the king.

"How fares the Grand Inquisitor?" asked De la Nuza.

"He has just breathed his last," answered the Jesuit. "His illness — so sudden — defied all aid. Sandoval y Roxas is with the saints."

The governor, who was, as the reader may suppose, one of the sacred body, crossed himself and answered, "With whom will rest the appointment of the successor? Who will be first to gain the ear of the king?"

"I know not," replied the Jesuit; "but I am this instant summoned to Uzeda. Pardon my haste."

So saying, Aliaga glided away.

"With Sandoval y Roxas," muttered Don Juan, "dies the last protector of Calderon and Lerma; unless, indeed, the wily marquis can persuade the king to make Aliaga, his friend, the late cardinal's successor. But Aliaga seeks Uzeda, — Uzeda, his foe and rival. What can this portend?"

Thus soliloquizing, the governor silently continued his way till he came to a door by which stood two men, masked, who saluted him with a mute inclination of the head. The door opened and again closed, as the governor entered.

Meanwhile the confessor had gained the palace of the Duke d'Uzeda. Uzeda was not alone; with him was a man whose sallow complexion, ill-favored features, and simple dress strangely contrasted the showy person and sumptuous habiliments of the duke. But the instant this personage opened his lips, the comparison was no longer to his prejudice. Something in the sparkle of his deep-set eye, in the singular enchantment of his smile, — and above all, in the tone of a very musical and earnest voice, chained attention at once to his words. And, whatever those words, there was about the man, and his mode of thought and expression, the stamp of a mind at

once crafty and commanding. This personage was Gasper de Guzman, then but a gentleman of the prince's chamber (which post he owed to Calderon whose creature he was supposed to be), afterwards so celebrated in the history of Philip IV. as Count of Olivares, and prime minister of Spain.

The conversation between Guzman and Uzeda, just before the Jesuit entered, was drawing to a close.

"You see," said Uzeda, "that if we desire to crush Calderon, it is on the Inquisition that we must depend. Now is the time to elect, in the successor of Sandoval y Roxas, one pledged to the favorite's ruin. The reason I choose Aliaga is this,—Calderon will never suspect his friendship, and will not therefore thwart us with the king. The Jesuit, who would sell all Christendom for the sake of advancement to his order or himself, will gladly sell Calderon to obtain the chair of the Inquisition."

"I believe it," replied Guzman. "I approve your choice, and you may rely on me to destroy Calderon with the prince. I have found out the way to rule Philip; it is by never giving him a right to despise his favorites,—it is, to flatter his vanity, but not to share his vices. Trust me, you alone—if you follow my suggestions—can be minister to the Fourth Philip."

Here a page entered to announce Don Fray Louis de Aliaga.

Uzeda advanced to the door and received the holy man with profound respect.

"Be seated, father, and let me at once to business; for time presses, and all must be despatched to-night. Before interest is made by others with the king, we must be prompt in gaining the appointment of Sandoval's successor."

"Report says that the cardinal-duke, your father, himself desires the vacant chair of the Inquisition."

"My poor father! he is old,—his sun has set. No, Aliaga; I have thought of one fitter for that high and stern office,—in a word, that appointment rests with yourself. I can make you Grand Inquisitor of Spain,—I."

"Me!" said the Jesuit, and he turned aside his face.
"You jest with me, noble son."

"I am serious,—hear me. We have been foes and rivals; why should not our path be the same? Calderon has deprived you of friends more powerful than himself. His hour is come. The Duke de Lerma's downfall cannot be avoided; if it could, I, his son, would not, as you may suppose, withhold my hand. But business fatigues him; he is old,—the affairs of Spain are in a deplorable condition; they need younger and abler hands. My father will not repine at a retirement suited to his years, and which shall be made honorable to his gray hairs. But some victim must glut the rage of the people; that victim must be the upstart Calderon; the means of his punishment, the Inquisition. Now, you understand me. On one condition you shall be the successor to Sandoval. Know that I do not promise without the power to fulfil. The instant I learned that the late cardinal's death was certain, I repaired to the king. I have the promise of the appointment; and this night your name shall, if you accept the condition, and Calderon does not in the interim see the king and prevent the nomination, receive the royal sanction."

"Our excellent Aliaga cannot hesitate," said Don Gaspar de Guzman. "The order of Loyola rests upon shoulders that can well support the load."

Before that trio separated, the compact was completed. Aliaga practised against his friend the lesson he had

preached to him,—that the end sanctifies all means. Scarce had Aliaga departed ere Juan de la Nuza entered; for Uzeda, who sought to make the Inquisition his chief instrument of power, courted the friendship of all its officers. He readily promised to obtain the release of Fonseca; and, in effect, it was but little after midnight when an order arrived at the prison for the release of Don Martin Fonseca, accompanied by a note from the duke to the prisoner, full of affectionate professions, and requesting to see him the next morning.

Late as the hour was, and in spite of the expostulations of the governor, who wished him to remain the night within the prison, in the hope to extract from him his secret, Fonseca no sooner received the order than he claimed and obtained his liberation.

CHAPTER X.

We Reap what we Sow.

WITH emotions of joy and triumph such as had never yet agitated his reckless and abandoned youth, the Infant of Spain bent his way towards the lonely house on the road to Fuencarral. He descended from his carriage when about a hundred yards from the abode, and proceeded on foot to the appointed place.

The Jew opened the door to the prince with a hideous grin on his hollow cheek; and Philip hastened up the stairs, and, entering the chamber we have before described, beheld, to his inconceivable consternation and dismay, the form of Beatriz clasped in the arms of Calderon, her head leaning on his bosom; while his voice, half choked with passionate sobs, called upon her in the most endearing terms.

For a moment the prince stood, spellbound and speechless, at the threshold; then, striking the hilt of his sword fiercely, he exclaimed, "Traitor! is it thus that thou hast kept thy promise? Dost thou not tremble at my vengeance?"

"Peace! peace!" said Calderon, in an imperious but sepulchral tone, and waving one hand with a gesture of impatience and rebuke, while with the other he removed the long clustering hair that fell over the pale face of the still insensible novice. "Peace! Prince of Spain; thy voice scares back the struggling life, — peace! Look up, image and relic of the lost, — the murdered, the martyr! Hush! do you hear her breathe, or is she

with her mother in that heaven which is closed on me? Live! live! my daughter, my child,—live! For thy life in the World Hereafter will *not* be mine!"

"What means this?" said the prince, falteringly. "What delusion do thy wiles practise upon me?"

Calderon made no answer; and at that instant Beatriz sighed heavily, and her eyes opened.

"My child! my child!—thou art my child! Speak,—let me hear thy voice: again let it call me 'father!'"

And Calderon dropped on his knees, and, clasping his hands fervently, looked up imploringly in her face. The novice, now slowly returning to life and consciousness, strove to speak: her voice failed her, but her lips smiled upon Calderon, and her arms fell feebly but endearingly round his neck.

"Bless thee! bless thee!" exclaimed Calderon. "Bless thee in thy sweet mother's name!"

While he spoke, the eyes of Beatriz caught the form of Philip, who stood by, leaning on his sword; his face working with various passions, and his lip curling with stern and intense disdain. Accustomed to know human life but in its worst shapes, and Calderon only by his vices and his arts, the voice of Nature uttered no language intelligible to the prince. He regarded the whole as some well-got-up device,—some trick of the stage; and waited with impatience and scorn the *dénouement* of the imposture.

At the sight of that mocking face Beatriz shuddered, and fell back; but her very alarm revived her, and, starting to her feet, she exclaimed, "Save me from that bad man,—save me! My father, I *am* safe with thee!"

"Safe!" echoed Calderon,—"ay, safe against the world. But not," he added, looking round and in a low and muttered tone,—"not in this foul abode; its

very air pollutes thee. Let us hence: come — come — my daughter!" and winding his arm round her waist, he hurried her towards the door.

"Back, traitor!" cried Philip, placing himself full in the path of the distracted and half-delirious father. "Back! thinkest thou that I, thy master and thy prince, am to be thus duped and thus insulted? Not for thine own pleasures hast thou snatched her, whom I have honored with my love, from the sanctuary of the Church. Go, if thou wilt; but Beatriz remains. This roof is sacred to my will. Back! or thy next step is on the point of my sword."

"Menace not, speak not, Philip,—I am desperate. I am beside myself,—I cannot parley with thee. Away! by thy hopes of heaven, away! I am no longer thy minion, thy tool. I am a father, and the protector of my child."

"Brave device, notable tale!" cried Philip, scornfully and placing his back against the door. "The little actress plays her part well, it must be owned,—it is her trade; but thou art a bungler, my gentle Calderon."

For a moment the courtier stood, not irresolute, but overcome with the passions that shook to their centre a nature the stormy and stern elements of which the habit of years had rather mastered than quelled. At last with a fierce cry he suddenly grasped the prince by the collar of his vest; and ere Philip could avail himself of his weapon, swung him aside with such violence that he lost his balance and (his foot slipping on the polished floor) fell to the ground. Calderon then opened the door, lifted Beatriz in both his arms, and fled precipitately down the stairs. He could no longer trust to chance and delay, against the dangers of that abode.

CHAPTER XI.

Howsoever the Rivers Wind, the Ocean Receives them All.

MEANWHILE Fonseca had reached the convent, had found the porter gone, and, with a mind convulsed with apprehension and doubt, had flown on the wings of love and fear to the house indicated by Calderon. The grim and solitary mansion came just in sight—the moon streaming sadly over its gray and antique walls—when he heard his name pronounced; and the convent porter emerged from the shadow of a wall beside which he had ensconced himself.

“Don Martin! it is thou, indeed; blessed be the saints! I began to fear—nay, I fear now,—that we were deceived.”

“Speak, man, but stop me not! Speak! what horrors hast thou to utter?”

“I knew the cavalier whom thou didst send in thy place! Who knows not Roderigo Calderon? I trembled when I saw him lift the novice into the carriage; but I thought I should, as agreed, be companion in the flight. Not so. Don Roderigo briefly told me to hide where I could this night, and that to-morrow he would arrange preparations for my flight from Madrid. My mind misgave me, for Calderon’s name is blackened by many curses. I resolved to follow the carriage. I did so; but my breath and speed nearly failed, when fortunately the carriage was stopped and entangled by a crowd in the street. No lackeys were behind; I mounted the footboard unobserved, and descended and

hid myself when the carriage stopped. I knew not the house, but I knew the neighborhood,—a brother of mine lives at hand. I sought my relative for a night's shelter. I learned that dark stories had given to that house an evil name. It was one of those which the Prince of Spain had consecrated to the pursuits that have dishonored so many families in Madrid. I resolved again to go forth and watch. Scarce had I reached this very spot when I saw a carriage approach rapidly. I secreted myself behind a buttress, and saw the carriage halt; and a man descended, and walked to the house. See there—there, by yon crossing, the carriage still waits. The man was wrapped in a mantle. I know not whom he may be; but—”

“Heaven!” cried Fonseca, as they were now close before the door of the house at which Calderon's carriage still stood; “I hear a noise, a shriek, within.”

Scarce had he spoken when the door opened. Voices were heard in loud altercation; presently the form of the Jew was thrown on the pavement, and dashing aside another man, who seemed striving to detain him, Calderon appeared,—his drawn sword in his right hand, his left arm clasped around Beatriz.

Fonseca darted forward.

“My lover! my betrothed!” exclaimed the voice of the novice: “thou art come to save us,—to save thy Beatriz!”

“Yes; and to chastize the betrayer!” exclaimed Fonseca, in a voice of thunder. “Leave thy victim, villain! Defend thyself!”

He made a desperate lunge at Calderon, while he spoke. The marquis feebly parried the stroke.

“Hold!” he cried. “Not on me!”

“No, no!” exclaimed Beatriz, throwing herself on

her father's breast. The words came too late. Blinded and deafened with rage, Fonseca had again, with more sure and deadly aim, directed his weapon against his supposed foe. The blade struck home, but not to the heart of Calderon. It was Beatriz, bathed in her blood, who fell at the feet of her frenzied lover.

"Daughter and mother both!" muttered Calderon; and he fell, as if the steel had pierced his own heart, beside his child.

"Wretch! what hast thou done?" uttered a voice strange to the ear of Fonseca,—a voice half stifled with horror, and, perhaps, remorse. The Prince of Spain stood on the spot, and his feet were dabbled in the blood of the virgin martyr. The moonlight alone lighted that spectacle of crime and death; and the faces of all seemed ghastly beneath its beams. Beatriz turned her eyes upon her lover, with an expression of celestial compassion and divine forgiveness; then sinking upon Calderon's breast, she muttered,—

"Pardon him! pardon him, father! I shall tell my mother that thou hast blessed me!"

It was not for several days after that night of terror that Calderon was heard of at the court. His absence was unaccountable; for, though the flight of the novice was of course known, her fate was not suspected; and her rank had been too insignificant to create much interest in her escape or much vigilance in pursuit. But of that absence the courtier's enemies well availed themselves. The plans of the cabal were ripe; and the aid of the Inquisition, by the appointment of Aliaga, was added to the machinations of Uzeda's partisans. The king was deeply incensed at the mysterious absence of Calderon, for which a thousand ingenious conjectures

were invented. The Duke of Lerma, infirm and enfeebled by years, was unable to confront his foes. With imbecile despair he called on the name of Calderon; and when no trace of that powerful ally could be discovered, he forbore even to seek an interview with the king. Suddenly the storm broke. One evening Lerma received the royal order to surrender his posts, and to quit the court by daybreak. It was in this very hour that the door of Lerma's chamber opened, and Roderigo Calderon stood before him. But how changed, how blasted from his former self! His eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, and their fire was quenched; his cheeks were hollow, his frame bent, and, when he spoke, his voice was as that of one calling from the tomb.

“Behold me, Duke de Lerma, I am returned at last!”

“Returned! — blessings on thee! Where hast thou been? Why didst thou desert me? — no matter, thou art returned! Fly to the king, — tell him I am not old! I do not want repose. Defeat the villany of my unnatural son! They would banish me, Calderon, — banish me in the very prime of my years! My son says I am old, — old! ha, ha! Fly to the prince; he too has immured himself in his apartment. He would not see me; he will see *thee*!”

“Ay, the prince! we have cause to love each other!”

“Ye have, indeed! Hasten, Calderon; not a moment is to be lost! Banished! Calderon, *shall* I be banished?” And the old man, bursting into tears, fell at the feet of Calderon, and clasped his knees. “Go, go, I implore thee! Save me; I loved *thee*, Calderon, I always loved thee. Shall our foes triumph? Shall the horn of the wicked be exalted?”

For a moment (so great is the mechanical power of habit) there returned to Calderon something of his

wonted energy and spirit; a light broke from his sunken eyes; he drew himself up to the full of his stately height. "I thought I had done with courts and with life," said he; "but I will make one more effort: I will not forsake you in your hour of need. Yes, Uzeda shall be baffled; I will seek the king. Fear not, my lord, fear not; the charm of my power is not yet broken."

So saying, Calderon raised the cardinal from the ground, and, extricating himself from the old man's grasp, strode, with his customary air of majestic self-reliance, to the door. Just ere he reached it, three low but regular knocks sounded on the panel; the door opened, and the space without was filled with the dark forms of the officers of the Inquisition.

"Stand!" said a deep voice; "stand, Roderigo Calderon, Marquis de Siete Iglesias: in the name of the most Holy Inquisition, we arrest thee!"

"Aliaga!" muttered Calderon, falling back.

"Peace!" interrupted the Jesuit. "Officers, remove your prisoner."

"Poor old man," said Calderon, turning towards the cardinal, who stood spellbound and speechless, "thy life at least is safe. For me, I defy fate!—lead on!"

The Prince of Spain soon recovered from the shock which the death of Beatriz at first occasioned him. New pleasures chased away even remorse. He appeared again in public a few days after the arrest of Calderon; and he made strong intercession on behalf of his former favorite. But even had the Inquisition desired to relax its grasp, or Uzeda to forego his vengeance, so great was the exultation of the people at the fall of the dreaded and obnoxious secretary, and so numerous the charges which party malignity added to those which truth could

lay at his door, that it would have required a far bolder monarch than Philip III. to have braved the voice of a whole nation for the sake of a disgraced minister. The prince himself was soon induced, by new favorites, to consider any further interference on his part equally impolitic as vain; and the Duke d'Uzeda and Don Gaspar de Guzman were minions quite as supple, while they were companions infinitely more respectable.

One day an officer, attending the levee of the prince, with whom he was a special favorite, presented a memorial, requesting the interest of his Highness for an appointment in the royal armies that, he had just learned by an express, was vacant.

“And whose death comes so opportunely for thy rise, Don Alvar?” asked the Infant.

“Don Martin Fonseca. He fell in the late skirmish, pierced by a hundred wounds.”

The prince started, and turned hastily away. The officer lost all favor from that hour, and never learned his offence.

Meanwhile months passed, and Calderon still languished in his dungeon. At last the Inquisition opened against him its dark register of accusations. First of these charges was that of sorcery, practised on the king; the rest were for the most part equally grotesque and extravagant. These accusations Calderon met with a dignity which confounded his foes, and belied the popular belief in the elements of his character. Submitted to the rack, he bore its tortures without a groan; and all historians have accorded concurrent testimony to the patience and heroism which characterized the close of his wild and meteoric career. At length Philip III. died; the Infant ascended the throne,—that prince for whom the ambitious courtier had perilled

alike life and soul! The people now believed that they should be defrauded of their victim. They were mistaken. The new king by this time had forgotten even the existence of the favorite of the prince. But Guzman, who, while affecting to minister to the interests of Uzeda, was secretly aiming at the monopoly of the royal favor, felt himself insecure while Calderon yet lived. The operations of the Inquisition were too slow for the impatience of his fears; and as that dread tribunal affected never to inflict death until the accused had confessed his guilt, the firmness of Calderon baffled the vengeance of the ecclesiastical law. New inquiries were set on foot: a corpse was discovered, buried in Calderon's garden,—the corpse of a female. He was accused of the murder. Upon that charge he was transferred from the Inquisition to the regular courts of justice. No evidence could be produced against him; but, to the astonishment of all, he made no defence, and his silence was held the witness of his crime. He was adjudged to the scaffold,—he smiled when he heard the sentence.

An immense crowd, one bright day in summer, were assembled in the place of execution. A shout of savage exultation rent the air as Roderigo Calderon, Marquis de Siete Iglesias, appeared upon the scaffold. But when the eyes of the multitude rested, not upon that lofty and stately form, in all the pride of manhood, which they had been accustomed to associate with their fears of the stern genius and iron power of the favorite, but upon a bent and spectral figure, that seemed already on the verge of a natural grave, with a face ploughed deep with traces of unutterable woe, and hollow eyes that looked, with dim and scarce conscious light, over the human sea that murmured and

swayed below, the tide of the popular emotion changed; to rage and triumph succeeded shame and pity. Not a hand was lifted up in accusation,—not a voice was raised in rebuke or joy. Beside Calderon stood the appointed priest, whispering cheer and consolation.

“Fear not, my son,” said the holy man. “The pang of the body strikes years of purgatory from thy doom. Think of this, and bless even the agony of this hour.”

“Yes!” muttered Calderon; “I do bless this hour. Inez, thy daughter has avenged thy murder! May Heaven accept the sacrifice! and may my eyes, even athwart the fiery gulf, awaken upon thee!”

With that a serene and contented smile passed over the face on which the crowd gazed with breathless awe. A minute more, and a groan, a cry, broke from that countless multitude; and a gory and ghastly head, severed from its trunk, was raised on high.

Two spectators of that execution were in one of the balconies that commanded a full view of its terrors.

“So perishes my worst foe!” said Uzeda.

“We must sacrifice all things, friends as foes, in the ruthless march of the Great Cause,” rejoined the Grand Inquisitor; but he sighed as he spoke.

“Guzman is now with the king,” said Uzeda, turning into the chamber. “I expect every instant a summons into the royal presence.”

“I cannot share thy sanguine hopes, my son,” said Aliaga, shaking his head. “My profession has made me a deep reader of human character. Gaspar de Guzman will remove every rival from his path.”

While he spoke, there entered a gentleman of the royal chamber. He presented to the Grand Inquisitor and the expectant duke two letters signed by the royal hand. They were the mandates of banishment and

disgrace. Not even the ghostly rank of the Grand Inquisitor, not even the profound manœuvres of the son of Lerma, availed them against the vigilance and vigor of the new favorite. Simultaneously, a shout from the changeable crowd below proclaimed that the king's choice of his new minister was published and approved.

And Aliaga and Uzeda exchanged glances that bespoke all the passions that make defeated ambition the worst fiend, as they heard the mighty cry, "LONG LIVE OLIVAREZ, THE REFORMER!"

That cry came, faint and muffled, to the ears of Philip IV., as he sat in his palace with his new minister.

"Whence that shout?" said the king, hastily.

"It rises, doubtless, from the honest hearts of your loyal people at the execution of Calderon."

Philip shaded his face with his hand, and mused a moment; then, turning to Olivarez with a sarcastic smile, he said: "Behold the moral of the life of a courtier, count! — What do they say of the new opera?"

At the close of his life, in disgrace and banishment, the count-duke, for the first time since they had been uttered, called to his recollection those words of his royal master.¹

¹ The fate of Calderon has given rise to many tales and legends. Amongst those who have best availed themselves of so fruitful a subject, may be ranked the late versatile and ingenious Telesforo de Trueba, in his work on "The Romance of Spain." In a few of the incidents, and in some of the names, his sketch, called "The Fortunes of Calderon," has a resemblance to the story just concluded. The plot, characters, and principal events are, however, widely distinct in our several adaptations of an ambiguous and unsatisfactory portion of Spanish history.

PAUSANIAS, THE SPARTAN.

Dedication.

TO

THE REV. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D.

CANON OF ELY,

AND REGIUS PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF CAMBRIDGE.

MY DEAR DR. KENNEDY, — Revised by your helpful hand, and corrected by your accurate scholarship, to whom may these pages be so fitly inscribed as to that one of their author's earliest and most honored friends,¹ whose generous assistance has enabled me to place them before the public in their present form ?

It is fully fifteen, if not twenty, years since my father commenced the composition of an historical romance on the subject of Pausanias, the Spartan Regent. Circumstances, which need not here be recorded, compelled him to lay aside the work thus begun ; but the subject continued to haunt his imagination and occupy his thoughts. He detected in it singular opportunities for effective exercise of the gifts most peculiar to his genius ; and repeatedly, in the intervals of other literary labor, he returned to the task which, though again and again interrupted, was never abandoned. To that rare combination of the imaginative and practical faculties which characterized

¹ The late Lord Lytton, in his unpublished autobiographical memoirs, describing his contemporaries at Cambridge, speaks of Dr. Kennedy as "a young giant of learning." — L.

my father's intellect, and received from his life such varied illustration, the story of Pausanias, indeed, briefly as it is told by Thucydides and Plutarch, addressed itself with singular force. The vast conspiracy of the Spartan Regent, had it been successful, would have changed the whole course of Grecian history. To any student of political phenomena, but more especially to one who, during the greater part of his life, had been personally engaged in active politics, the story of such a conspiracy could not fail to be attractive. To the student of human nature the character of Pausanias himself offers sources of the deepest interest ; and in the strange career and tragic fate of the great conspirator, an imagination fascinated by the supernatural must have recognized remarkable elements of awe and terror. A few months previous to his death, I asked my father whether he had abandoned all intention of finishing his romance of "Pausanias." He replied, "On the contrary, I am finishing it now," and entered with great animation into a discussion of the subject and its capabilities. This reply to my inquiry surprised and impressed me ; for, as you are aware, my father was then engaged in the simultaneous composition of two other and very different works, "Kenelm Chillingly" and the "Parisians." It was the last time he ever spoke to me about "Pausanias ;" but from what he then said of it I derived an impression that the book was all but completed, and needing only a few finishing touches to be ready for publication at no distant date.

This impression was confirmed, subsequent to my father's death, by a letter of instructions about his posthumous papers which accompanied his will. In that letter, dated 1856, special allusion is made to "Pausanias" as a work already far advanced towards its conclusion.

You, to whom, in your kind and careful revision of it, this unfinished work has suggested many questions which, alas ! I cannot answer, as to the probable conduct and fate of its fictitious characters, will readily understand my reluctance to surrender an impression seemingly so well justified. I did not indeed cease to cherish it, until reiterated and exhaustive search had failed to recover from the "wallet" wherein Time

"puts alms for oblivion," more than those few imperfect fragments which, by your valued help, are here arranged in such order as to carry on the narrative of "Pausanias," with no solution of continuity, to the middle of the second volume.

There the manuscript breaks off. Was it ever continued further? I know not. Many circumstances induce me to believe that the conception had long been carefully completed in the mind of its author; but he has left behind him only a very meagre and imperfect indication of the course which, beyond the point where it is broken, his narrative was intended to follow. In the presence of this fact I have had to choose between the total suppression of the fragment, and the publication of it in its present form. My choice has not been made without hesitation; but I trust that, from many points of view, the following pages will be found to justify it.

Judiciously (as I cannot but think) for the purposes of his fiction, my father has taken up the story of Pausanias at a period subsequent to the battle of Platæa; when the Spartan Regent, as Admiral of the United Greek Fleet in the waters of Byzantium, was at the summit of his power and reputation. Mr. Grote, in his great work, expresses the opinion (which certainly cannot be disputed by unbiassed readers of Thueydides) that the victory of Platæa was not attributable to any remarkable abilities on the part of Pausanias. But Mr. Grote fairly recognizes as quite exceptional the fame and authority accorded to Pausanias, after the battle, by all the Hellenic States, the influence which his name commanded, and the awe which his character inspired. Not to the mere fact of his birth as an Heracleid, not to the lucky accident (if such it were) of his success at Platæa, and certainly not to his undisputed (but surely by no means uncommon) physical courage, is it possible to attribute the peculiar position which this remarkable man so long occupied in the estimation of his contemporaries. For the little that we know about Pausanias we are mainly dependent upon Athenian writers, who must have been strongly prejudiced against him. Mr. Grote, adopting (as any modern historian needs must do) the narrative so handed down to him, never once pauses to question its estimate of the

character of a man who was at one time the glory, and at another the terror of all Greece. Yet, in comparing the summary proceedings taken against Leotychides with the extreme and seemingly pusillanimous deference paid to Pausanias by the Ephors long after they possessed the most alarming proofs of his treason, Mr. Grote observes, without attempting to account for the fact, that Pausanias, though only Regent, was far more powerful than any Spartan king. Why so powerful? Obviously, because he possessed uncommon force of character; a force of character strikingly attested by every known incident of his career, and which, when concentrated upon the conception and execution of vast designs (even if those designs be criminal), must be recognized as the special attribute of genius. Thucydides, Plutarch, Diodorus, Grote,—all these writers ascribe solely to the administrative incapacity of Pausanias that offensive arrogance which characterized his command at Byzantium, and apparently cost Sparta the loss of her maritime hegemony. But here is precisely one of those problems in public policy and personal conduct which the historian bequeaths to the imaginative writer, and which needs for its solution a profound knowledge rather of human nature than of books. For dealing with such a problem my father, in addition to the intuitive penetration of character and motive which is common to every great romance writer, certainly possessed two qualifications special to himself,—the habit of dealing *practically* with political questions, and experience in the active management of men. His explanation of the policy of Pausanias at Byzantium, if it be not (as I think it is) the right one, is at least the only one yet offered. I venture to think that, historically, it merits attention; as, from the imaginative point of view, it is undoubtedly felicitous. By elevating our estimate of Pausanias as a statesman, it increases our interest in him as a man.

The author of "Pausanias" does not merely tell us that his hero, when in conference with the Spartan commissioners, displayed "great natural powers which, rightly trained, might have made him not less renowned in council than in war;" but he gives us, though briefly, the arguments used by Pausa-

nias. He presents to us the image, always interesting, of a man who grasps firmly the clear conception of a definite but difficult policy, for success in which he is dependent on the conscious or involuntary co-operation of men impenetrable to that conception, and possessed of a collective authority even greater than his own. To retain Sparta temporarily at the head of Greece was an ambition quite consistent with the more criminal designs of Pausanias; and his whole conduct at Byzantium is rendered more intelligible than it appears in history, when he points out that "for Sparta to maintain her ascendancy two things are needful: first, to continue the war by land; secondly, to disgust the Ionians with their sojourn at Byzantium, to send them with their ships back to their own havens, and so leave Hellas under the sole guardianship of the Spartans and their Peloponnesian allies." And who has not learned, in a later school, the wisdom of the Spartan commissioners? Do not their utterances sound familiar to us? "Increase of dominion is waste of life and treasure. Sparta is content to hold her own. What care we, who leads the Greeks into blows? The fewer blows the better. Brave men fight if they must; wise men never fight if they can help it." Of this scene and some others in the first volume of the present fragment (notably the scene in which the Regent confronts the allied chiefs, and defends himself against the charge of connivance at the escape of the Persian prisoners) I should have been tempted to say that they could not have been written without personal experience of political life, if the interview between Wallenstein and the Swedish ambassadors in Schiller's great trilogy did not recur to my recollection as I write. The language of the ambassadors in that interview is a perfect manual of practical diplomacy; and yet in practical diplomacy Schiller had no personal experience. There are, indeed, no limits to the creative power of genius. But it is perhaps the practical politician who will be most interested by the chapters in which Pausanias explains his policy, or defends his position.

In publishing a romance which its author has left unfinished I may perhaps be allowed to indicate briefly what I believe to

have been the general scope of its design, and the probable progress of its narrative.

The “domestic interest” of that narrative is supplied by the story of Cleonice, — a story which, briefly told by Plutarch, suggests one of the most tragic situations it is possible to conceive. The pathos and terror of this dark, weird episode in a life which history herself invests with all the character of romance, long haunted the imagination of Byron, and elicited from Goethe one of the most whimsical illustrations of the astonishing absurdity into which criticism sometimes tumbles, when it “o’erleaps itself and falls o’ the other—.”

Writing of “Manfred” and its author, he says, “There are properly speaking, two females whose phantoms forever haunt him; and which, in this piece also, perform principal parts, — one under the name of Astarte, the other without form or actual presence, and merely a voice. Of the horrid occurrence which took place with the former, the following is related: — When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady. Her husband discovered the amor, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one to whom any suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron removed from Florence, and *these spirits haunted him all his life after*. This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems; as, for instance, when turning his sad contemplations inwards, he applies to himself the fatal history of the King of Sparta. It is as follows: Pausanias, a Lacedæmonian general, acquires glory by the important victory at Platæa; but afterwards forfeits the confidence of his countrymen by his arrogance, obstinacy, and secret intrigues with the common enemy. This man draws upon himself the heavy guilt of innocent blood, which attends him to his end; for, while commanding the fleet of the allied Greeks in the Black Sea, he is inflamed with a violent passion for a Byzantine maiden. After long resistance, he at length obtains her from her parents; and she is to be delivered up to him at night. She modestly desires the servant to put out the lamp; and, while groping her way in the dark,

she overturns it. Pausanias is awakened from his sleep; apprehensive of an attack from murderers he seizes his sword and destroys his mistress. The horrid sight never leaves him. Her shade pursues him unceasingly, and in vain he implores aid of the gods and the exorcising priests. That poet must have a lacerated heart who selects such a scene from antiquity, appropriates it to himself, and burdens his tragic image with it.”¹

It is extremely characteristic of Byron, that instead of representing this charge of murder, he was so pleased by the criticism in which it occurs that he afterward dedicated “The Deformed Transformed” to Goethe. Mr. Grote repeats the story above alluded to, with all the sanction of his grave authority, and even mentions the name of the young lady; apparently for the sake of adding a few black strokes to his character of Pausanias. But the supernatural part of the legend was, of course, beneath the notice of a nineteenth-century critic; and he passes it by. This part of the story is, however, essential to the psychological interest of it. For whether it be that Pausanias supposed himself, or that contemporary gossips supposed him, to be haunted by the phantom of the woman he had loved and slain, the fact in either case affords a lurid glimpse into the inner life of the man; just as, although Goethe’s murder-story about Byron is ludicrously untrue, yet the fact that such a story was circulated, and could be seriously repeated by such a man as Goethe without being resented by Byron himself, offers significant illustration both of what Byron was, and of what he appeared to his contemporaries. Grote also assigns the death of Cleonice to that period in the life of Pausanias when he was in the command of the allies at Byzantium; and refers to it as one of the numerous outrages whereby Pausanias abused and disgraced the authority confided to him. Plutarch, however, who tells the story in greater detail, distinctly fixes the date of its catastrophe subsequent to the return of the Regent to Byzantium, as a solitary volunteer in the trireme of Hermione. The following is his account of the affair: —

¹ Moore’s “Life and Letters of Lord Byron.” p. 723.

"It is related that Pausanias, when at Byzantium, sought, with criminal purpose, the love of a young lady of good family, named Cleonice. The parents yielding to fear, or necessity, suffered him to carry away their daughter. Before entering his chamber, she requested that the light might be extinguished ; and in darkness and silence she approached the couch of Pausanias, who was already asleep. In so doing she accidentally upset the lamp. Pausanias, suddenly aroused from slumber, and supposing that some enemy was about to assassinate him, seized his sword, which lay by his bedside, and with it struck the maiden to the ground. She died of her wound; and from that moment repose was banished from the life of Pausanias. A spectre appeared to him every night in his sleep, and repeated to him in reproachful tones this hexameter verse, --

'Whither I wait thee march, and receive the doom thou deservest.
Sooner or later, but ever, to man crime bringeth disaster.'

The allies, scandalized by this misdeed, concerted with Cimon, and besieged Pausanias in Byzantium; but he succeeded in escaping. Continually troubled by the phantom, he took refuge, it is said, at Heraclea, in that temple where the souls of the dead are evoked. He appealed to Cleonice, and conjured her to mitigate his torment. She appeared to him, and told him that on his return to Sparta he would attain the end of his sufferings; indicating, as it would seem, by these enigmatic words, the death which there awaited him. This" (adds Plutarch) "is a story told by most of the historians."¹

I feel no doubt that this version of the story, or at least the general outline of it, would have been followed by the romance had my father lived to complete it. Some modification of its details would doubtless have been necessary for the purposes of fiction. But that the Cleonice of the novel is destined to die by the hand of her lover, is clearly indicated. To me it seems that considerable skill and judgment are shown in the pains taken, at the very opening of the book, to prepare the

¹ Plutarch, "Life of Cimon."

mind of the reader for an incident which would have been intolerably painful, and must have prematurely ended the whole narrative interest, had the character of Cleonice been drawn otherwise than as we find it in this first portion of the book. From the outset she appears before us under the shadow of a tragic fatality. Of that fatality she is herself intuitively conscious ; and with it her whole being is in harmony. No sooner do we recognize her real character than we perceive that for such a character there can be no fit or satisfactory issue from the difficulties of her position, in any conceivable combination of earthly circumstances. But she is not of the earth earthly. Her thoughts already habitually hover on the dim frontier of some vague, spiritual region in which her love seeks refuge from the hopeless realities of her life ; and recognizing this betimes, we are prepared to see above the hand of her ill-fated lover, when it strikes her down in the dark, the merciful and releasing hand of her natural destiny.

But assuming the author to have adopted Plutarch's chronology, and deferred the death of Cleonice till the return of Pausanias to Byzantium (the latest date to which he could possibly have deferred it), this catastrophe must still have occurred somewhere in the course, or at the close of his second volume. There would in that case have still remained about nine years (and those the most eventful) of his hero's career to be narrated. The premature removal of the heroine from the narrative, so early in the course of it, would, therefore, at first sight, appear to be a serious defect in the conception of this romance. Here it is, however, that the credulous gossip of the old biographer comes to the rescue of the modern artist. I apprehend that the Cleonice of the novel would, after her death, have been still sensibly present to the reader's imagination throughout the rest of the romance. She would then have moved through it like a fate, reappearing in the most solemn moments of the story, and at all times apparent, even when unseen, in her visible influence upon the fierce and passionate character, the sombre and turbulent career of her guilty lover. In short, we may fairly suppose that in all the closing scenes of the tragedy Cleonice would have still figured

and acted as one of those supernatural agencies which my father, following the example of his great predecessor, Scott, did not scruple to introduce into the composition of historical romance.¹

Without the explanation here suggested, those metaphysical conversations between Cleonice, Alcman, and Pausanias, which occupy the opening chapters of Book II., might be deemed superfluous. But, in fact, they are essential to the preparation of the catastrophe ; and that catastrophe, if reached, would undoubtedly have revealed to any reflective reader their important connection with the narrative which they now appear to retard somewhat unduly.

Quite apart from the unfinished manuscript of this story of Pausanias, and in another portion of my father's papers which have no reference to this story, I have discovered the following undated memorandum of the destined contents of the second and third volumes of the work.

PAUSANIAS.

VOL. II.

Lysander. — Sparta — Ephors. — Decision to recall Pausanias. 60.

Pausanias with Pharnabazes. — On the point of success. — Xerxes' daughter. — Interview with Cleonice. — Recalled. 60.

Sparta. — Alcman with his family. 60.

Cleonice. — Antagoras. — Yields to suit of marriage. 60.

Pausanias suddenly reappears, as a volunteer. — Scenes. 60.

VOL. III.

Pausanias removes Cleonice, etc. — Conspiracy against him. — Up to Cleonice's death. 100.

His expulsion from Byzantium. — His despair. — His journey into Thrace. — Scythians, etc. ?

Heraclea. — Ghost. 60.

His return — to Colonæ. ?

Antagoras resolved on revenge. — Communicates with Sparta. ?

The . . . — Conference with Alcman. — Pausanias depends on Helots, and money. 40.

His return — to death. 120.

¹ Harold.

This is the only indication I can find of the intended conclusion of the story. Meagre though it be, however, it sufficiently suggests the manner in which the author of the romance intended to deal with the circumstances of Cleonice's death as related by Plutarch. With her forcible removal by Pausanias, or her willing flight with him from the house of her father, it would probably have been difficult to reconcile the general sentiment of the romance, in connection with any circumstances less conceivable than those which are indicated in the memorandum. But in such circumstances the step taken by Pausanias might have had no worse motive than the rescue of the woman who loved him from forced union with another ; and Cleonice's assent to that step might have been quite compatible with the purity and heroism of her character. In this manner, moreover, a strong motive is prepared for that sentiment of revenge on the part of Autagoras whereby the dramatic interest of the story might be greatly heightened in the subsequent chapters. The intended introduction of the supernatural element is also clearly indicated. But apart from this, fine opportunities for psychological analysis would doubtless have occurred in tracing the gradual deterioration of such a character as that of Pausanias, when, deprived of the guardian influence of a hope passionate but not impure, its craving for fierce excitement must have been stimulated by remorseful memories and impotent despairs. Indeed, the imperfect manuscript, now printed, contains only the exposition of a tragedy. All the most striking effects, all the strongest dramatic situations, have been reserved for the pages of the manuscript which, alas, are either lost or unwritten.

Who can doubt, for instance, how effectually in the closing scenes of this tragedy the grim image of Alithea might have assumed the place assigned to it by history ? All that we now see is the preparation made for its effective presentation in the foreground of such later scenes, by the chapter in the second volume describing the meeting between Lysander and the stern mother of his Spartan chief. In Lysander himself, moreover, we have the germ of a singularly dramatic situation. How would Lysander act in the final struggle which his

character and fate are already preparing for him, between patriotism and friendship, his fidelity to Pausanias, and his devotion to Sparta? Is Lysander's father intended for that Ephor, who, in the last moment, made the sign that warned Pausanias to take refuge in the temple which became his living tomb? Probably. Would Themistocles, who was so seriously compromised in the conspiracy of Pausanias, have appeared and played a part in those scenes on which the curtain must remain unlifted? Possibly. Is Aleman the helot who revealed to the Ephors the gigantic plots of his master just when those plots were on the eve of execution? There is much in the relations between Pausanias and the Mothon, as they are described in the opening chapters of the romance, which favors, and indeed renders almost irresistible, such a supposition. But then, on the other hand, what genius on the part of the author could reconcile us to the perpetration by his hero of a crime so mean, so cowardly, as that personal perfidy to which history ascribes the revelation of the Regent's far more excusable treasons, and their terrible punishment?

These questions must remain unanswered. The magician can wave his wand no more. The circle is broken, the spells are scattered, the secret lost. The images which he evoked, and which he alone could animate, remain before us incomplete, semi-articulate, unable to satisfy the curiosity they inspire. A group of fragments, in many places broken, you have helped me to restore. With what reverent and kindly care, with what disciplined judgment and felicitous suggestion, you have accomplished the difficult task so generously undertaken, let me here most gratefully attest. Beneath the sculptor's name allow me to inscribe upon the pedestal your own; and accept this sincere assurance of the inherited esteem and personal regard with which I am, my dear Dr. Kennedy.

Your obliged and faithful

LYTTON.

CINTRA, *July 5, 1875.*

PAUSANIAS, THE SPARTAN.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

ON one of the quays which bordered the unrivalled harbor of Byzantium, more than twenty-three centuries before the date at which this narrative is begun, stood two Athenians. In the waters of the haven rode the vessels of the Grecian Fleet. So deep was the basin, in which the tides are scarcely felt,¹ that the prows of some of the ships touched the quays; and the setting sun glittered upon the smooth and waxen surfaces of the prows, rich with diversified colors and wrought gilding. To the extreme right of the fleet, and nearly opposite the place upon which the Athenians stood, was a vessel still more profusely ornamented than the rest. On the prow were elaborately carved the heads of the twin deities of the Laconian mariner, Castor and Pollux; in the centre of the deck was a wooden edifice or pavilion, having a gilded roof and shaded by purple awnings, an imitation of the luxurious galleys of the Barbarian; while the parasemon, or flag, as it idly waved in the faint breeze of the gentle evening, exhibited the terrible serpent, which, if it was the fabulous type of demigods and heroes, might also be regarded

¹ Gibbon, ch. 17.

as an emblem of the wily but stern policy of the Spartan State. Such was the galley of the commander of the armament, which (after the reduction of Cyprus) had but lately wrested from the yoke of Persia that link between her European and Asiatic domains, that key of the Bosphorus, — “the Golden Horn” of Byzantium.¹

High above all other Greeks (Themistocles alone excepted) soared the fame of that renowned chief, Pausanias, Regent of Sparta and general of the allied troops at the victorious battlefield of Platæa. The spot on which the Athenians stood was lonely and now unoccupied, save by themselves and the sentries stationed at some distance on either hand. The larger proportion of the crews in the various vessels were on shore; but on the decks idly reclined small groups of sailors, and the murmur of their voices stole, indistinguishably blended, upon the transulcent air. Behind rose, one above the other, the Seven Hills, on which long afterwards the Emperor Constantine built a second Rome; and over these heights, even then, buildings were scattered of various forms and dates, — here the pillared temples of the Greek colonists, to whom Byzantium owed its origin; there the light roofs and painted domes which the Eastern conquerors had introduced.

One of the Athenians was a man in the meridian of manhood, of a calm, sedate, but somewhat haughty aspect; the other was in the full bloom of youth, of lofty stature, and with a certain majesty of bearing. Down his shoulders flowed a profusion of long, curled hair,² divided

¹ “The harbor of Constantinople, which may be considered as an arm of the Bosphorus, obtained in a very remote period the denomination of the Golden Horn. The curve which it describes might be compared to the horn of a stag, or, as it should seem, with more propriety, to that of an ox.” — Gib. c. 17; Strab. l. x.

² Ion *apud* Plut.

in the centre of the forehead, and connected with golden clasps, in which was wrought the emblem of the Athenian nobles, — the Grasshopper, — a fashion not yet obsolete, as it had become in the days of Thucydides. Still, to an observer there was something heavy in the ordinary expression of the handsome countenance. His dress differed from the earlier fashion of the Ionians; it dispensed with those loose linen garments which had something of effeminacy in their folds, and was confined to the simple and statue-like grace that characterized the Dorian garb. Yet the clasp that fastened the chlamys upon the right shoulder, leaving the arm free, was of pure gold and exquisite workmanship, and the materials of the simple vesture were of a quality that betokened wealth and rank in the wearer.

“Yes, Cimon,” said the elder of the Athenians, “yonder galley itself affords sufficient testimony of the change that has come over the haughty Spartan. It is difficult, indeed, to recognize in this luxurious satrap, who affects the dress, the manners, the very insolence of the Barbarian, that Pausanias who, after the glorious day of Platæa, ordered the slaves to prepare in the tent of Mardonius such a banquet as would have been served to the Persian, while his own Spartan broth and bread were set beside it in order that he might utter to the chiefs of Greece that noble pleasantry, ‘Behold the folly of the Persians, who forsook such splendor to plunder such poverty.’”¹

“Shame upon his degeneracy, and thrice shame!” said the young Cimon, sternly. “I love the Spartans so well that I blush for whatever degrades them. And all Sparta is dwarfed by the effeminacy of her chief.”

“Softly, Cimon,” said Aristides, with a sober smile.

¹ Herod. ix. 82.

“ Whatever surprise we may feel at the corruption of Pausanias, he is not one who will allow us to feel contempt. Through all the voluptuous softness acquired by intercourse with these Barbarians, the strong nature of the descendant of the demigod still breaks forth. Even at the distaff I recognize Alcides, whether for evil or for good. Pausanias is one on whom our most anxious gaze must be duly bent. But in this change of his I rejoice; the gods are at work for Athens. See you not that, day after day, while Pausanias disgusts the allies with the Spartans themselves, he throws them more and more into the arms of Athens? Let his madness go on, and ere long the violet-crowned city will become the queen of the seas.”

“ Such was my own hope,” said Cimon, his face assuming a new expression, brightened with all the intelligence of ambition and pride; “ but I did not dare own it to myself till you spoke. Several officers of Ionia and the Isles have already openly and loudly proclaimed to me their wish to exchange the Spartan ascendancy for the Athenian.”

“ And with all your love for Sparta,” said Aristides, looking steadfastly and searchingly at his comrade, “ you would not then hesitate to rob her of a glory which you might bestow on your own Athens? ”

“ Ah, am I not Athenian? ” answered Cimon, with a deep passion in his voice. “ Though my great father perished a victim to the injustice of a faction, though he who had saved Athens from the Mede died in the Athenian dungeon, still, fatherless, I see in Athens but a mother; and if her voice sounded harshly in my boyish years, in manhood I have feasted on her smiles. Yes, I honor Sparta, but I love Athens. You have my answer.”

“ You speak well,” said Aristides, with warmth; “ you are worthy of the destinies for which I foresee that the son of Miltiades is reserved. Be wary, be cautious; above all, be smooth, and blend with men of every state and grade. I would wish that the allies themselves should draw the contrast between the insolence of the Spartan chief and the courtesy of the Athenians. What said you to the Ionian officers ? ”

“ I said that Athens held there was no difference between to command and to obey, except so far as was best for the interests of Greece; that as on the field of Platæa, when the Tegeans asserted precedence over the Athenians, we, the Athenian army, at once exclaimed, through your voice, Aristides, ‘ We come here to fight the Barbarian, not to dispute amongst ourselves; place us where you will,’¹— even so now, while the allies give the command to Sparta, Sparta we will obey. But if we were thought by the Grecian States the fittest leaders, our answer would be the same that we gave at Platæa, ‘ Not we, but Greece be consulted; place us where you will! ’ ”

“ O wise Cimon! ” exclaimed Aristides, “ I have no caution to bestow on you. You do by intuition that which I attempt by experience. But hark! What music sounds in the distance, — the airs that Lydia borrowed from the East? ”

“ And for which,” said Cimon, sarcastically, “ Pausanias hath abandoned the Dorian flute.”

Soft, airy, and voluptuous were indeed the sounds which now, from the streets leading upwards from the quay, floated along the delicious air. The sailors rose, listening and eager, from the decks; there was once more bustle, life, and animation on board the fleet.

¹ Plut. in Vit. Arist.

From several of the vessels the trumpets woke a sonorous signal-note. In a few minutes the quays, before so deserted, swarmed with the Grecian mariners, who emerged hastily, whether from various houses in the haven, or from the encampment which stretched along it, and hurried to their respective ships. On board the galley of Pausanias there was more especial animation; not only mariners, but slaves, evidently from the Eastern markets, were seen, jostling each other, and heard talking, quick and loud, in foreign tongues. Rich carpets were unfurled and laid across the deck, while trembling and hasty hands smoothed into yet more graceful folds the curtains that shaded the gay pavilion in the centre. The Athenians looked on, the one with thoughtful composure, the other with a bitter smile, while these preparations announced the unexpected and not undreaded approach of the great Pausanias.

“Ho, noble Cimon!” cried a young man who, hurrying towards one of the vessels, caught sight of the Athenians and paused. “You are the very person whom I most desired to see. Aristides too! — we are fortunate.”

The speaker was a young man of slighter make and lower stature than the Athenians, but well shaped, and with features the partial effeminacy of which was elevated by an expression of great vivacity and intelligence. The steed trained for Elis never bore in its proportions the evidence of blood and rare breeding more visibly than the dark, brilliant eye of this young man, his broad low transparent brow, expanded nostril, and sensitive lip revealed the passionate and somewhat arrogant character of the vivacious Greek of the Ægean Isles.

“Antagoras,” replied Cimon, laying his hand with frank and somewhat blunt cordiality on the Greek’s

shoulder, “like the grape of your own Chios, you cannot fail to be welcome at all times. But why would you seek us now ?”

“ Because I will no longer endure the insolence of this rude Spartan. Will you believe it, Cimon ?—will you believe it Aristides ? Pausanias has actually dared to sentence to blows, to stripes, one of my own men,—a free Chian; nay, a Decadarchus !¹ I have but this instant heard it. And the offence — Gods ! the *offence* ! — was that he ventured to contest with a Laconian, an underling in the Spartan army, which one of the two had the fair right to a wine cask ! Shall this be borne, Cimon ?”

“ Stripes to a Greek !” said Cimon, and the color mounted to his brow. “ Thinks Pausanias that the Ionian race are already his Helots ?”

“ Be calm,” said Aristides; “ Pausanias approaches. I will accost him.”

“ But listen still !” exclaimed Antagoras eagerly, plucking the gown of the Athenian as the latter turned away. “ When Pausanias heard of the contest between my soldier and his Laconian, what said he, think you ? ‘ Prior claim ; learn henceforth that, where the Spartans are to be found, the Spartans in all matters have the prior claim.’ ”

“ We will see to it,” returned Aristides, calmly ; “ but keep by my side.”

And now the music sounded loud and near, and suddenly, as the procession approached, the character of that music altered. The Lydian measures ceased ; those who had attuned them gave way to musicians of loftier aspect and simpler garb, in whom might be recognized, not indeed the genuine Spartans, but their free, if sub-

¹ Leader of ten men.

ordinate, countrymen of Laconia; and a minstrel, who walked beside them, broke out into a song, partially adapted from the bold and lively strain of Alcæus, the first two lines in each stanza ringing much to that chime, the two latter reduced into briefer compass, as, with allowance for the differing laws of national rhythm, we thus seek to render the verse:—

SONG.

Multitudes, backward ! Way for the Dorian ;
Way for the Lord of rocky Laconia ;
Heaven to Hercules opened
Way on the earth for his son.

Steel and fate, blunted, break on his fortitude ;
Two evils only never endureth he, —
Death by a wound in retreating,
Life with a blot on his name.

Rocky his birthplace; rocks are immutable ;
So are his laws, and so shall his glory be.
Time is the Victor of Nations,
Sparta the Victor of Time.

Watch o'er him heedful on the wide ocean,
Brothers of Helen, luminous guiding stars ;
Dangerous to Truth are the fickle,
Dangerous to Sparta the seas.

Multitudes, backward ! Way for the Conqueror ;
Way for the footstep half the world fled before ;
Nothing that Phœbus can shine on
Needs so much space as Renown.

Behind the musicians came ten Spartans, selected from the celebrated three hundred who claimed the right

to be stationed around the king in battle. Tall, stalwart, sheathed in armor, their shields slung at their backs, their crests of plumage or horsehair waving over their strong and stern features, these hardy warriors betrayed to the keen eye of Aristides their sullen discontent at the part assigned to them in the luxurious procession; their brows were knit, their lips contracted, and each of them who caught the glance of the Athenians, turned his eyes, as half in shame, half in anger, to the ground.

Coming now upon the quay, opposite to the galley of Pausanias, from which was suspended a ladder of silken cords, the procession halted, and opening on either side, left space in the midst for the commander.

“He comes,” whispered Antagoras to Cimon. “By Hercules! I pray you survey him well. Is it the conqueror of Mardonius, or the ghost of Mardonius himself?”

The question of the Chian seemed not extravagant to the blunt son of Miltiades, as his eyes now rested on Pausanias.

The pure Spartan race boasted, perhaps, the most superb models of masculine beauty which the land blessed by Apollo could afford. The laws that regulate marriage insured a healthful and vigorous progeny. Gymnastic discipline from early boyhood gave ease to the limbs, iron to the muscle, grace to the whole frame. Every Spartan, being born to command, being noble by his birth, lord of the Laconians, Master of the Helots, superior in the eyes of Greece to all other Greeks, was at once a Republican and an Aristocrat. Schooled in the arts that compose the presence and give calmness and majesty to the bearing, he combined with the mere physical advantages of activity and strength a conscious

and yet natural dignity of mien. Amidst the Greeks assembled at the Olympian contests, others showed richer garments, more sumptuous chariots, rarer steeds, but no state could vie with Sparta in the thews and sinews, the aspect and the majesty of the men. Nor were the royal race, the descendants of Hercules, in external appearance unworthy of their countrymen and of their fabled origin.

Sculptor and painter would have vainly tasked their imaginative minds to invent a nobler ideal for the effigies of a hero than that which the Victor of Plataea offered to their inspiration. As he now paused amidst the group, he towered high above them all,—even above Cimon himself; but in his stature there was nothing of the cumbrous bulk and stolid heaviness which often destroy the beauty of vast strength. Severe and early training, long habits of rigid abstemiousness, the toils of war, and more than all, perhaps, the constant play of a restless, anxious, aspiring temper, had left, undisfigured by superfluous flesh, the grand proportions of a frame, the very spareness of which had at once the strength and the beauty of one of those hardy victors in the wrestling or boxing match, whose agility and force are modelled by discipline to the purest forms of grace. Without that exact and chiselled harmony of countenance which characterized perhaps the Ionic rather than the Doric race, the features of the royal Spartan were noble and commanding. His complexion was sunburnt, almost to Oriental swarthiness, and the raven's plume had no darker gloss than that of his long hair, which (contrary to the Spartan custom), flowing on either side, mingled with the closer curls of the beard. To a scrutinizing gaze, the more dignified and prepossessing effect of this exterior would perhaps have been counterbalanced

by an eye, bright indeed and penetrating, but restless and suspicious, by a certain ineffable mixture of arrogant pride and profound melancholy in the general expression of the countenance, ill according with that frank and serene aspect which best becomes the face of one who would lead mankind. About him altogether—the countenance, the form, the bearing—there was that which woke a vague, profound, and singular interest; an interest somewhat mingled with awe, but not altogether uncalculated to produce that affection which belongs to admiration, save when the sudden frown or disdainful lip repelled the gentler impulse and tended rather to excite fear, or to irritate pride, or to wound self-love.

But if the form and features of Pausanias were eminently those of the purest race of Greece, the dress which he assumed was no less characteristic of the Barbarian. He wore, not the garb of the noble Persian race, which, close and simple, was but little less manly than that of the Greeks, but the flowing and gorgeous garments of the Mede. His long gown, which swept the earth, was covered with flowers wrought in golden tissue. Instead of the Spartan hat, the high Median cap or tiara crowned his perfumed and lustrous hair, while (what of all was most hateful to Grecian eyes) he wore, though otherwise unarmed, the curved cimeter and short dirk that were the national weapons of the Barbarian. And as it was not customary, nor indeed legitimate, for the Greeks to wear weapons on peaceful occasions and with their ordinary costume, so this departure from the common practice had not only in itself something offensive to the jealous eyes of his comrades, but was rendered yet more obnoxious by the adoption of the very arms of the East.

By the side of Pausanias was a man whose dark beard

was already sown with gray. This man, named Gongylus, though a Greek, — a native of Eretria in Eubœa, — was in high command under the great Persian king. At the time of the barbarian invasion under Datis and Artaphernes he had deserted the cause of Greece, and had been rewarded with the lordship of four towns in Æolis. Few among the apostate Greeks were more deeply instructed in the language and manners of the Persians; and the intimate and sudden friendship that had grown up between him and the Spartan was regarded by the Greeks with the most bitter and angry suspicion. As if to show his contempt for the natural jealousy of his countrymen, Pausanias, however, had just given to the Eretrian the government of Byzantium itself, and with the command of the citadel had intrusted to him the custody of the Persian prisoners captured in that port. Among these were men of the highest rank and influence at the court of Xerxes; and it was more than rumored that of late Pausanias had visited and conferred with them, through the interpretation of Gongylus, far more frequently than became the General of the Greeks. Gongylus had one of those countenances which are observed when many of more striking semblance are overlooked. But the features were sharp and the visage lean, the eyes vivid and sparkling as those of the lynx, and the dark pupil seemed yet more dark from the extreme whiteness of the ball, from which it lessened or dilated with the impulse of the spirit which gave it fire. There was in that eye all the subtle craft, the plotting and restless malignity, which usually characterized those Greek renegades who prostituted their native energies to the rich service of the Barbarian; and the lips, narrow and thin, wore that everlasting smile which to the credulous disguises wile, and to the experi-

enced betrays it. Small, spare, and prematurely bent, the Eretrian supported himself by a staff, upon which now leaning, he glanced quickly and pryingly around, till his eyes rested upon the Athenians, with the young Chian standing in their rear.

“The Athenian captains are here to do you homage, Pausanias,” said he in a whisper, as he touched with his small, lean fingers the arm of the Spartan.

Pausanias turned and muttered to himself, and at that instant Aristides approached.

“If it please you, Pausanias, Cimon and myself, the leaders of the Athenians, would crave a hearing upon certain matters.”

“Son of Lysimachus, say on.”

“Your pardon, Pausanias,” returned the Athenian, lowering his voice, and with a smile,—“this is too crowded a council-hall; may we attend you on board your galley?”

“Not so,” answered the Spartan, haughtily; “the morning to affairs, the evening to recreation. We shall sail in the bay to see the moon rise; and if we indulge in consultations, it will be over our wine-cups. It is a good custom.”

“It is a Persian one,” said Cimon, bluntly.

“It is permitted to us,” returned the Spartan, coldly, “to borrow from those we conquer. But enough of this. I have no secrets with the Athenians. No matter if the whole city hear what you would address to Pausanias.”

“It is to complain,” said Aristides with calm emphasis, but still in an undertone.

“Ay, I doubt it not: the Athenians are eloquent in grumbling.”

“It was not found so at Plataea,” returned Cimon.

“Son of Miltiades,” said Pausanias, loftily, “your wit

outruns your experience. But my time is short. To the matter!"

"If you will have it so, I will speak," said Aristides, raising his voice. "Before your own Spartans, our comrades in arms, I proclaim our causes of complaint. Firstly, then, I demand release and compensation to seven Athenians, free-born and citizens, whom your orders have condemned to the unworthy punishment of standing all day in the open sun with the weight of iron anchors on their shoulders."

"The mutinous knaves!" exclaimed the Spartan. "They introduced into the camp the insolence of their own agora, and were publicly heard in the streets inveighing against myself as a favorer of the Persians."

"It was easy to confute the charge; it was tyrannical to punish words in men whose deeds had raised you to the command of Greece."

"*Their* deeds! Ye Gods, give me patience! By the help of Juno the protectress it was this brain and this arm that — But I will not justify myself by imitating the Athenian fashion of wordy boasting. Pass on to your next complaint."

"You have placed slaves — yes, Helots — around the springs, to drive away with scourges the soldiers that come for water."

"Not so, but merely to prevent others from filling their vases until the Spartans are supplied."

"And by what right —" began Cimon, but Aristides checked him with a gesture, and proceeded.

"That precedence is not warranted by custom, nor by the terms of our alliance; and the springs, O Pausanias, are bounteous enough to provide for all. I proceed. You have formally sentenced citizens and soldiers to the scourge. Nay, this very day you have extended the

sentence to one in actual command amongst the Chians. Is it not so, Antagoras?"

"It is," said the young Chian, coming forward boldly; "and in the name of my countrymen I demand justice."

"And I also, Uliades of Samos," said a thickset and burly Greek who had joined the group unobserved, "I demand justice. What, by the Gods! Are we to be all equals in the day of battle? 'My good sir, march here;' and, 'My dear sir, just run into that breach;' and yet when we have won the victory and should share the glory, is one state, nay, one man to seize the whole, and deal out iron anchors and tough cowhides to his companions? No, Spartans, this is not your view of the case; you suffer in the eyes of Greece by this misconduct. To Sparta itself I appeal."

"And what, most patient sir," said Pausanias, with calm sarcasm, though his eye shot fire, and the upper lip, on which no Spartan suffered the beard to grow, slightly quivered, — "what is *your* contribution to the catalogue of complaints?"

"Jest not, Pausanias; you will find me in earnest," answered Uliades, doggedly, and encouraged by the evident effect that his eloquence had produced upon the Spartans themselves. "I have met with a grievous wrong, and all Greece shall hear of it, if it be not redressed. My own brother, who at Mycale slew four Persians with his own hand, headed a detachment for forage. He and his men were met by a company of mixed Laconians and Helots, their forage taken from them, they themselves assaulted, and my brother, a man who has monies and maintains forty slaves of his own, struck thrice across the face by a rascally Helot. Now, Pausanias, your answer!"

"You have prepared a notable scene for the com-

mander of your forces, son of Lysimachus," said the Spartan, addressing himself to Aristides. "Far be it from me to affect the Agamemnon, but your friends are less modest in imitating the venerable model of Thersites. Enough" (and changing the tone of his voice, the chief stamped his foot vehemently to the ground): "we owe no account to our inferiors; we render no explanation save to Sparta and her Ephors."

"So be it, then," said Aristides, gravely; "we have our answer and you will hear of our appeal."

Pausanias changed color. "How?" said he, with a slight hesitation in his tone. "Mean you to threaten me — me — with carrying the busy tales of your disaffection to the Spartan government?"

"Time will show. Farewell, Pausanias. We will detain you no longer from your pastime."

"But — " began Uliades.

"Hush!" said the Athenian, laying his hand on the Samian's shoulder. "We will confer anon."

Pausanias paused a moment, irresolute and in thought. His eyes glanced towards his own countrymen, who, true to their rigid discipline, neither spake nor moved, but whose countenances were sullen and overcast; and at that moment his pride was shaken, and his heart misgave him. Gongylus watched his countenance; and once more laying his hand on his arm, said in a whisper,—

"He who seeks to rule never goes back."

"Tush! you know not the Spartans."

"But I know human nature; it is the same everywhere. You cannot yield to this insolence; to-morrow, of your own accord, send for these men separately and pacify them."

"You are right. Now to the vessel!"

With this, leaning on the shoulder of the Persian, and with a slight wave of his hand towards the Athenians,—he did not deign even that gesture to the island officers,—Pausanias advanced to the vessel, and slowly ascending, disappeared within his pavilion. The Spartans and the musicians followed; then, spare and swarthy, some half score of Egyptian sailors; last came a small party of Laconians and Helots, who, standing at some distance behind Pausanias, had not hitherto been observed. The former were but slightly armed; the latter had forsaken their customary rude and savage garb, and wore long gowns and gay tunics, somewhat in the fashion of the Lydians. With these last there was one of a mien and aspect that strongly differed from the lowering and ferocious cast of countenance common to the Helot race. He was of the ordinary stature, and his frame was not characterized by any appearance of unusual strength; but he trod the earth with a firm step and an erect crest, as if the curse of the slave had not yet destroyed the inborn dignity of the human being. There was a certain delicacy and refinement, rather of thought than beauty, in his clear, sharp, and singularly intelligent features. In contradistinction from the free-born Spartans, his hair was short, and curled close above a broad and manly forehead; and his large eyes of dark blue looked full and bold upon the Athenians with something, if not of defiance, at least of pride in their gaze, as he stalked by them to the vessel.

“A sturdy fellow for a Helot,” muttered Cimon.

“And merits well his freedom,” said the son of Lysimachus. “I remember him well. He is Alcman, the foster-brother of Pausanias, whom he attended at Platæa. Not a Spartan that day bore himself more bravely.”

"No doubt they will put him to death when he goes back to Sparta," said Antagoras. "When a Helot is brave, the Ephors clap the black mark against his name, and at the next crypteia he suddenly disappears."

"Pausanias may share the same fate as his Helot, for all I care," quoth Uliades. "Well, Athenians, what say you to the answer we have received?"

"That Sparta shall hear of it," answered Aristides.

"Ah, but is that all? Recollect the Ionians have the majority in the fleet; let us not wait for the slow Ephors. Let us at once throw off this insufferable yoke, and proclaim Athens the Mistress of the Seas. What say you, Cimon?"

"Let Aristides answer."

"Yonder lie the Athenian vessels," said Aristides. "Those who put themselves voluntarily under our protection we will not reject. But remember we assert no claim; we yield but to the general wish."

"Enough; I understand you," said Antagoras.

"Not quite," returned the Athenian with a smile. "The breach between you and Pausanias is begun, but it is not yet wide enough. You yourselves must do that which will annul all power in the Spartan, and then if ye come to Athens ye will find her as bold against the Doric despot as against the Barbarian foe."

"But speak more plainly. What would you have us do?" asked Uliades, rubbing his chin in great perplexity.

"Nay, nay, I have already said enough. Fare ye well, fellow-countrymen," and leaning lightly on the shoulder of Cimon, the Athenian passed on.

Meanwhile, the splendid galley of Pausanias slowly put forth into the farther waters of the bay. The oars

of the rowers broke the surface into countless phosphoric sparkles, and the sound they made, as they dashed amidst the gentle waters, seemed to keep time with the song and the instruments on the deck. The Ionians gazed in silence as the stately vessel, now shooting far ahead of the rest, swept into the centre of the bay. And the moon, just rising, shone full upon the glittering prow, and streaked the rippling billows over which it had bounded, with a light, as it were, of glory.

Antagoras sighed.

"What think you of?" asked the rough Samian.

"Peace," replied Antagoras. "In this hour, when the fair face of Artemis recalls the old legends of Endymion, is it not permitted to man to remember that before the iron age came the golden, before war reigned love?"

"Tush!" said Uliades. "Time enough to think of love when we have satisfied vengeance. Let us summon our friends, and hold council on the Spartan's insults."

"Whither goes now the Spartan?" murmured Antagoras abstractedly, as he suffered his companion to lead him away. Then halting abruptly, he struck his clinched hand on his breast.

"O Aphrodite!" he cried; "this night—this night I will seek thy temple. Hear my vows,—soothe my jealousy!"

"Ah," grunted Uliades, "if, as men say, thou lovest a fair Byzantine, Aphrodite will have sharp work to cure thee of jealousy, unless she first makes thee blind."

Antagoras smiled faintly, and the two Ionians moved on slowly and in silence. In a few minutes more the quays were deserted, and nothing but the blended

murmur, spreading wide and indistinct throughout the camp, and a noisier but occasional burst of merriment from those resorts of obscener pleasure which were profusely scattered along the haven, mingled with the whispers of “ the far resounding sea.”

CHAPTER II.

ON a couch, beneath his voluptuous awning, reclined Pausanias. The curtains, drawn aside, gave to view the moonlit ocean and the dim shadows of the shore, with the dark woods beyond, relieved by the distant lights of the city. On one side of the Spartan was a small table that supported goblets and vases of that exquisite wine which Maronea proffered to the thirst of the Byzantine; and those cooling and delicious fruits which the orchards around the city supplied as amply as the fabled gardens of the Hesperides, were heaped on the other side. Towards the foot of the couch, propped upon cushions piled on the floor, sat Gongylus, conversing in a low, earnest voice, and fixing his eyes steadfastly on the Spartan. The habits of the Eretrian's life, which had brought him in constant contact with the Persians, had infected his very language with the luxuriant extravagance of the East. And the thoughts he uttered made his language but too musical to the ears of the listening Spartan.

“ And fair as these climes may seem to you, and rich as are the gardens and granaries of Byzantium, yet to me who have stood on the terraces of Babylon, and looked upon groves covering with blossom and fruit the very fortresses and walls of that queen of nations; to me, who have roved amidst the vast delights of Susa, through palaces whose very porticos might enclose the limits of a Grecian city,—who have stood, awed and dazzled, in the courts of that wonder of the world,

that crown of the East, the marble magnificence of Persepolis,—to me, Pausanias, who have been thus admitted into the very heart of Persian glories, this city of Byzantium appears but a village of artisans and fishermen. The very foliage of its forests, pale and sickly, the very moonlight upon these waters, cold and smileless, ah, if thou couldst but see! But pardon me, I weary thee?"

"Not so," said the Spartan, who, raised upon his elbow, listened to the words of Gongylus with deep attention. "Proceed."

"Ah, if thou couldst but see the fair regions which the great king has apportioned to thy countryman Demaratus. And if a domain, that would satiate the ambition of the most craving of your earlier tyrants, fall to Demaratus, what would be the splendid satrapy in which the conqueror of Platæa might plant his throne?"

"In truth, my renown and my power are greater than those ever possessed by Demaratus," said the Spartan, musingly.

"Yet," pursued Gongylus, "it is not so much the mere extent of the territories which the grateful Xerxes could proffer to the brave Pausanias,—it is not their extent so much that might tempt desire, neither is it their stately forests, nor the fertile meadows, nor the ocean-like rivers, which the gods of the East have given to the race of Cyrus. There, free from the strange constraints which our austere customs and solemn Deities impose upon the Greeks, the beneficent Ormuzd scatters ever-varying delights upon the paths of men. All that art can invent, all that the marts of the universe can afford of the rare and voluptuous, are lavished upon abodes the splendor of which

even our idle dreams of Olympus never shadowed forth. There, instead of the harsh and imperious helpmate to whom the joyless Spartan confines his reluctant love, all the beauties of every clime contend for the smile of their lord. And wherever are turned the change-loving eyes of Passion, the Aphrodite of our poets, such as the Cytherean and the Cyprian fable her, seems to recline on the lotus leaf or to rise from the unruffled ocean of delight. Instead of the gloomy brows and the harsh tones of rivals envious of your fame, hosts of friends aspiring only to be followers will catch gladness from your smile or sorrow from your frown. There, no jarring contests with little men, who deem themselves the equals of the great, no jealous Ephor is found, to load the commonest acts of life with fetters of iron custom. Talk of liberty! Liberty in Sparta is but one eternal servitude; you cannot move, or eat, or sleep, save as the law directs. Your very children are wrested from you just in the age when their voices sound most sweet. Ye are not men; ye are machines. Call you this liberty, Pausanias? I, a Greek, have known both Grecian liberty and Persian royalty. Better be chieftain to a king than servant to a mob! But in Eretria, at least, pleasure was not denied. In Sparta the very Graces preside over discipline and war only."

"Your fire falls upon flax," said Pausanias, rising, and with passionate emotion. "And if you, the Greek of a happier state, you who know but by report the unnatural bondage to which the Spartans are subjected, can weary of the very name of Greek, what must be the feelings of one who from the cradle upward has been starved out of the genial desires of life? Even in earliest youth, while yet all other lands and customs were unknown, when it was duly poured into my ears

that to be born a Spartan constituted the glory and the bliss of earth, my soul sickened at the lesson, and my reason revolted against the lie. Often when my whole body was lacerated with stripes, disdaining to groan, I yet yearned to strike, and I cursed my savage tutors who denied pleasure even to childhood with all the madness of impotent revenge. My mother herself (sweet name elsewhere) had no kindness in her face. She was the pride of the matronage of Sparta, because of all our women Alithea was the most unsexed. When I went forth to my first crypteia, to watch, amidst the wintry dreariness of the mountains, upon the movements of the wretched Helots, to spy upon their sufferings, to take account of their groans, and if one more manly than the rest dared to mingle curses with his groans, to mark *him* for slaughter, as a wolf that threatened danger to the fold; to lurk, an assassin, about his home; to dog his walks; to fall on him unawares; to strike him from behind; to filch away his life; to bury him in the ravines, so that murder might leave no trace: when upon this initiating campaign, the virgin trials of our youth, I first set forth, my mother drew near, and girding me herself with my grandsire's sword, 'Go forth,' she said, 'as the young hound to the chase, to wind, to double, to leap on the prey, and to taste of blood. See, the sword is bright; show me the stains at thy return.' "

"Is it then true, as the Greeks generally declare," interrupted Gongylus, "that in these campaigns, or crypteias, the sole aim and object is the massacre of Helots?"

"Not so," replied Pausanias; "savage though the custom, it smells not so foully of the shambles. The avowed object is to harden the nerves of our youth.

Barefooted, unattended, through cold and storm, performing ourselves the most menial offices necessary to life, we wander for a certain season daily and nightly through the rugged territories of Laconia.¹ We go as boys,— we come back as men.² The avowed object, I say, is inurement to hardship, but with this is connected the secret end of keeping watch on these half-tamed and bull-like herds of men whom we call the Helots. If any be dangerous, we mark him for the knife. One of them had thrice been a ringleader in revolt. He was wary as well as fierce. He had escaped in three succeeding crypteias. To me, as one of the Heraclidæ, was assigned the honor of tracking and destroying him. For three days and three nights I dogged his footsteps (for he had caught the scent of the pursuers and fled), through forest and defile, through valley and crag, stealthily and relentlessly. I followed him close. At last, one evening, having lost sight of all my comrades, I came suddenly upon him as I emerged from a wood. It was a broad patch of waste land, through which rushed a stream swollen by the rains, and plunging with a sullen roar down a deep and gloomy precipice, that to the right and left bounded the waste, the stream in front, the wood in the rear. He was reclining by the stream, at which, with the hollow of his hand, he quenched his thirst. I paused to gaze upon him, and as I did so he turned and saw me. He rose, and fixed his eyes on mine, and we examined each other in silence. The Helots are rarely of tall stature, but this was a giant. His dress, that of his tribe, of rude sheepskins, and his cap made from the hide of a dog increased the

¹ Plat. Leg. i. p. 633. See also Müller's Dorians, vol. ii. p. 41.

² Pueros puberes,— neque prius in urbem redire quam viri facti essent — Justin, iii. 3.

savage rudeness of his appearance. I rejoiced that he saw me, and that, as we were alone, I might fight him fairly. It would have been terrible to slay the wretch if I had caught him in his sleep."

"Proceed," said Gongylus, with interest, for so little was known of Sparta by the rest of the Greeks, especially outside the Peloponnesus, that these details gratified his natural spirit of gossiping inquisitiveness.

"Stand!" said I, and he moved not. I approached him slowly. 'Thou art a Spartan,' said he, in a deep and harsh voice, 'and thou comest for my blood. Go, boy, go, thou art not mellowed to thy prime, and thy comrades are far away. The shears of the Fatal deities hover over the thread not of my life but of thine.' I was struck, Gongylus, by this address, for it was neither desperate nor dastardly, as I had anticipated; nevertheless, it beseemed not a Spartan to fly from a Helot, and I drew the sword which my mother had girded on. The Helot watched my movements, and seized a rude and knotted club that lay on the ground beside him.

"Wretch," said I, 'darest thou attack face to face a descendant of the Heraclidæ? In me behold Pausanias, the son of Cleombrotus.'

"Be it so; in the city one is the god-born, the other the man-enslaved. On the mountains we are equals.'

"Knowest thou not," said I, 'that if the Gods condemned me to die by thy hand, not only thou, but thy whole house, thy wife and thy children, would be sacrificed to my ghost?'

"The earth can hide the Spartan's bones as secretly as the Helot's," answered my strange foe. 'Begone, young and unfleshed in slaughter as you are; why make war upon me? My death can give you neither gold nor glory. I have never harmed thee or thine. How much

of the air and sun does this form take from the descendant of the Heraclidæ ?'

" ' Thrice hast thou raised revolt among the Helots, thrice at thy voice have they risen in bloody, though fruitless, strife against their masters.'

" ' Not at my voice, but at that of the two deities who are the war-gods of slaves, — Persecution and Despair.' ¹

" Impatient of this parley, I tarried no longer. I sprang upon the Helot. He evaded my sword, and I soon found that all my agility and skill were requisite to save me from the massive weapon, one blow of which would have sufficed to crush me. But the Helot seemed to stand on the defensive, and continued to back towards the wood from which I had emerged. Fearful lest he would escape me, I pressed hard on his footsteps. My blood grew warm; my fury got the better of my prudence. My foot stumbled; I recovered in an instant, and, looking up, beheld the terrible club suspended over my head; it might have fallen, but the stroke of death was withheld. I misinterpreted the merciful delay; the lifted arm left the body of my enemy exposed. I struck him on the side; the thick hide blunted the stroke, but it drew blood. Afraid to draw back within the reach of his weapon, I threw myself on him, and grappled to his throat. We rolled on the earth together; it was but a moment's struggle. Strong as I was even in boyhood, the Helot would have been a match for Alcides. A shade passed over my eyes; my breath heaved short. The slave was kneeling on my breast, and, dropping the club, he drew a short

¹ When Themistocles sought to extort tribute from the Andrians, he said, "I bring with me two powerful gods — Persuasion and Force." "And on our side," was the answer, "are two deities not less powerful — Poverty and Despair!"

knife from his girdle. I gazed upon him grim and mute. I was conquered, and I cared not for the rest.

“ The blood from his side, as he bent over me, trickled down upon my face.

“ ‘ And this blood,’ said the Helot, ‘ you shed in the very moment when I spared your life; such is the honor of a Spartan. Do you not deserve to die?’

“ ‘ Yes, for I am subdued, and by a slave. Strike!’

“ ‘ There,’ said the Helot in a melancholy and altered tone, — ‘ there speaks the soul of the Dorian, the fatal spirit to which the Gods have rendered up our wretched race. We are doomed, doomed, — and one victim will not expiate our curse. Rise, return to Sparta, and forget that thou art innocent of murder.’

“ He lifted his knee from my breast, and I rose, ashamed and humbled.

“ At that instant I heard the crashing of the leaves in the wood, for the air was exceedingly still. I knew that my companions were at hand. ‘ Fly,’ I cried; ‘ fly. If they come I cannot save thee, royal though I be. Fly.’

“ ‘ And *wouldest* thou save me!’ said the Helot in surprise.

“ ‘ Ay, with my own life. Canst thou doubt it? Lose not a moment. Fly. Yet stay;’ and I tore off a part of the woollen vest that I wore. ‘ Place this at thy side; stanch the blood, that it may not track thee. Now begone!’

“ The Helot looked hard at me, and I thought there were tears in his rude eyes; then catching up the club with as much ease as I this staff, he sped with inconceivable rapidity, despite his wound, towards the precipice on the right, and disappeared amidst the thick brambles that clothed the gorge. In a few moments

three of my companions approached. They found me exhausted, and panting rather with excitement than fatigue. Their quick eyes detected the blood upon the ground. I gave them no time to pause and examine. ‘He has escaped me,—he has fled,’ I cried; ‘follow,’ and I led them to the opposite part of the precipice from that which the Helot had taken. Heading the search, I pretended to catch a glimpse of the goatskin ever and anon through the trees, and I stayed not the pursuit till night grew dark, and I judged the victim was far away.”

“And he escaped?”

“He did. The crypteia ended. Three other Helots were slain, but not by me. We returned to Sparta, and my mother was comforted for my misfortune in not having slain my foe by seeing the stains on my grand-sire’s sword. I will tell thee a secret, Gongylus,”— (and here Pausanias lowered his voice, and looked anxiously toward him),—“since that day I have not hated the Helot race. Nay, it may be that I have loved them better than the Dorian.”

“I do not wonder at it; but has not your wounded giant yet met with his death?”

“No; I never related what had passed between us to any one save my father. He was gentle for a Spartan, and he rested not till Gylippus—so was the Helot named—obtained exemption from the black list. He dared not, however, attribute his intercession to the true cause. It happened, fortunately, that Gylippus was related to my own foster-brother, Alcman, brother to my nurse; and Alcman is celebrated in Sparta, not only for courage in war, but for arts in peace. He is a poet, and his strains please the Dorian ear, for they are stern and simple, and they breathe of war. Alcman’s merits

won forgiveness for the offences of Gyliппus. May the Gods be kind to his race!"

"Your Aleman seems one of no common intelligence, and your gentleness to him does not astonish me, though it seems often to raise a frown on the brows of your Spartans."

"We have lain on the same bosom," said Pausanias touchingly, "and his mother was kinder to me than my own. You must know that to those Helots who have been our foster-brothers, and whom we distinguish by the name of Mothons, our stern law relaxes. They have no rights of citizenship, it is true, but they cease to be slaves;¹ nay, sometimes they attain not only to entire emancipation, but to distinction. Aleman has bound his fate to mine. But to return, Gongylus. I tell thee that it is not thy descriptions of pomp and dominion that allure me, though I am not above the love of power, neither is it thy glowing promises, though blood too wild for a Dorian runs riot in my veins; but it is my deep loathing, my inexpressible disgust for Sparta and her laws, my horror at the thought of wearing away life in those sullen customs, amid that joyless round of tyrannic duties, in my rapture at the hope of escape, of life in a land which the eye of the Ephor never pierces; this it is, and this alone, O Persian, that makes me (the words must out) a traitor to my country, one who dreams of becoming a dependent on her foe."

"Nay," said Gongylus eagerly; for here Pausanias moved uneasily, and the color mounted to his brow. "Nay, speak not of dependence. Consider the pro-

¹ The appellation of Mothons was not confined to the Helots who claimed the connection of foster-brothers, but was given also to household slaves.

posals that you can alone condescend to offer to the great king. Can the conqueror of Platæa, with millions for his subjects, hold himself dependent, even on the sovereign of the East? How, hereafter, will the memories of our sterile Greece and your rocky Sparta fade from your mind; or be remembered only as a state of thraldom and bondage, which your riper manhood has outgrown!"

"I will try to think so, at least," said Pausanias gloomily. "And, come what may, I am not one to recede. I have thrown my shield into a fearful peril; but I will win it back or perish. Enough of this, Gongylus. Night advances. I will attend the appointment you have made. Take the boat, and within an hour I will meet you with the prisoners at the spot agreed on, near the Temple of Aphrodite. All things are prepared?"

"All," said Gongylus, rising, with a gleam of malignant joy on his dark face. "I leave thee, kingly slave of the rocky Sparta, to prepare the way for thee, as Satrap of half the East."

So saying he quitted the awning, and motioned three Egyptian sailors who lay on the deck without. A boat was lowered, and the sound of its oars woke Pausanias from the reverie into which the parting words of the Eretrian had plunged his mind.

CHAPTER III.

WITH a slow and thoughtful step, Pausanias passed on to the outer deck. The moon was up, and the vessel scarcely seemed to stir, so gently did it glide along the sparkling waters. They were still within the bay, and the shores rose, white and distinct, to his view. A group of Spartans, reclining by the side of the ship, were gazing listlessly on the waters. The Regent paused beside them.

“Ye weary of the ocean, methinks,” said he. “We Darians have not the merchant tastes of the Ionians.”¹

“Son of Cleombrotus,” said one of the group, a Spartan whose rank and services entitled him to more than ordinary familiarity with the chief, “it is not the ocean itself that we should dread, it is the contagion of those who, living on the element, seem to share in its ebb and flow. The Ionians are never three hours in the same mind.”

“For that reason,” said Pausanias, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the Spartan, “for that reason I have judged it advisable to adopt a rough manner with these innovators, to draw with a broad chalk the line between them and the Spartans, and to teach those who never knew discipline the stern duties of obedience. Think you I have done wisely?”

The Spartan, who had risen when Pausanias addressed him, drew his chief a little aside from the rest.

¹ No Spartan served as a sailor, or indeed condescended to any trade or calling, but that of war.

“Pausanias,” said he, “the hard Naxian stone best tames and tempers the fine steel;¹ but the steel may break if the workman be not skilful. These Athenians are grown insolent since Marathon, and their soft kindred of Asia have relighted the fires they took of old from the Cecropian Prytaneum. Their sail is moreumerous than ours; on the sea they find the courage they lose on land. Better be gentle with those wayward allies, for the Spartan greyhound shows not his teeth but to bite.”

“Perhaps you are right. I will consider these things, and appease the mutineers. But it goes hard with my pride, Thrasyllus, to make equals of this soft-tongued race. Why, these Ionians, do they not enjoy themselves in perpetual holidays?—spend days at the banquet?—ransack earth and sea for dainties and for perfumes?—and shall they be the equals of us men, who, from the age of seven to that of sixty, are wisely taught to make life so barren and toilsome, that we may well have no fear of death? I hate these sleek and merry feast-givers; they are a perpetual insult to our solemn existence.”

There was a strange mixture of irony and passion in the Spartan’s voice as he thus spoke, and Thrasyllus looked at him in grave surprise.

“There is nothing to envy in the woman-like debaucheries of the Ionian,” said he, after a pause.

“Envy! no; we only hate them, Thrasyllus. Yon Eretrian tells me rare things of the East. Time may come when we shall sup on the black broth in Susa.”

“The Gods forbid! Sparta never invades. Life with us is too precious, for we are few. Pausanias, I would we were well quit of Byzantium. I do not suspect you, not I; but there are those who look with vexed eyes on

¹ Pind. Isth. v. (vi.) 73.

those garments, and I, who love you, fear the sharp jealousies of the Ephors, to whose ears the birds carry all tidings."

"My poor Thrasyllus," said Pausanias, laughing scornfully, "think you that I wear these robes, or mimic the Median manners, for love of the Mede? No, no! But there are arts which save countries as well as those of war. This Gongylus is in the confidence of Xerxes. I desire to establish a peace for Greece upon everlasting foundations. Reflect; Persia hath millions yet left. Another invasion may find a different fortune; and even at the best Sparta gains nothing by these wars. Athens triumphs, not Lacedæmon. I would, I say, establish a peace with Persia. I would that Sparta, not Athens, should have that honor. Hence these flatteries to the Persian, — trivial to us who render them, sweet and powerful to those who receive. Remember these words hereafter, if the Ephors make question of my discretion. And now, Thrasyllus, return to our friends, and satisfy them as to the conduct of Pausanias."

Quitting Thrasyllus, the Regent now joined a young Spartan who stood alone by the prow in a musing attitude.

"Lysander, my friend, my only friend, my best-loved Lysander," said Pausanias, placing his hand on the Spartan's shoulder. "And why so sad?"

"How many leagues are we from Sparta?" answered Lysander mournfully.

"And canst thou sigh for the black broth, my friend? Come, how often hast thou said, 'Where Pausanias is, there is Sparta!'"

"Forgive me, I am ungrateful," said Lysander with warmth. "My benefactor, my guardian, my hero, forgive me if I have added to your own countless causes of

anxiety. Wherever you are there is life, and there glory. When I was just born, sickly and feeble, I was exposed on Taygetus. You, then a boy, heard my faint cry, and took on me that compassion which my parents had forsworn. You bore me to your father's roof; you interceded for my life; you prevailed even on your stern mother. I was saved; and the Gods smiled upon the infant whom the son of the humane Hercules protected. I grew up strong and hardy, and belied the signs of my birth. My parents then owned me; but still you were my fosterer, my saviour, my more than father. As I grew up, placed under your care, I imbibed my first lessons of war. By your side I fought, and from your example I won glory. Yes, Pausanias, even here, amidst luxuries which revolt me more than the Parthian bow and the Persian sword, even amidst the faces of the stranger, I still feel thy presence my home, thyself my Sparta."

The proud Pausanias was touched, and his voice trembled as he replied, "Brother in arms and in love, whatever service fate may have allowed me to render unto thee, thy high nature and thy cheering affection have more than paid me back. Often in our lonely rambles amidst the dark oaks of the sacred Scotitas,¹ or by the wayward waters of Tiasa,² when I have poured into thy faithful breast my impatient loathing, my ineffable distaste for the iron life, the countless and wearisome tyrannies of custom which surround the Spartans, often have I found a consoling refuge in thy divine contentment, thy cheerful wisdom. Thou lovest Sparta; why is she not worthier of thy love? Allowed only to be half men, in war we are demigods, in peace, slaves. Thou wouldest interrupt me. Be silent. I am in a wilful mood; thou canst not comprehend me, and I

¹ Paus Lac. x.

² Ib., c. xviii.

often marvel at thee. Still we are friends, such friends as the Dorian discipline, which makes friendship necessary in order to endure life, alone can form. Come, take up thy staff and mantle. Thou shalt be my companion ashore. I seek one whom alone in the world I love better than thee. To-morrow to stern duties once more. Alcman shall row us across the bay, and as we glide along, if thou wilt praise Sparta, I will listen to thee as the Ionians listen to their tale-tellers. Ho! Alcman, stop the rowers, and lower the boat."

The orders were obeyed, and a second boat soon darted towards the same part of the bay as that to which the one that bore Gongylus had directed its course. Thrasyllus and his companions watched the boat that bore Pausanias and his two comrades, as it bounded arrow-like over the glassy sea.

"Whither goes Pausanias?" asked one of the Spartans.

"Back to Byzantium on business," replied Thrasyllus.

"And we?"

"Are to cruise in the bay till his return."

"Pausanias is changed."

"Sparta will restore him to what he was. Nothing thrives out of Sparta. Even man spoils."

"True, sleep is the sole constant friend, the same in all climates."

CHAPTER IV.

ON the shore to the right of the port of Byzantium were at that time thickly scattered the villas or suburban retreats of the wealthier and more luxurious citizens. Byzantium was originally colonized by the Megarians, a Dorian race kindred with that of Sparta; and the old features of the pure and antique Hellas were still preserved in the dialect,¹ as well as in the forms of the descendants of the colonists; in their favorite deities, and rites, and traditions; even in the names of places, transferred from the sterile Megara to that fertile coast; in the rigid and helot-like slavery to which the native Bithynians were subjected, and in the attachment of their masters to the oligarchic principles of government. Nor was it till long after the present date, that democracy in its most corrupt and licentious form was introduced amongst them. But like all the Dorian colonies, when once they departed from the severe and masculine mode of life inherited from their ancestors, the reaction was rapid, the degeneracy complete. Even then the Byzantines, intermingled with the foreign merchants and traders that thronged their haven, and womanized by the soft contagion of the East, were voluptuous, timid, and prone to every excess save that of valor. The higher class were exceedingly wealthy, and gave to their vices or their pleasures a splendor and refinement of which the elder

¹ "The Byzantine dialect was in the time of Philip, as we know from the decree in Demosthenes, rich in Dorisms." — Müller on the Doric Dialect.

states of Greece were as yet unconscious. At a later period, indeed, we are informed that the Byzantine citizens had their habitual residence in the public hostels, and let their houses—not even taking the trouble to remove their wives—to the strangers who crowded their gay capital. And when their General found it necessary to demand their aid on the ramparts, he could only secure their attendance by ordering the taverns and cook-shops to be removed to the place of duty. Not yet so far sunk in sloth and debauch, the Byzantines were nevertheless hosts eminently dangerous to the austerer manners of their Greek visitors. The people, the women, the delicious wine, the balm of the subduing climate served to tempt the senses and relax the mind. Like all the Dorians, when freed from primitive restraint, the higher class, that is, the descendants of the colonists, were in themselves an agreeable, jovial race. They had that strong bias to humor, to jest, to satire, which in their ancestral Megara gave birth to the Grecian comedy, and which lurked even beneath the pithy aphorisms and rude merry-makings of the severe Spartan.

Such were the people with whom of late Pausanias had familiarly mixed, and with whose manners he contrasted, far too favorably for his honor and his peace, the habits of his countrymen.

It was in one of the villas we have described, the favorite abode of the rich Diagoras, and in an apartment connected with those more private recesses of the house appropriated to the females, that two persons were seated by a window which commanded a wide view of the glittering sea below. One of these was an old man in a long robe that reached to his feet, with a bald head and a beard in which some dark hairs yet withstood the encroachments of the gray. In his well-cut features and

large eyes were remains of the beauty that characterized his race; but the mouth was full and wide, the forehead low though broad, the cheeks swollen, the chin double, and the whole form corpulent and unwieldy. Still there was a jolly, sleek good humor about the aspect of the man that prepossessed you in his favor. This personage, who was no less than Diagoras himself, was reclining lazily upon a kind of narrow sofa cunningly inlaid with ivory, and studying new combinations in that scientific game which Palamedes is said to have invented at the siege of Troy.

His companion was of a very different appearance. She was a girl who to the eye of a northern stranger might have seemed about eighteen, though she was probably much younger, of a countenance so remarkable for intelligence that it was easy to see that her mind had outgrown her years. Beautiful she certainly was, yet scarcely of that beauty from which the Greek sculptor would have drawn his models. The features were not strictly regular, and yet so harmoniously did each blend with each, that to have amended one would have spoilt the whole. There was in the fulness and depth of the large but genial eye, with its sweeping fringe, and straight, slightly chiselled brow, more of Asia than of Greece. The lips, of the freshest red, were somewhat full and pouting, and dimples without number lay scattered round them,—lurking-places for the loves. Her complexion was clear though dark, and the purest and most virgin bloom mantled, now paler now richer, through the soft surface. At the time we speak of she was leaning against the open door with her arms crossed on her bosom, and her face turned towards the Byzantine. Her robe, of a deep yellow, so trying to the fair women of the North, became well the glowing

colors of her beauty,—the damask cheek, the purple hair. Like those of the Ionians, the sleeves of the robe, long and loose, descended to her hands, which were marvellously small and delicate. Long ear-rings which terminated in a kind of berry, studded with precious stones, then common only with the women of the East; a broad collar, or necklace, of the smaragdus or emerald; and large clasps, medallion like, where the swan-like throat joined the graceful shoulder, gave to her dress an appearance of opulence and splendor that betokened how much the ladies of Byzantium had borrowed from the fashions of the Oriental world. Nothing could exceed the lightness of her form, rounded, it is true, but slight and girlish, and the high instep, with the slender foot, so well set off by the embroidered sandal, would have suited such dances as those in which the huntress nymphs of Delos moved around Diana. The natural expression of her face, if countenance so mobile and changeful had one expression more predominant than another, appeared to be irresistibly arch and joyous, as of one full of youth and conscious of her beauty; yet, if a cloud came over the face, nothing could equal the thoughtful and deep sadness of the dark abstracted eyes, as if some touch of higher and more animated emotion — such as belongs to pride, or courage, or intellect — vibrated on the heart. The color rose, the form dilated, the lip quivered, the eye flashed light, and the mirthful expression heightened almost into the sublime. Yet, lovely as Cleonice was deemed at Byzantium, lovelier still as she would have appeared in modern eyes, she failed in what the Greeks generally, but especially the Spartans, deemed an essential of beauty,—in height of stature. Accustomed to look upon the virgin but as the future mother of a race of warriors, the Spartans saw beauty

only in those proportions which promised a robust and stately progeny, and the reader may remember the well-known story of the opprobrious reproaches, even, it is said, accompanied with stripes, which the Ephors addressed to a Spartan king for presuming to make choice of a wife below the ordinary stature. Cleonice was small and delicate, rather like the Peri of the Persian than the sturdy Grace of the Dorian. But her beauty was her least charm. She had all that feminine fascination of manner, wayward, varying, inexpressible, yet irresistible, which seizes hold of the imagination as well as the senses, and which has so often made willing slaves of the proud rulers of the world. In fact, Cleonice, the daughter of Diagoras, had enjoyed those advantages of womanly education wholly unknown at that time to the freeborn ladies of Greece proper, but which gave to the women of some of the isles and Ionian cities their celebrity in ancient story. Her mother was of Miletus, famed for the intellectual cultivation of the sex, no less than for their beauty,—of Miletus, the birthplace of Aspasia; of Miletus, from which those remarkable women who, under the name of Hetaeræ, exercised afterwards so signal an influence over the mind and manners of Athens, chiefly derived their origin, and who seem to have inspired an affection, which in depth, constancy, and fervor approached to the more chivalrous passion of the North. Such an education consisted not only in the feminine and household arts honored universally throughout Greece, but in a kind of spontaneous and luxuriant cultivation of all that captivates the fancy and enlivens the leisure. If there were something pedantic in their affectation of philosophy, it was so graced and vivified by a brilliancy of conversation, a charm of manner carried almost to a science, a womanly facil-

ity of softening all that comes within their circle, of suiting yet refining each complexity and discord of character admitted to their intercourse, that it had at least nothing masculine or harsh. Wisdom, taken lightly or easily, seemed but another shape of poetry. The matrons of Athens, who could often neither read nor write,— ignorant, vain, tawdry, and not always faithful, if we may trust to such scandal as has reached the modern time,— must have seemed insipid beside these brilliant strangers; and while certainly wanting their power to retain love, must have had but a doubtful superiority in the qualifications that insure esteem. But we are not to suppose that the *Hetaeræ* (that mysterious and important class peculiar to a certain state of society, and whose appellation we cannot render by any proper word in modern language) monopolized all the graces of their country-women. In the same cities were many of unblemished virtue and repute who possessed equal cultivation and attraction, but whom a more decorous life has concealed from the equivocal admiration of posterity; though the numerous female disciples of Pythagoras throw some light on their capacity and intellect. Amongst such as these had been the mother of Cleonice, not long since dead, and her daughter inherited and equalled her accomplishments, while her virgin youth, her inborn playfulness of manner, her pure guilelessness, which the secluded habits of the unmarried women at Byzantium preserved from all contagion, gave to qualities and gifts so little published abroad, the effect as it were of a happy and wondrous inspiration rather than of elaborate culture.

Such was the fair creature whom Diagoras, looking up from his pastime, thus addressed:—

“ And so, perverse one, thou canst not love this great hero, a proper person truly, and a mighty warrior, who will

eat you an army of Persians at a meal. 'These Spartan fighting-cocks want no garlic, I warrant you.'¹ And yet you can't love him, you little rogue."

"Why, my father," said Cleonice, with an arch smile and a slight blush, "even if I did look kindly on Pausanias, would it not be to my own sorrow? What Spartan — above all, what royal Spartan — may marry with a foreigner, and a Byzantine?"

"I did not precisely talk of marriage, — a very happy state, doubtless, to those who dislike too quiet a life, and a very honorable one, for war is honor itself; but I did not speak of that, Cleonice. I would only say that this man of might loves thee, — that he is rich, rich, rich. Pretty pickings at Plataea; and we have known losses, my child, sad losses. And if you do not love him, why, you can but smile and talk as if you did, and when the Spartan goes home, you will lose a tormentor and gain a dowry."

"My father, for shame!"

"Who talks of shame? You women are always so sharp at finding oracles in oak leaves, that one don't wonder Apollo makes choice of your sex for his priests. But listen to me, girl, seriously," and here Diagoras with a great effort raised himself on his elbow, and, lowering his voice, spoke with evident earnestness. "Pausanias has life and death, and, what is worse, wealth or poverty in his hands; he can raise or ruin us with a nod of his head, this black-curled Jupiter. They tell me that he is fierce, irascible, haughty; and

¹ Fighting-cocks were fed with garlic, to make them more fierce. The learned reader will remember how Theorus advised Dicæopolis to keep clear of the Thracians with garlic in their mouths. — See the *Acharnians* of Aristoph.

what slighted lover is not revengeful? For my sake, Cleonice, for your poor father's sake, show no scorn, no repugnance; be gentle, play with him, draw not down the thunderbolt, even if you turn from the golden shower."

While Diagoras spoke, the girl listened with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks, and there was an expression of such shame and sadness on her countenance, that even the Byzantine, pausing and looking up for a reply, was startled by it.

"My child," said he, hesitatingly and absorbed, "do not misconceive me. Cursed be the hour when the Spartan saw thee; but since the Fates have so served us, let us not make bad worse. I love thee, Cleonice, more dearly than the apple of my eye; it is for *thee* I fear, for *thee* I speak. Alas! it is not dishonor I recommend, it is force I would shun."

"Force!" said the girl, drawing up her form with sudden animation. "Fear not that. It is not Pausanias I dread, it is —"

"What then?"

"No matter; talk of this no more. Shall I sing to thee?"

"But Pausanias will visit us this very night."

"I know it. Hark!" and with her finger to her lip, her ear bent downward, her cheek varying from pale to red, from red to pale, the maiden stole beyond the window to a kind of platform or terrace that overhung the sea. There, the faint breeze stirring her long hair, and the moonlight full upon her face, she stood, as stood that immortal priestess who looked along the starry Hellespont for the young Leander; and her ear had not deceived her. The oars were dashing in the waves

below, and dark and rapid the boat bounded on towards the rocky shore. She gazed long and steadfastly on the dim and shadowy forms which that slender raft contained, and her eye detected amongst the three the loftier form of her haughty wooer. Presently the thick foliage that clothed the descent shut the boat, nearing the strand, from her view; but she now heard below, mellowed and softened in the still and fragrant air, the sound of the cithara and the melodious song of the Mothon, thus imperfectly rendered from the language of immortal melody.

SONG.

Carry a sword in the myrtle bough,
Ye who would honor the tyrant-slayer ;
I, in the leaves of the myrtle bough,
Carry a tyrant to slay myself.

I pluck'd the branch with a hasty hand,
But Love was lurking amidst the leaves ;
His bow is bent, and his shaft is poised,
And I must perish or pass the bough.

Maiden, I come with a gift to thee,
Maiden, I come with a myrtle wreath ;
Over thy forehead, or round thy breast,
Bind, I implore thee, my myrtle wreath.¹

From hand to hand by the banquet lights
On with the myrtle bough passes song :
From hand to hand by the silent stars
What with the myrtle wreath passes ? Love.

¹ Garlands were twined round the neck, or placed upon the bosom (*ὑποθυμίαδες*) See the quotations from Alcæus, Sappho, and Anacreon in Athenæus, book xiii. c. 17.

I bear the god in a myrtle wreath,
Under the stars let him pass to thee ;
Empty his quiver and bind his wings,
Then pass the myrtle wreath back to me.

Cleonice listened breathlessly to the words, and sighed heavily as they ceased. Then, as the foliage rustled below, she turned quickly into the chamber and seated herself at a little distance from Diagoras; to all appearance calm, indifferent, and composed. Was it Nature, or the arts of Miletus, that taught the young beauty the hereditary artifices of the sex?

“ So it is he, then ? ” said Diagoras, with a fidgety and nervous trepidation. “ Well, he chooses strange hours to visit us. But he is right; his visits cannot be too private. Cleonice, you look provokingly at your ease.”

Cleonice made no reply, but shifted her position so that the light from the lamp did not fall upon her face, while her father, hurrying to the threshold of his hall to receive his illustrious visitor, soon re-appeared with the Spartan Regent, talking as he entered with the volubility of one of the parasites of Alciphron and Athenaeus.

“ This is most kind, most affable. Cleonice said you would come, Pausanias, though I began to distrust you. The hours seem long to those who expect pleasure.”

“ And, Cleonice, *you* knew that I should come,” said Pausanias, approaching the fair Byzantine; but his step was timid, and there was no pride now in his anxious eye and bended brow.

“ You said you would come to-night,” said Cleonice, calmly, “ and Spartans, according to proverbs, speak the truth.”

“ When it is to their advantage, yes,”¹ said Pausanias, with a slight curl of his lips; and, as if the girl’s compliment to his countrymen had roused his spleen and changed his thoughts, he seated himself moodily by Cleonice, and remained silent.

The Byzantine stole an arch glance at the Spartan, as he thus sat, from the corner of her eyes, and said, after a pause,—

“ You Spartans ought to speak the truth more than other people, for you say much less. We too have our proverb at Byzantium, and one which implies that it requires some wit to tell fibs.”

“ Child, child!” exclaimed Diagoras, holding up his hand reprovingly, and directing a terrified look at the Spartan. To his great relief, Pausanias smiled, and replied,—

“ Fair maiden, we Dorians are said to have a wit peculiar to ourselves, but I confess that it is of a nature that is but little attractive to your sex. The Athenians are blander wooers.”

“ Do you ever attempt to woo in Lacedæmon, then? Ah, but the maidens there, perhaps, are not difficult to please.”

“ The girl puts me in a cold sweat!” muttered Diagoras, wiping his brow. And this time Pausanias did not smile; he colored, and answered gravely,—

“ And is it, then, a vain hope for a Spartan to please a Byzantine?”

“ You puzzle me. That is an enigma; put it to the oracle.”

¹ So said Thucydides of the Spartans, many years afterwards “They give evidence of honor among themselves, but with respect to others, they consider honorable whatever pleases them, and just whatever is to their advantage.”—See Thucyd. lib. v.

The Spartan raised his eyes towards Cleonice, and, as she saw the inquiring, perplexed look that his features assumed, the ruby lips broke into so wicked a smile, and the eyes that met his had so much laughter in them, that Pausanias was fairly bewitched out of his own displeasure.

“Ah, cruel one!” said he, lowering his voice, “I am not so proud of being Spartan that the thought should console me for thy mockery.”

“Not proud of being Spartan! say not so,” exclaimed Cleonice. “Who ever speaks of Greece and places not Sparta at her head? Who ever speaks of freedom and forgets Thermopylæ? Who ever burns for glory, and sighs not for the fame of Pausanias and Plateæa? Ah, yes, even in jest say not that you are not proud to be a Spartan!”

“The little fool!” cried Diagoras, chuckling, and mightily delighted; “she is quite mad about Sparta, — no wonder!”

Pausanias, surprised and moved by the burst of the fair Byzantine, gazed at her admiringly, and thought within himself how harshly the same sentiment would have sounded on the lips of a tall Spartan virgin; but when Cleonice heard the approving interlocution of Diagoras, her enthusiasm vanished from her face, and putting out her lips poutingly, she said, “Nay, father, I repeat only what others say of the Spartans. They are admirable heroes; but from the little I have seen, they are —”

“What?” said Pausanias, eagerly, and leaning nearer to Cleonice.

“Proud, dictatorial, and stern as companions.”

Pausanias once more drew back.

“There it is again!” groaned Diagoras. “I feel

exactly as if I were playing at odd and even with a lion; she does it to vex me. I shall retaliate and creep away."

"Cleonice," said Pausanias, with suppressed emotion, "you trifle with me, and I bear it."

"You are condescending. How would you avenge yourself?"

"How!"

"You would not beat me; you would not make me bear an anchor on the shoulders, as they say you do your soldiers. Shame on you! *you* bear with me! true, what help for you?"

"Maiden," said the Spartan, rising in great anger, "for him who loves and is slighted there is a revenge you have not mentioned."

"For him who *loves!* No, Spartan; for him who shuns disgrace and courts the fame dear to gods and men, there is no revenge upon women. Blush for your threat."

"You madden, but subdue me," said the Spartan as he turned away. He then first perceived that Diagoras had gone, — that they were alone. His contempt for the father awoke suspicion of the daughter. Again he approached and said, "Cleonice, I know but little of the fables of poets, yet is it an old maxim often sung and ever belied, that love scorned becomes hate. There are moments when I think I hate thee."

"And yet thou hast never loved me," said Cleonice; and there was something soft and tender in the tone of her voice, and the rough Spartan was again subdued.

"I never loved thee! What, then, is love? Is not thine image always before me? — amidst schemes, amidst perils of which thy very dreams have never presented equal perplexity or phantoms so uncertain, I am occu-

pied but with thee. Surely, as upon the hyacinth is written the exclamation of woe, so on this heart is graven thy name. Cleonice, you who know not what it is to love, you affect to deny or to question mine."

"And what," said Cleonice, blushing deeply, and with tears in her eyes, "what result can come from such a love? You may not wed with the stranger. And yet, Pausanias, yet you know that all other love dishonors the virgin even of Byzantium. You are silent; you turn away. Ah, do not let them wrong you. My father fears your power. If you love me, you are powerless; your power has passed to me. Is it not so? I, a weak girl, can rule, command, irritate, mock you, if I will. You may fly me, but not control."

"Do not tempt me too far, Cleonice," said the Spartan, with a faint smile.

"Nay, I will be merciful henceforth, and you, Pausanias, come here no more. Awake to the true sense of what is due to your divine ancestry, — your great name. Is it not told of you that, after the fall of Mardonius, you nobly dismissed to her country, unscathed and honored, the captive Coan lady?¹ Will you reverse at Byzantium the fame acquired at Platæa? Pausanias, spare us; appeal not to my father's fear, still less to his love of gold."

"I cannot, I cannot fly thee," said the Spartan, with great emotion. "You know not how stormy, how inexorable are the passions which burst forth after a whole youth of restraint. When nature breaks the barriers, she rushes headlong on her course. I am no gentle wooer; where in Sparta should I learn the art? But, if I love thee not as these mincing Ionians, who come with offerings of flowers and song, I do love thee

¹ Herod. ix

with all that fervor of which the old Dorian legends tell. I could brave, like the Thracian, the dark gates of Hades, were thy embrace my reward. Command me as thou wilt, make me thy slave in all things, even as Hercules was to Omphale: but tell me only that I may win thy love at last. Fear not. Why fear me? in my wildest moments a look from thee can control me. I ask but love for love. Without thy love thy beauty were valueless. Bid me not despair."

Cleonice turned pale, and the large tears that had gathered in her eyes fell slowly down her cheeks; but she did not withdraw her hand from his clasp, or avert her countenance from his eyes.

"I do not fear thee," said she, in a very low voice. "I told my father so; but — but —" (and here she drew back her hand and averted her face), "I fear myself."

"Ah, no, no," cried the delighted Spartan, detaining her; "do not fear to trust to thine own heart. Talk not of dishonor. There are" (and here the Spartan drew himself up, and his voice took a deeper swell), — "there are those on earth who hold themselves above the miserable judgments of the vulgar herd, who can emancipate themselves from those galling chains of custom and of country which helotise affection, genius, Nature herself. What is dishonor here may be glory elsewhere; and this hand, outstretched towards a mightier sceptre than Greek ever wielded yet, may dispense, not shame and sorrow, but glory and golden affluence to those I love."

"You amaze me, Pausanias. Now I fear you. What mean these mysterious boasts? Have you the dark ambition to restore in your own person that race of tyrants whom your country hath helped to sweep

away? Can you hope to change the laws of Sparta, and reign there, your will the state?"

"Cleonice, we touch upon matters that should not disturb the ears of women. Forgive me if I have been roused from myself."

"At Miletus — so have I heard my mother say — there were women worthy to be the confidants of men."

"But they were women who loved. Cleonice, I should rejoice in an hour when I might pour every thought into thy bosom."

At this moment there was heard on the strand below a single note from the Mothon's instrument, low, but prolonged; it ceased, and was again renewed. The royal conspirator started and breathed hard.

"It is the signal," he muttered; "they wait me. Cleonice," he said aloud, and with much earnestness in his voice, "I had hoped, ere we parted, to have drawn from your lips those assurances which would give me energy for the present, and hope in the future. Ah, turn not from me because my speech is plain and my manner rugged. What, Cleonice, what if I could defy the laws of Sparta; what if, instead of that gloomy soil, I could bear thee to lands where heaven and man alike smile benignant on love? Might I not hope then?"

"Do nothing to sully your fame."

"Is it, then, dear to thee?"

"It is a part of thee," said Cleonice falteringly; and as if she had said too much, she covered her face with her hands.

Emboldened by this emotion, the Spartan gave way to his passion and his joy. He clasped her in his arms, — his first embrace, — and kissed, with wild fervor, the crimsoned forehead, the veiling hands. Then, as he tore himself away, he cast his right arm aloft.

"O Hercules!" he cried, in a solemn and kindling adjuration, "my ancestor and my divine guardian, it was not by confining thy labors to one spot of earth, that thou wert borne from thy throne of fire to the seats of the Gods. Like thee I will spread the influence of my arms to nations whose glory shall be my name; and as thy sons, my fathers, expelled from Sparta, returned thither with sword and spear to defeat usurpers and to found the long dynasty of the Heracleids, even so may it be mine to visit that dread abode of torturers and spies, and to build up in the halls of the Atridæ a power worthier of the lineage of the demigod. Again the signal! Fear not, Cleonice, I will not tarnish my fame, but I will exchange the envy of abhorring rivals for the obedience of a world. One kiss more! Farewell!"

Ere Cleonice recovered herself, Pausanias was gone, his wild and uncomprehended boasts still ringing in her ear. She sighed heavily, and turned towards the opening that admitted to the terraces. There she stood watching for the parting of her lover's boat. It was midnight; the air, laden with the perfumes of a thousand fragrant shrubs and flowers that bloom along that coast in the rich luxuriance of Nature, was hushed and breathless. In its stillness every sound was audible, the rustling of a leaf, the ripple of a wave. She heard the murmur of whispered voices below, and in a few moments she recognized, emerging from the foliage, the form of Pausanias; but he was not alone. Who were his companions? In the deep lustre of that shining and splendid atmosphere she could see sufficient of the outline of their figures to observe that they were not dressed in the Grecian garb; their long robes betrayed the Persian.

They seemed conversing familiarly and eagerly as they passed along the smooth sands, till a curve in the wooded shore hid them from her view.

“ Why do I love him so,” said the girl, mechanically, “ and yet wrestle against that love? Dark forebodings tell me that Aphrodite smiles not on our vows. Woe is me! What will be the end? ”

CHAPTER V.

ON quitting Cleonice, Pausanias hastily traversed the long passage that communicated with a square peristyle or colonnade which again led, on the one hand, to the more public parts of the villa, and on the other, through a small door left ajar, conducted by a back entrance, to the garden and the sea-shore. Pursuing the latter path, the Spartan bounded down the descent and came upon an opening in the foliage, in which Lysander was seated beside the boat that had been drawn partially on the strand.

“Alone? Where is Alcman?”

“Yonder; you heard his signal?”

“I heard it.”

“Pausanias, they who seek you are Persians. Beware!”

“Of what,—murder? I am warned.”

“Murder to your good name. There are no arms against appearances.”

“But I may trust thee?” said the Regent, quickly; “and of Alcman’s faith I am convinced.”

“Why trust to any man what it were wisdom to reveal to the whole Grecian Council? To parley secretly with the foe is half a treason to our friends.”

“Lysander,” replied Pausanias, coldly, “you have much to learn before you can be wholly Spartan. Tarry here yet awhile.”

“What shall I do with this boy?” muttered the conspirator as he strode on. “I know that he will not

betray me, yet can I hope for his aid? I love him so well that I would fain he shared my fortunes. Perhaps by little and little I may lead him on. Meanwhile, his race and his name are so well accredited in Sparta, his father himself an Ephor, that his presence allays suspicion. Well, here are my Persians."

A little apart from the Mothon, who, resting his cithara on a fragment of rock, appeared to be absorbed in reflection, stood the men of the East. There were two of them; one of tall stature and noble presence, in the prime of life; the other more advanced in years, of a coarser make, a yet darker complexion, and of a sullen and gloomy countenance. They were not dressed alike; the taller, a Persian of pure blood, wore a short tunic that reached only to the knees, and the dress fitted to his shape without a single fold. On his round cap or bonnet glittered a string of those rare pearls, especially and immemorially prized in the East, which formed the favorite and characteristic ornament of the illustrious tribe of the Pasargadæ. The other, who was a Mede, differed scarcely in his dress from Pausanias himself, except that he was profusely covered with ornaments; his arms were decorated with bracelets, he wore ear-rings, and a broad collar of unpolished stones in a kind of filagree was suspended from his throat. Behind the Orientals stood Gongylus, leaning both hands on his staff, and watching the approach of Pausanias with the same icy smile and glittering eye with which he listened to the passionate invectives or flattered the dark ambition of the Spartan. The Orientals saluted Pausanias with a lofty gravity, and Gongylus, drawing near, said: "Son of Cleombrotus, the illustrious Ariamanes, kinsman to Xerxes, and of the House of the Achæmenids, is so far versed in the Grecian tongue

that I need not proffer my offices as interpreter. In Datis, the Mede, brother to the most renowned of the Magi, you behold a warrior worthy to assist the arms even of Pausanias."

"I greet ye in our Spartan phrase, 'The beautiful to the good,'" said Pausanias, regarding the Barbarians with an earnest gaze. "And I requested Gongylus to lead ye hither in order that I might confer with ye more at ease than in the confinement to which I regret ye are still sentenced. Not in prisons should be held the conversations of brave men."

"I know," said Ariamanes (the statelier of the Barbarians), in the Greek tongue, which he spoke intelligibly, indeed, but with slowness and hesitation, — "I know that I am with that hero who refused to dishonor the corpse of Mardonius; and even though a captive I converse without shame with my victor."

"Rested it with me alone, your captivity should cease," replied Pausanias. "War, that has made me acquainted with the valor of the Persians, has also enlightened me as to their character. Your king has ever been humane to such of the Greeks as have sought a refuge near his throne. I would but imitate his clemency."

"Had the great Darius less esteemed the Greeks he would never have invaded Greece. From the wanderers whom misfortune drove to his realms, he learned to wonder at the arts, the genius, the energies of the people of Hellas. He desired less to win their territories than to gain such subjects. Too vast, alas, was the work he bequeathed to Xerxes."

"He should not have trusted to force alone," returned Pausanias. "Greece may be won, but by the arts of her sons, not by the arms of the stranger. A Greek only

can subdue Greece. By such profound knowledge of the factions, the interests, the envies, and the jealousies of each state as a Greek alone can possess, the mistaken chain that binds them might be easily severed; some bought, some intimidated, and the few that hold out subdued amidst the apathy of the rest."

" You speak wisely, right hand of Hellas," answered the Persian, who had listened to these remarks with deep attention. " Yet had we in our armies your countryman, the brave Demaratus."

" But, if I have heard rightly, ye too often disdained his counsel. Had he been listened to there had been neither a Salamis nor a Platæa.¹ Yet Demaratus himself had been too long a stranger to Greece, and he knew little of any state save that of Sparta. Lives he still?"

" Surely yes, in honor and renown; little less than the son of Darius himself."

" And what reward would Xerxes bestow on one of greater influence than Demaratus; on one who has hitherto conquered every foe, and now beholds before him the conquest of Greece herself?"

" If such a man were found," answered the Persian,

¹ After the action at Thermopylæ, Demaratus advised Xerxes to send three hundred vessels to the Laconian coast, and seize the island of Cythera, which commanded Sparta. " The profound experience of Demaratus in the selfish and exclusive policy of his countrymen made him argue that if this were done the fear of Sparta for herself would prevent her joining the forces of the rest of Greece, and leave the latter a more easy prey to the invader." — *Athens, its Rise and Fall*. This advice was overruled by Achæmenes. So again, had the advice of Artemisia, the Carian princess, been taken, — to delay the naval engagement of Salamis, and rather to sail to the Peloponnesus, — the Greeks, failing of provisions and divided among themselves, would probably have dispersed.

“let his thought run loose, let his imagination rove, let him seek only how to find a fitting estimate of the gratitude of the king and the vastness of the service.”

Pausanias shaded his brow with his hand, and mused a few moments; then lifting his eyes to the Persian’s watchful but composed countenance, he said, with a slight smile,—

“Hard is it, O Persian, when the choice is actually before him, for a man to renounce his country. There have been hours within this very day when my desires swept afar from Sparta, from all Hellas, and rested on the tranquil pomp of Oriental Satrapies. But now, rude and stern parent though Sparta be to me, I feel still that I am her son; and, while we speak, a throne in stormy Hellas seems the fitting object of a Greek’s ambition. In a word, then, I would rise, and yet raise my country. I would have at my will a force that may suffice to overthrow in Sparta its grim and unnatural laws, to found amidst its rocks that single throne which the son of a demigod should ascend. From that throne I would spread my empire over the whole of Greece, Corinth and Athens being my tributaries. So that, though men now, and posterity hereafter, may say, ‘Pausanias overthrew the Spartan government,’ they shall add, ‘but Pausanias annexed to the Spartan sceptre the realm of Greece. Pausanias was a tyrant, but not a traitor.’ How, O Persian, can these designs accord with the policy of the Persian king?”

“Not without the authority of my master can I answer thee,” replied Ariamanes, “so that my answer may be as the king’s signet to his decree. But so much at least I say: that it is not the custom of the Persians to interfere with the institutions of those states with which they are connected. Thou desirest to make a

monarchy of Greece, with Sparta for its head. Be it so; the king my master will aid thee so to scheme and so to reign, provided thou dost but concede to him a vase of the water from thy fountains, a fragment of earth from thy gardens."

"In other words," said Pausanias, thoughtfully, but with a slight color on his brow, "if I hold my dominions tributary to the king?"

"The dominions that by the king's aid thou wilt have conquered. Is that a hard law?"

"To a Greek and a Spartan the very mimicry of allegiance to the foreigner is hard."

The Persian smiled. "Yet, if I understand thee aright, O Chief, even kings in Sparta are but subjects to their people. Slave to a crowd at home, or tributary to a throne abroad; slave every hour, or tributary for earth and water once a year, which is the freer lot?"

"Thou canst not understand our Grecian notions," replied Pausanias, "nor have I leisure to explain them. But though I may subdue Sparta to myself as to its native sovereign, I will not, even by a *typos*, subdue the land of the Heracleid to the Barbarian."

Ariamanes looked grave; the difficulty raised was serious. And here the craft of Gongylus interposed.

"This may be adjusted, Ariamanes, as befits both parties. Let Pausanias rule in Sparta as he lists, and Sparta stand free of tribute; but for all other states and cities that Pausanias, aided by the great king, shall conquer, let the vase be filled, and the earth be Grecian. Let him but render tribute for those lands which the Persians submit to his sceptre. So shall the pride of the Spartan be appeased, and the claims of the king be satisfied."

"Shall it be so?" said Pausanias.

"Instruct me so to propose to my master, and I will do my best to content him with the exception to the wonted rights of the Persian diadem. And then," continued Ariamanes, "then, Pausanias, Conqueror of Mardonius, Captain at Plataea, thou art indeed a man with whom the lord of Asia may treat as an equal. Greeks before thee have offered to render Greece to the king my master; but they were exiles and fugitives, they had nothing to risk or lose; thou hast fame, and command, and power, and riches, and all—"

"But for a throne," interrupted Gongylus.

"It does not matter what may be my motives," returned the Spartan gloomily, "and were I to tell them, you might not comprehend. But so much by way of explanation. You too have held command?"

"I have."

"If you knew that, when power became to you so sweet that it was as necessary to life itself as food and drink, it would then be snatched from you forever, and you would serve as a soldier in the very ranks you had commanded as a leader; if you knew that no matter what your services, your superiority, your desires, this shameful fall was inexorably doomed, might you not see humiliation in power itself, obscurity in renown, gloom in the present, despair in the future? And would it not seem to you nobler even to desert the camp than to sink into a subaltern?"

"Such a prospect has in our country made out of good subjects fierce rebels," observed the Persian.

"Ay, ay, I doubt it not," said Pausanias, laughing bitterly. "Well, then, such will be my lot, if I pluck not out a fairer one from the Fatal Urn. As Regent of Sparta, while my nephew is beardless, I am general of her armies, and I have the sway and functions of her

king. When he arrives at the customary age, I am a subject, a citizen, a nothing, a miserable fool of memories gnawing my heart away amidst joyless customs and stern austerities, with the recollection of the glories of Platæa and the delights of Byzantium. Persian, I am filled from the crown to the sole with the desire of power, with the tastes of pleasure. I have that within me which before my time has made heroes and traitors, raised demigods to Heaven, or chained the lofty Titans to the rocks of Hades. Something I may yet be; I know not what. But as the man never returns to the boy, so never, never, never once more, can I be again the Spartan subject. Enough; such as I am, I can fulfil what I have said to thee. Will thy king accept me as his ally, and ratify the terms I have proposed?"

"I feel well-nigh assured of it," answered the Persian; "for since thou hast spoken thus boldly, I will answer thee in the same strain. Know, then, that we of the pure race of Persia, we the sons of those who overthrew the Mede, and extended the race of the mountain tribe, from the Scythian to the Arab, from Egypt to Ind, we at least feel that no sacrifice were too great to redeem the disgrace we have suffered at the hands of thy countrymen; and the world itself were too small an empire, too confined a breathing-place for the son of Darius, if this nook of earth were still left without the pale of his dominion."

"This nook of earth? Ay, but Sparta itself must own no lord but me."

"It is agreed."

"If I release thee, wilt thou bear these offers to the king, travelling day and night till thou restest at the foot of his throne?"

"I should carry tidings too grateful to suffer me to loiter by the road."

"And Datis, he comprehends us not; but his eyes glitter fiercely on me. It is easy to see that thy comrade loves not the Greek."

"For that reason he will aid us well. Though but a Mede, and not admitted to the privileges of the Pasargadæ, his relationship to the most powerful and learned of our Magi, and his own services in war, have won him such influence with both priests and soldiers that I would fain have him as my companion. I will answer for his fidelity to our joint object."

"Enough; ye are both free. Gongylus, you will now conduct our friends to the place where the steeds await them. You will then privately return to the citadel, and give to their pretended escape the probable appearances we devised. Be quick, while it is yet night. One word more. Persian, our success depends upon thy speed. It is while the Greeks are yet at Byzantium, while I yet am in command, that we should strike the blow. If the king consent, through Gongylus thou wilt have means to advise me. A Persian army must march at once to the Phrygian confines, instructed to yield command to me when the hour comes to assume it. Delay not that aid by such vast and profitless recruits as swelled the pomp but embarrassed the arms of Xerxes. Armies too large rot by their own unwieldiness into decay. A band of 50,000, composed solely of the Medes and Persians, will more than suffice. With such an army, if my command be undisputed, I will win a second Platæa, but against the Greek."

"Your suggestions shall be law. May Ormuzd favor the bold!"

“ Away, Gongylus. You know the rest.”

Pausanias followed with thoughtful eyes the receding forms of Gongylus and the Barbarians. “ I have passed forever,” he muttered, “ the pillars of Hercules. I must go on or perish. If I fall, I die execrated and abhorred; if I succeed, the sound of the choral flutes will drown the hootings. Be it as it may, I do not and will not repent. If the wolf gnaw my entrails, none shall hear me groan.” He turned, and met the eyes of Aleman fixed on him so intently, so exultingly, that, wondering at their strange expression, he drew back and said haughtily, “ You imitate Medusa, but I am stone already.”

“ Nay,” said the Mothon, in a voice of great humility; “ if you are of stone, it is like the divine one which, when borne before armies, secures their victory. Blame me not that I gazed on you with triumph and hope; for while you conferred with the Persian, methought the murmurs that reached my ear sounded thus: ‘ When Pausanias shall rise, Sparta shall bend low, and the Helot shall break his chains.’ ”

“ They do not hate me, these Helots?”

“ You are the only Spartan they love.”

“ Were my life in danger from the Ephors — ”

“ The Helots would rise to a man.”

“ Did I plant my standard on Taygetus, though all Sparta encamped against it — ”

“ All the slaves would cut their way to thy side. O Pausanias, think how much nobler it were to reign over tens of thousands who become freemen at thy word than to be but the equal of 10,000 tyrants.”

“ The Helots fight well, when well led,” said Pausanias, as if to himself. “ Launch the boat.”

"Pardon me, Pausanias, but is it prudent any longer to trust Lysander? He is the pattern of the Spartan youth, and Sparta is his mistress. He loves her too well not to blab to her every secret."

"O Sparta, Sparta, wilt thou not leave me one friend?" exclaimed Pausanias. "No, Alcman, I will not separate myself from Lysander till I despair of his alliance. To your oars! be quick."

At the sound of the Mothon's tread upon the pebbles, Lysander, who had hitherto remained motionless, reclining by the boat, rose and advanced towards Pausanias. There was in his countenance, as the moon shining on it cast over his statue-like features a pale and marble hue, so much of anxiety, of affection, of fear, so much of the evident, unmistakable solicitude of friendship, that Pausanias, who, like most men, envied and unloved, was susceptible even of the semblance of attachment, muttered to himself, "No, thou wilt not desert me, nor I thee."

"My friend, my Pausanias," said Lysander, as he approached, "I have had fears, — I have seen omens. Undertake nothing, I beseech thee, which thou hast meditated this night."

"And what hast thou seen?" said Pausanias, with a slight change of countenance.

"I was praying the Gods for thee and Sparta when a star shot suddenly from the heavens. Pausanias, this is the eighth year, — the year in which on moonless nights the Ephors watch the heavens."

"And if a star fall they judge their kings," interrupted Pausanias (with a curl of his haughty lip), "to have offended the Gods, and suspend them from their office till acquitted by an oracle at Delphi, or a priest at

Olympia. A wise superstition. But, Lysander, the night is not moonless, and the omen is therefore nought."

Lysander shook his head mournfully, and followed his chieftain to the boat in gloomy silence.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

AT noon the next day, not only the vessels in the harbor presented the same appearance of inactivity and desertion which had characterized the preceding evening, but the camp itself seemed forsaken. Pausanias had quitted his ship for the citadel, in which he took up his lodgment when on shore; and most of the officers and sailors of the squadron were dispersed among the taverns and wine-shops, for which, even at that day, Byzantium was celebrated.

It was in one of the lowest and most popular of these latter resorts, and in a large and rude chamber, or rather outhouse, separated from the rest of the building, that a number of the Laconian Helots were assembled. Some of these were employed as sailors, others were the military attendants on the Regent and the Spartans who accompanied him.

At the time we speak of, these unhappy beings were in the full excitement of that wild and melancholy gayety which is almost peculiar to slaves in their hours of recreation, and in which reaction of wretchedness modern writers have discovered the indulgence of a native humor. Some of them were drinking deep, wrangling, jesting, laughing in loud discord over their cups. At another table rose the deep voice of a singer, chanting one of those antique airs known but to these degraded

sons of the Homeric Achæan, and probably in its origin going beyond the date of the Tale of Troy, — a song of gross and rustic buffoonery, but ever and anon charged with some image or thought worthy of that language of the universal Muses. His companions listened with a rude delight to the rough voice and homely sounds, and now and then interrupted the wassailers at the other tables by cries for silence, which none regarded. Here and there, with intense and fierce anxiety on their faces, small groups were playing at dice; for gambling is the passion of slaves. And many of these men, to whom wealth could bring no comfort, had secretly amassed large hoards at the plunder of Platæa, from which they had sold to the traders of Ægina gold at the price of brass. The appearance of the rioters was startling and melancholy. They were mostly stunted and undersized, as are generally the progeny of the sons of woe; lean and gaunt with early hardship, the spine of the back curved and bowed by habitual degradation, but with the hard-knit sinews and prominent muscles which are produced by labor and the mountain air; and under shaggy and lowering brows sparkled many a fierce, perfidious, and malignant eye; while as mirth or gaming or song aroused smiles in the various groups, the rude features spoke of passions easily released from the sullen bondage of servitude, and revealed the nature of the animals which thraldom had failed to tame. Here and there however were to be seen forms, unlike the rest, of stately stature, of fair proportions, wearing the divine lineaments of Grecian beauty. From some of these a higher nature spoke out, not in mirth, that last mockery of supreme woe, but in an expression of stern, grave, and disdainful melancholy; others, on the contrary, surpassed the rest in vehemence, clamor, and exuberant extra-

gance of emotion, as if their nobler physical development only served to entitle them to that base superiority. For health and vigor can make an aristocracy even among Helots. The garments of these merrymakers increased the peculiar effect of their general appearance. The Helots in military excursions naturally relinquished the rough sheep-skin dress that characterized their countrymen at home, the serfs of the soil. The sailors had thrown off, for coolness, the leathern jerkins they habitually wore, and, with their bare arms and breasts, looked as if of a race that yet shivered, primitive and unredeemed, on the outskirts of civilization.

Strangely contrasted with their rougher comrades, were those who, placed occasionally about the person of the Regent, were indulged with the loose and clean robes of gay colors worn by the Asiatic slaves; and these ever and anon glanced at their finery with an air of conscious triumph. Altogether, it was a sight that might well have appalled, by its solemn lessons of human change, the poet who would have beheld in that imbruted flock the descendants of the race over whom Pelops and Atreus and Menelaus and Agamemnon, the king of men, had held their antique sway, and might still more have saddened the philosopher who believed, as Menander has nobly written, "That Nature knows no slaves."

Suddenly, in the midst of the confused and uproarious hubbub, the door opened, and Aleman the Mothon entered the chamber. At this sight the clamor ceased in an instant. The party rose, as by a general impulse, and crowded round the new comer.

"My friends," said he, regarding them with the same calm and frigid indifference which usually characterized his demeanor, "you do well to make merry while you

may, for something tells me it will not last long. We shall return to Lacedæmon. You look black. So, then, is there no delight in the thought of home?"

"*Home!*" muttered one of the Helots; and the word, sounding drearily on his lips, was echoed by many, so that it circled like a groan.

"Yet ye have your children as much if ye were free," said Alcman.

"And for that reason it pains us to see them play, unaware of the future," said a Helot of better mien than his comrades.

"But do you know," returned the Mothon, gazing on the last speaker steadily, "that for your children there may not be a future fairer than that which your fathers knew?"

"Tush!" exclaimed one of the unhappy men, old before his time, and of an aspect singularly sullen and ferocious. "Such have been your half-hints and mystic prophecies for years. What good comes of them? Was there ever an oracle for Helots?"

"There was no repute in the oracles even of Apollo," returned Alcman, "till the Apollo-serving Dorians became conquerors. Oracles are the children of victories."

"But there are no victories for us," said the first speaker, mournfully.

"Never, if ye despair," said the Mothon, loftily. "What!" he added after a pause, looking round at the crowd,—"what! do ye not see that hope dawned upon us from the hour when thirty-five thousand of us were admitted as soldiers, ay, and as conquerors, at Platæa? From that moment we knew our strength. Listen to me. At Samos once a thousand slaves—mark me, but a thousand—escaped the yoke, seized on arms, fled to the mountains (we have mountains even in Laconia), descended

from time to time to devastate the fields and to harass their ancient lords. By habit they learned war, by desperation they grew indomitable. What became of these slaves? Were they cut off? Did they perish by hunger, by the sword, in the dungeon or field? No; those brave men were the founders of Ephesus."¹

"But the Samians were not Spartans," mumbled the old Helot.

"As ye will— as ye will!" said Alcman, relapsing into his usual coldness. "I wish you never to strike unless ye are prepared to die or conquer."

"Some of us are," said the younger Helot.

"Sacrifice a cock to the Fates, then."

"But why think you," asked one of the Helots, "that we shall be so soon summoned back to Laconia?"

"Because while ye are drinking and idling here,— drones that ye are!— there is commotion in the Athenian bee-hive yonder. Know that Ariamanes, the Persian, and Datis, the Mede, have escaped. The allies, especially the Athenians, are excited and angry; and many of them are already come in a body to Pausanias, whom they accuse of abetting the escape of the fugitives."

"Well?"

"Well, and if Pausanias does not give honey in his words,— and few flowers grow on his lips,— the bees will sting, that is all. A trireme will be despatched to Sparta with complaints. Pausanias will be recalled,— perhaps his life endangered."

"Endangered!" echoed several voices.

"Yes. What is that to you? What care you for his danger? He is a Spartan."

"Ay," cried one; "but he has been kind to the Helots."

¹ Malacus ap. Athen. 6.

"And we have fought by his side," said another.

"And he dressed my wound with his own hand," murmured a third.

"And we have got money under him," growled a fourth.

"And more than all," said Alcman, in a loud voice, "if he lives, he will break down the Spartan government. Ye will not let this man die?"

"Never!" exclaimed the whole assembly. Alcman gazed with a kind of calm and strange contempt on the flashing eyes, the fiery gestures of the throng, and then said coldly,—

"So then ye would fight for one man?"

"Ay, ay, that would we!"

"But not for your own liberties, and those of your children unborn?"

There was a dead silence; but the taunt was felt, and its logic was already at work in many of these rugged breasts.

At this moment the door was suddenly thrown open, and a Helot, in the dress worn by the attendants of the Regent, entered, breathless and panting.

"Alcman! The gods be praised you are here! Pausanias commands your presence. Lose not a moment. And you too, comrades, by Demeter, do you mean to spend whole days at your cups? Come to the citadel; ye may be wanted."

This was spoken to such of the Helots as belonged to the train of Pausanias.

"Wanted,—what for?" said one. "Pausanias gives us a holiday while he employs the sleek Egyptians."

"Who that serves Pausanias ever asks that question, or can foresee from one hour to another what he may be required to do?" returned the self-important messenger with great contempt.

Meanwhile the Mothon, all whose movements were peculiarly silent and rapid, was already on his way to the citadel. The distance was not inconsiderable, but Aleman was swift of foot. Tightening the girdle round his waist, he swung himself, as it were, into a kind of run, which, though not seemingly rapid, cleared the ground with a speed almost rivalling that of the ostrich, from the length of the stride and the extreme regularity of the pace. Such was at that day the method by which messages were despatched from state to state, especially in mountainous countries; and the length of way which was performed, without stopping, by the foot-couriers might startle the best trained pedestrians in our times. So swiftly indeed did the Mothon pursue his course that just by the citadel he came up with the Grecian captains who, before he joined the Helots, had set off for their audience with Pausanias. There were some fourteen or fifteen of them, and they so filled up the path, which just there was not broad, that Aleman was obliged to pause as he came upon their rear.

“And whither so fast, fellow?” said Uliades the Samian turning round as he heard the strides of the Mothon.

“Please you, master, I am bound to the General.”

“Oh, his slave! Is he going to free you?”

“I am already as free as a man who has no city can be.”

“Pithy. The Spartan slaves have the dryness of their masters. How, sirrah! do you jostle me?”

“I crave pardon. I only seek to pass.”

“Never! to take precedence of a Samian. Keep back!”

“I dare not.”

“Nay, nay, let him pass,” said the young Chian,

Antagoras, "he will get scourged if he is too late. Perhaps, like the Persians, Pausanias wears false hair, and wishes the slave to dress it in honor of us."

"Hush!" whispered an Athenian. "Are these taunts prudent?"

Here there suddenly broke forth a loud oath from Uliades, who, lingering a little behind the rest, had laid rough hands on the Mothon, as the latter once more attempted to pass him. With a dexterous and abrupt agility, Alcman had extricated himself from the Samian's grasp, but with a force that swung the captain on his knee. Taking advantage of the position of the foe, the Mothon darted onward, and threading the rest of the party, disappeared through the neighboring gates of the citadel.

"You saw the insult?" said Uliades between his ground teeth as he recovered himself. "The master shall answer for the slave; and to me, too, who have forty slaves of my own at home!"

"Pooh! think no more of it," said Antagoras, gaily; "the poor fellow meant only to save his own hide."

"As if that were of any consequence! my slaves are brought up from the cradle not to know if they have hides or not. You may pinch them by the hour together and they don't feel you. My little ones do it, in rainy weather, to strengthen their fingers. The Gods keep them!"

"An excellent gymnastic invention. But we are now within the citadel. Courage! the Spartan greyhound has long teeth."

Pausanias was striding with hasty steps up and down a long and narrow peristyle or colonnade that surrounded the apartments appropriated to his private use, when Alcman joined him.

"Well, well," cried he, eagerly, as he saw the Mothon, "you have mingled with the common gangs of these worshipful seamen, these new men, these Ionians. Think you they have so far overcome their awe of the Spartan that they would obey the mutinous commands of their officers?"

"Pausanias, the truth must be spoken,—yes!"

"Ye Gods! one would think each of these wranglers imagined he had a whole Persian army in his boat. Why, I have seen the day when, if in any assembly of Greeks a Spartan entered, the sight of his very hat and walking-staff cast a terror through the whole conclave."

"True, Pausanias; but they suspect that Sparta herself will disown her General."

"Ah! say they so?"

"With one voice."

Pausanias paused a moment in deep and perturbed thought.

"Have they dared yet, think you, to send to Sparta?"

"I hear not; but a trireme is in readiness to sail after your conference with the captains."

"So, Alcman, it were ruin to my schemes to be recalled until—until—"

"The hour to join the Persians on the frontier,—yes."

"One word more. Have you had occasion to sound the Helots?"

"But half an hour since. They will be true to you. Lift your right hand, and the ground where you stand will bristle with men who fear death even less than the Spartans."

"Their aid were useless here against the whole Grecian fleet; but in the defiles of Laconia, otherwise. I am prepared then for the worst, even recall."

Here a slave crossed from a kind of passage that led from the outer chambers into the peristyle.

“The Grecian captains have arrived to demand audience.”

“Bid them wait,” cried Pausanias, passionately.

“Hist, Pausanias,” whispered the Mothon. “Is it not best to soothe them, to play with them,—to cover the lion with the fox’s hide?”

The Regent turned with a frown to his foster-brother, as if surprised and irritated by his presumption in advising; and indeed of late, since Pausanias had admitted the son of the Helot into his guilty intrigues, Alcman had assumed a bearing and tone of equality which Pausanias, wrapped in his dark schemes, did not always notice, but at which from time to time he chafed angrily, yet again permitted it, and the custom gained ground; for in guilt conventional distinctions rapidly vanish, and mind speaks freely out to mind. The presence of the slave, however, restrained him, and after a momentary silence his natural acuteness, great when undisturbed by passion or pride, made him sensible of the wisdom of Alcman’s counsel.

“Hold!” he said to the slave. “Announce to the Grecian Chiefs that Pausanias will await them forthwith. Begone. Now, Alcman, I will talk over these gentle monitors. Not in vain have I been educated in Sparta; yet if by chance I fail, hold thyself ready to haste to Sparta at a minute’s warning. I must forestall the foe. I have gold, gold; and he who employs most of the yellow orators, will prevail most with the Ephors. Give me my staff; and tarry in yon chamber to the left.”

CHAPTER II.

IN a large hall, with a marble fountain in the middle of it, the Greek captains awaited the coming of Pausanias. A low and muttered conversation was carried on amongst them, in small knots and groups, amidst which the voice of Uliades was heard the loudest. Suddenly the hum was hushed, for footsteps were heard without. The thick curtains that at one extreme screened the doorway were drawn aside, and attended by three of the Spartan knights, amongst whom was Lysander, and by two soothsayers, who were seldom absent, in war or warlike council, from the side of the Royal Heracleid, Pausanias slowly entered the hall. So majestic, grave, and self-collected were the bearing and aspect of the Spartan general, that the hereditary awe inspired by his race was once more awakened, and the angry crowd saluted him, silent and half-abashed. Although the strong passions and the daring arrogance of Pausanias did not allow him the exercise of that enduring, systematic, unsleeping hypocrisy which, in relations with the foreigner, often characterized his countrymen, and which, from its outward dignity and profound craft, exalted the vice into genius; yet, trained from earliest childhood in the arts that hide design, that control the countenance, and convey in the fewest words the most ambiguous meanings, the Spartan general could, for a brief period, or for a critical purpose, command all the wiles for which the Greek was nationally famous, and in which Thucydides believed that, of all Greeks, the Spartan was the most

skilful adept. And now, as uniting the courtesy of the host with the dignity of the chief, he returned the salute of the officers, and smiled his gracious welcome, the unwonted affability of his manner took the discontented by surprise, and half propitiated the most indignant in his favor.

"I need not ask you, O Greeks," said he, "why ye have sought me. Ye have learned the escape of Aria-manes and Datis,—a strange and unaccountable mischance."

The captains looked round at each other in silence, till at last every eye rested upon Cimon, whose illustrious birth, as well as his known respect for Sparta, combined with his equally well-known dislike of her chief, seemed to mark him, despite his youth, as the fittest person to be speaker for the rest. Cimon, who understood the mute appeal, and whose courage never failed his ambition, raised his head, and, after a moment's hesitation, replied to the Spartan,—

"Pausanias, you guess rightly the cause which leads us to your presence. These prisoners were our noblest; their capture the reward of our common valor; they were generals, moreover, of high skill and repute. They had become experienced in our Grecian warfare, even by their defeats. Those two men, should Xerxes again invade Greece, are worth more to his service than half the nations whose myriads crossed the Hellespont. But this is not all. The arms of the Barbarians we can encounter undismayed. It is treason at home which can alone appal us."

There was a low murmur among the Ionians at these words. Pausanias, with well-dissembled surprise on his countenance, turned his eyes from Cimon to the murmurers, and from them again to Cimon, and repeated,—

“Treason! son of Miltiades; and from whom?”

“Such is the question that we would put to thee, Pausanias,—to thee, whose eyes, as leader of our armies, are doubtless vigilant daily and nightly over the interests of Greece.”

“I am not blind,” returned Pausanias, appearing unconscious of the irony; “but I am not Argus. If thou hast discovered aught that is hidden from me, speak boldly.”

“Thou hast made Gongylus, the Eretrian, governor of Byzantium; for what great services we know not. But he has lived much in Persia.”

“For that reason, on this the frontier of her domains he is better enabled to penetrate her designs and counteract her ambition.”

“This Gongylus,” continued Cimon, “is well known to have much frequented the Persian captives in their confinement.”

“In order to learn from them what may yet be the strength of the king. In this he had my commands.”

“I question it not. But, Pausanias,” continued Cimon, raising his voice and with energy, “had he also thy commands to leave thy galley last night, and to return to the citadel?”

“He had. What then?”

“And on his return the Persians disappear,—a singular chance truly. But that is not all. Last night, before he returned to the citadel, Gongylus was perceived, alone in a retired spot on the outskirts of the city.”

“Alone?” echoed Pausanias.

“Alone. If he had companions they were not discerned. This spot was out of the path he should have taken. By this spot on the soft soil are the marks of

hoofs, and in the thicket close by were found these witnesses," and Cimon drew from his vest a handful of the pearls, only worn by the Eastern captives.

"There is something in this," said Xanthippus, "which requires at least examination. May it please you, Pausanias, to summon Gongylus hither?"

A momentary shade passed over the brow of the conspirator, but the eyes of the Greeks were on him; and to refuse were as dangerous as to comply. He turned to one of his Spartans, and ordered him to summon the Eretrian.

"You have spoken well, Xanthippus. This matter must be sifted."

With that, motioning the captains to the seats that were ranged round the walls and before a long table, he cast himself into a large chair at the head of the table, and waited in silent anxiety the entrance of the Eretrian. His whole trust now was in the craft and penetration of his friend. If the courage or the cunning of Gongylus failed him, — if but a word betrayed him, — Pausanias was lost. He was girt by men who hated him; and he read in the dark fierce eyes of the Ionians — whose pride he had so often galled, whose revenge he had so carelessly provoked — the certainty of ruin. One hand hidden within the folds of his robe convulsively clinched the flesh, in the stern agony of his suspense. His calm and composed face nevertheless exhibited to the captains no trace of fear.

The draperies were again drawn aside, and Gongylus slowly entered.

Habituated to peril of every kind from his earliest youth, the Eretrian was quick to detect its presence. The sight of the silent Greeks, formally seated round the hall, and watching his steps and countenance with eyes

whose jealous and vindictive meaning it required no *Oedipus* to read, the grave and half-averted brow of Pausanias, and the angry excitement that had prevailed amidst the host at the news of the escape of the Persians, — all sufficed to apprise him of the nature of the council to which he had been summoned.

Supporting himself on his staff, and dragging his limbs tardily along, he had leisure to examine, though with apparent indifference, the whole group; and when, with a calm salutation, he arrested his steps at the foot of the table immediately facing Pausanias, he darted one glance at the Spartan so fearless, so bright, so cheering, that Pausanias breathed hard, as if a load were thrown from his breast, and turning easily towards Cimon, said, —

“Behold your witness. Which of us shall be questioner, and which judge?”

“That matters but little,” returned Cimon. “Before this audience justice must force its way.”

“It rests with you, Pausanias,” said Xanthippus, “to acquaint the governor of Byzantium with the suspicions he has excited.”

“Gongylus,” said Pausanias, “the captive Barbarians, Ariamanes and Datis, were placed by me especially under thy vigilance and guard. Thou knowest that, while (for humanity becomes the victor) I ordered thee to vex them by no undue restraints, I nevertheless commanded thee to consider thy life itself answerable for their durance. They have escaped. The captains of Greece demand of thee, as I demanded, — by what means, by what connivance? Speak the truth, and deem that in falsehood, as well as in treachery, detection is easy, and death certain.”

The tone of Pausanias and his severe look pleased

and reassured all the Greeks, except the wiser Cimion, who, though his suspicions were a little shaken, continued to fix his eyes rather on Pausanias than on the Eretrian.

“Pausanias,” replied Gongylus, drawing up his lean frame, as with the dignity of conscious innocence, “that suspicion could fall upon me, I find it difficult to suppose. Raised by thy favor to the command of Byzantium, what have I to gain by treason or neglect? These Persians,—I knew them well. I had known them in Susa,—known them when I served Darius, being then an exile from Eretria. Ye know, my countrymen, that when Darius invaded Greece I left his court and armies, and sought my native land, to fall or to conquer in its cause. Well, then, I knew these Barbarians. I sought them frequently; partly, it may be, to return to them in their adversity the courtesies shown me in mine. Ye are Greeks; ye will not condemn me for humanity and gratitude. Partly with another motive. I knew that Ariamanes had the greatest influence over Xerxes. I knew that the great king would at any cost seek to regain the liberty of his friend. I urged upon Ariamanes the wisdom of a peace with the Greeks even on their own terms. I told him that when Xerxes sent to offer the ransom, conditions of peace would avail more than sacks of gold. He listened and approved. Did I wrong in this, Pausanias? No; for thou, whose deep sagacity has made thee condescend even to appear half Persian, because thou art all Greek,—thou thyself didst sanction my efforts on behalf of Greece.”

Pausanias looked with a silent triumph round the conclave, and Xanthippus nodded approval.

“In order to conciliate them, and with too great confidence in their faith, I relaxed by degrees the rigor of

their confinement; that was a fault, I own it. Their apartments communicated with a court in which I suffered them to walk at will. But I placed there two sentinels in whom I deemed I could repose all trust,—not my own countrymen, not Eretrians, not thy Spartans or Laconians, Pausanias. No; I deemed that if ever the jealousy (a laudable jealousy) of the Greeks should demand an account of my faith and vigilance, my witnesses should be the countrymen of those who have ever the most suspected me. Those sentinels were, the one a Samian, the other a Platæan. These men have betrayed me and Greece. Last night, on returning hither from the vessel, I visited the Persians. They were about to retire to rest, and I quitted them soon, suspecting nothing. This morning they had fled, and with them their abettors, the sentinels. I hastened first to send soldiers in search of them; and, secondly, to inform Pausanias in his galley. If I have erred, I submit me to your punishment. Punish my error, but acquit my honesty."

"And what," said Cimon abruptly, "led thee far from thy path, between the Heracleid's galley and the citadel, to the fields near the temple of Aphrodite between the citadel and the bay? Thy color changes. Mark him, Greeks. Quick; thine answer."

The countenance of Gongylus had indeed lost its color and hardihood. The loud tone of Cimon,—the effect his confusion produced on the Greeks, some of whom, the Ionians, less self-possessed and dignified than the rest, half rose, with fierce gestures and muttered exclamations,—served still more to embarrass and intimidate him. He cast a hasty look on Pausanias, who averted his eyes. There was a pause. The Spartan gave himself up for lost; but how much more was his fear

increased when Gongylus, casting an imploring gaze upon the Greeks, said hesitatingly, —

“ Question me no farther. I dare not speak ;” and as he spoke he pointed to Pausanias.

“ It was the dread of thy resentment, Pausanias,” said Cimon coldly, “ that withheld his confession. Vouchsafe to re-assure him.”

“ Eretrian,” said Pausanias, striking his clenched hand on the table, “ I know not what tale trembles on thy lips ; but, be it what it may, give it voice, I command thee.”

“ Thou thyself, thou wert the cause that led me towards the temple of Aphrodite,” said Gongylus, in a low voice.

At these words there went forth a general deep-breathed murmur. With one accord every Greek rose to his feet. The Spartan attendants in the rear of Pausanias drew closer to his person ; but there was nothing in their faces — yet more dark and vindictive than those of the other Greeks — that promised protection. Pausanias alone remained seated and unmoved. His imminent danger gave him back all his valor, all his pride, all his passionate and profound disdain. With unbleached cheek, with haughty eyes, he met the gaze of the assembly ; and then waving his hand as if that gesture sufficed to restrain and awe them, he said, —

“ In the name of all Greece, whose chief I yet am, whose protector I have once been, I command ye to resume your seats, and listen to the Eretrian. Spartans, fall back. Governor of Byzantium, pursue your tale.”

“ Yes, Pausanias,” resumed Gongylus, “ you alone were the cause that drew me from my rest. I would fain be silent, but — ”

“ Say on,” cried Pausanias fiercely, and measuring the

space between himself and Gongylus, in doubt whether the Eretrian's head were within reach of his scimitar; so at least Gongylus interpreted that freezing look of despair and vengeance, and he drew back some paces. "I place myself, O Greeks, under your protection; it is dangerous to reveal the errors of the great. Know that, as Governor of Byzantium, many things ye wot not of reach my ears. Hence, I guard against dangers while ye sleep. Learn, then, that Pausanias is not without the weakness of his ancestor Alcides; he loves a maiden, — a Byzantine; Cleonice, the daughter of Diagoras."

This unexpected announcement, made in so grave a tone, provoked a smile amongst the gay Ionians; but an exclamation of jealous anger broke from Antagoras, and a blush partly of wounded pride, partly of warlike shame, crimsoned the swarthy cheek of Pausanias. Cimon, who was by no means free from the joyous infirmities of youth, relaxed his severe brow, and said, after a short pause, —

"Is it, then, among the grave duties of the Governor of Byzantium to watch over the fair Cleonice, or to aid the suit of her illustrious lover?"

"Not so," answered Gongylus; "but the life of the Grecian general is dear, at least to the grateful Governor of Byzantium. Greeks, ye know that amongst you Pausanias has many foes. Returning last night from his presence, and passing through the thicket, I overheard voices at hand. I caught the name of Pausanias. 'The Spartan,' said one voice, 'nightly visits the house of Diagoras. He goes usually alone. From the height near the temple we can watch well, for the night is clear; if he goes alone, we can intercept his way on his return.' 'To the height!' cried the other, I thought to dis-

tinguish the voices, but the trees hid the speakers. I followed the footsteps towards the temple, for it behoved me to learn who thus menaced the chief of Greece. But ye know that the wood reaches even to the sacred building, and the steps gained the temple before I could recognize the men. I concealed myself, as I thought, to watch; but it seems that I was perceived, for he who saw me, and now accuses, was doubtless one of the assassins. Happy I, if the sight of a witness scared him from the crime. Either fearing detection, or aware that their intent that night was frustrated, — for Pausanias, visiting Cleonice earlier than his wont, had already resought his galley, — the men retreated as they came, unseen, not unheard. I caught their receding steps through the brushwood. Greeks, I have said. Who is my accuser? in him behold the would-be murderer of Pausanias!"

"Liar," cried an indignant and loud voice amongst the captains, and Antagoras stood forth from the circle.

"It is I who saw thee. Darest thou accuse Antagoras of Chios?"

"What at that hour brought Antagoras of Chios to the temple of Aphrodite?" retorted Gongylus.

The eyes of the Greeks turned towards the young captain, and there was confusion on his face. But recovering himself quickly the Chian answered, "Why should I blush to own it? Aphrodite is no dishonorable deity to the men of the Ionian Isles. I sought the temple at that hour, as is our wont, to make my offering, and record my prayer."

"Certainly," said Cimon, "We must own that Aphrodite is powerful at Byzantium. Who can acquit Pausanias and blame Antagoras?"

"Pardon me, — one question," said Gongylus. "Is not the female heart which Antagoras would beseech

the goddess to soften towards him that of the Cleonice of whom we spoke? See, he denies it not. Greeks, the Chians are warm lovers, and warm lovers are revengeful rivals."

This artful speech had its instantaneous effect amongst the younger and more unthinking loiterers. Those who at once would have disbelieved the imputed guilt of Antagoras upon motives merely political, inclined to a suggestion that ascribed it to the jealousy of a lover. And his character, ardent and fiery, rendered the suspicion yet more plausible. Meanwhile the minds of the audience had been craftily drawn from the grave and main object of the meeting, — the flight of the Persians, — and a lighter and livelier curiosity had supplanted the eager and dark resentment which had hitherto animated the circle. Pausanias, with the subtle genius that belonged to him, hastened to seize advantage of this momentary diversion in his favor, and before the Chian could recover his consternation, both at the charge and the evident effect it had produced upon a part of the assembly, the Spartan stretched his hand, and spake.

"Greeks, Pausanias listens to no tale of danger to himself. Willingly he believes that Gongylus either misinterpreted the intent of some jealous and heated threats, or that the words he overheard were not uttered by Antagoras. Possible is it, too, that others may have sought the temple with less gentle desires than our Chian ally. Let this pass. Unworthy such matters of the councils of bearded men; too much reference has been made to those follies which our idleness has given birth to. Let no fair Briseis renew strife amongst chiefs and soldiers. Excuse not thyself, Antagoras; we dismiss all charge against thee. On the other hand, Gongylus will doubtless seem to you to have accounted for his appearance near the precincts of the temple. And it is but a coin-

cidence, natural enough, that the Persian prisoners should have chosen, later in the night, the same spot for the steeds to await them. The thickness of the wood round the temple, and the direction of the place towards the east, points out the neighborhood as the very one in which the fugitives would appoint the horses. Waste no further time, but provide at once for the pursuit. To you, Cimon, be this care confided. Already have I despatched fifty light-armed men on fleet Thessalian steeds. You, Cimon, increase the number of the pursuers. The prisoners may be yet recaptured. Doth aught else remain worthy of our ears? If so, speak; if not, depart."

"Pausanias," said Antagoras, firmly, "let Gongylus retract, or not, his charge against me, I retain mine against Gongylus. Wholly false is it that in word or deed I plotted violence against thee, though of much — not as Cleonice's lover, but as Grecian captain — I have good reason to complain. Wholly false is it that I had a comrade. I was alone. And coming out from the temple, where I had hung my chaplet, I perceived Gongylus clearly under the starlit skies. He stood in listening attitude close by the sacred myrtle grove. I hastened towards him, but methinks he saw me not; he turned slowly, penetrated the wood, and vanished. I gained the spot on the soft sward which the dropping boughs make ever humid. I saw the print of hoofs. Within the thicket I found the pearls that Cimon has displayed to you. Clear, then, is it that this man lies; clear that the Persians must have fled already, — although Gongylus declares that on his return to the citadel he visited them in their prison. Explain this, Eretrian!"

"He who would speak false witness," answered Gongylus, with a firmness equal to the Chian's, "can

find pearls at whatsoever hour he pleases. Greeks, this man presses me to renew the charge which Pausanias generously sought to stifle. I have said. And I, Governor of Byzantium, call on the Council of the Grecian Leaders to maintain my authority, and protect their own Chief."

Then arose a vexed and perturbed murmur, most of the Ionians siding with Antagoras, such of the allies as yet clung to the Dorian ascendancy grouping round Gongylus.

The persistence of Antagoras had made the dilemma of no slight embarrassment to Pausanias. Something lofty in his original nature urged him to shrink from supporting Gongylus in an accusation which he believed untrue. On the other hand, he could not abandon his accomplice in an effort, as dangerous as it was crafty, to conceal their common guilt.

"Son of Miltiades," he said after a brief pause, in which his dexterous resolution was formed, "I invoke your aid to appease a contest in which I foresee no result but that of schism amongst ourselves. Antagoras has no witness to support his tale, Gongylus none to support his own. Who shall decide between conflicting testimonies which rest but on the lips of accuser and accused? Hereafter, if the matter be deemed sufficiently grave, let us refer the decision to the oracle that never errs. Time and chance meanwhile may favor us in clearing up the darkness we cannot now penetrate. For you, Governor of Byzantium, it behoves me to say that the escape of prisoners entrusted to your charge justifies vigilance if not suspicion. We shall consult at our leisure whether or not that course suffices to remove you from the government of Byzantium. Heralds, advance; our council is dissolved."

With these words Pausanias rose, and the majesty of his bearing, with the unwonted temper and conciliation of his language, so came in aid of his high office, that no man ventured a dissentient murmur.

The conclave broke up, and not till its members had gained the outer air did any signs of suspicion or dissatisfaction evince themselves; but then, gathering in groups, the Ionians with especial jealousy discussed what had passed, and with their native shrewdness ascribed the moderation of Pausanias to his desire to screen Gongylus and avoid further inquisition into the flight of the prisoners. The discontented looked round for Cimon, but the young Athenian had hastily retired from the throng, and, after issuing orders to pursue the fugitives, sought Aristides in the house near the quay in which he lodged.

Cimon related to his friend what had passed at the meeting, and terminating his recital, said:—

“Thou shouldst have been with us. With thee we might have ventured more.”

“And if so,” returned the wise Athenian with a smile, “ye would have prospered less. Precisely because I would not commit our country to the suspicion of fomenting intrigues and mutiny to her own advantage, did I abstain from the assembly, well aware that Pausanias would bring his ninion harmless from the unsupported accusation of Antagoras. Thou hast acted with cool judgment, Cimon. The Spartan is weaving the webs of the Parcæ for his own feet. Leave him to weave on, undisturbed. The hour in which Athens shall assume the sovereignty of the seas is drawing near. Let it come, like Jove’s thunder, in a calm sky.”

CHAPTER III.

PAUSANIAS did not that night quit the city. After the meeting, he held a private conference with the Spartan Equals, whom custom and the government assigned, in appearance as his attendants, in reality as witnesses if not spies of his conduct. Though every pure Spartan, as compared with the subject Laconian population, was noble, the republic acknowledged two main distinctions in class, the higher, entitled Equals, a word which we might not inaptly and more intelligibly render Peers; the lower, Inferiors. These distinctions, though hereditary, were not immutable. The peer could be degraded, the inferior could become a peer. To the royal person in war three peers were allotted. Those assigned to Pausanias, of the tribe called the Hylleans, were naturally of a rank and influence that constrained him to treat them with a certain deference, which perpetually chafed his pride and confirmed his discontent; for these three men were precisely of the mould which at heart he most despised. Polydorus, the first in rank — for, like Pausanias, he boasted his descent from Hercules — was the personification of the rudeness and bigotry of a Spartan who had never before stirred from his rocky home, and who disdained all that he could not comprehend. Gelon, the second, passed for a very wise man, for he seldom spoke but in monosyllables; yet, probably, his words were as numerous as his ideas. Cleomenes, the third, was as distasteful to the Regent from his merits as the others from their deficiencies.

He had risen from the grade of the Inferiors by his valor; blunt, homely, frank, sincere, he never disguised his displeasure at the manner of Pausanias, though, a true Spartan in discipline, he never transgressed the respect which his chief commanded in time of war.

Pausanias knew that these officers were in correspondence with Sparta, and he now exerted all his powers to remove from their minds any suspicion which the disappearance of the prisoners might have left in them.

In this interview he displayed all those great natural powers which, rightly trained and guided, might have made him not less great in council than in war. With masterly precision he enlarged on the growing ambition of Athens, on the disposition in her favor evinced by all the Ionian confederates. "Hitherto," he said truly, "Sparta has uniformly held rank as the first state of Greece; the leadership of the Greeks belongs to us by birth and renown. But see you not that the war is now shifting from land to sea? Sea is not our element; it is that of Athens, of all the Ionian race. If this continue we lose our ascendancy, and Athens becomes the sovereign of Hellas. Beneath the calm of Aristides I detect his deep design. In vain Cimon affects the manner of the Spartan; at heart he is Athenian. This charge against Gongylus is aimed at me. Grant that the plot which it conceals succeed; grant that Sparta share the affected suspicions of the Ionians, and recall me from Byzantium; deem you that there lives one Spartan who could delay for a day the supremacy of Athens? Nought save the respect the Dorian Greeks at least attach to the General at Platæa could restrain the secret ambition of the city of the demagogues. Deem not that I have been as rash and vain as some hold me for the stern visage I have shown to the Ionians.

Trust me that it was necessary to awe them, with a view to maintain our majesty. For Sparta to preserve her ascendancy, two things are needful: first, to continue the war by land; secondly, to disgust the Ionians with their sojourn here, send them with their ships to their own havens, and so leave Hellas under the sole guardianship of ourselves and our Peloponnesian allies. Therefore I say, bear with me in this double design; chide me not if my haughty manner disperse these subtle Ionians. If I bore with them to-day it was less from respect than, shall I say it, my fear lest you should misinterpret me. Beware how you detail to Sparta whatever might rouse the jealousy of her government. Trust to me, and I will extend the dominion of Sparta till it grasp the whole of Greece. We will depose everywhere the revolutionary Demos, and establish our own oligarchies in every Grecian state. We will Laconize all Hellas."

Much of what Pausanias said was wise and profound. Such statesmanship, narrow and congenial, but vigorous and crafty, Sparta taught in later years to her alert politicians. And we have already seen that, despite the dazzling prospects of Oriental dominion, he as yet had separated himself rather from the laws than the interests of Sparta, and still incorporated his own ambition with the extension of the sovereignty of his country over the rest of Greece.

But the peers heard him in dull and gloomy silence; and, not till he had paused and thrice asked for a reply, did Polydorus speak.

" You would increase the dominion of Sparta, Pausanias. Increase of dominion is waste of life and treasure. We have few men, little gold; Sparta is content to hold her own."

“Good,” said Gelon, with impassive countenance. “What care we who leads the Greeks into blows?—the fewer blows the better. Brave men fight if they must, wise men never fight if they can help it.”

“And such is your counsel, Cleomenes?” asked Pausanias, with a quivering lip.

“Not from the same reasons,” answered the nobler and more generous Spartan. “I presume not to question your motives, Pausanias. I leave you to explain them to the Ephors and the Gerusia. But since you press me, this I say. First, all the Greeks, Ionian as well as Dorian, fought equally against the Mede, and from the commander of the Greeks all should receive fellowship and courtesy. Secondly, I say if Athens is better fitted than Sparta for the maritime ascendancy, let Athens rule, so that Hellas be saved from the Mede. Thirdly, O Pausanias, I pray that Sparta may rest satisfied with her own institutions, and not disturb the peace of Greece by forcing them upon other States and thereby enslaving Hellas. What more could the Persian do? Finally, my advice is to suspend Gongylus from his office; to conciliate the Ionians; to remain as a Grecian armament firm and united, and so procure, on better terms, peace with Persia. And then let each State retire within itself, and none aspire to rule the other. A thousand free cities are better guard against the Barbarian than a single State made up of republics overthrown and resting its strength upon hearts enslaved.”

“Do you too,” said Pausanias, gnawing his nether lip,—“do you too, Polydorus; you too, Gelon, agree with Cleomenes, that, if Athens is better fitted than Sparta for the sovereignty of the seas, we should yield to that restless rival so perilous a power?”

"Ships cost gold," said Polydorus. "Spartans have none to spare. Mariners require skilful captains; Spartans know nothing of the sea."

"Moreover," quoth Gelon, "the ocean is a terrible element. What can valor do against a storm? We may lose more men by adverse weather than a century can repair. Let who will have the seas. Sparta has her rocks and defiles."

"Men and peers," said Pausanias, ill repressing his scorn, "ye little dream what arms ye place in the hands of the Athenians. I have done. Take only this prophecy. You are now the head of Greece. You surrender your sceptre to Athens, and become a second-rate power."

"Never second-rate when Greece shall demand armed men," said Cleomenes proudly.

"Armed men, armed men!" cried the more profound Pausanias. "Do you suppose that commerce — that trade, that maritime energy, that fleets which ransack the shores of the world — will not obtain a power greater than mere brute-like valor? But as ye will, as ye will."

"As we speak our forefathers thought," said Gelon.

"And, Pausanias," said Cleomenes gravely, "as we speak, so think the Ephors."

Pausanias fixed his dark eye on Cleomenes, and, after a brief pause, saluted the Equals and withdrew. "Sparta," he muttered as he regained his chamber, "Sparta, thou refusest to be great; but greatness is necessary to thy son. Ah, their iron laws would constrain my soul! but it shall wear them as a warrior wears his armor and adapts it to his body. Thou shalt be queen of all Hellas despite thyself, thine Ephors, and thy laws. Then only will I forgive thee."

CHAPTER IV.

DIAGORAS was sitting outside his door and giving various instructions to the slaves employed on his farm, when, through an arcade thickly covered with the vine, the light form of Antagoras came slowly in sight.

“ Hail to thee, Diagoras,” said the Chian, “ thou art the only wise man I meet with. Thou art tranquil while all else are disturbed; and, worshipping the great Mother, thou carest nought methinks, for the Persian who invades, or the Spartan who professes to defend.”

“ Tut,” said Diagoras, in a whisper, “ thou knowest the contrary: thou knowest that if the Persian comes I am ruined; and, by the gods, I am on a bed of thorns as long as the Spartan stays.”

“ Dismiss thy slaves,” exclaimed Antagoras, in the same undertone; “ I would speak with thee on grave matters that concern us both.”

After hastily finishing his instructions and dismissing his slaves, Diagoras turned to the impatient Chian, and said:—

“ Now, young warrior, I am all ears for thy speech.”

“ Truly,” said Antagoras, “ if thou wert aware of what I am about to utter, thou wouldest not have postponed consideration for thy daughter, to thy care for a few jars of beggarly olives.”

“ Hem!” said Diagoras, peevishly. “ Olives are not to be despised: oil to the limbs makes them supple; to the stomach it gives gladness. Oil, moreover, bringeth

money when sold. But a daughter is the plague of a man's life. First, one has to keep away lovers; and next to find a husband; and when all is done, one has to put one's hand in one's chest, and pay a tall fellow like thee for robbing one of one's own child. That custom of dowries is abominable. In the good old times a bridegroom, as was meet and proper, paid for his bride; now we poor fathers pay him for taking her. Well, well, never bite thy forefinger and curl up thy brows. What thou hast to say, say."

"Diagoras, I know that thy heart is better than thy speech, and that, much as thou covetest money, thou lovest thy child more. Know, then, that Pausanias — a curse light on him! — brings shame upon Cleonice. Know that already her name hath grown the talk of the camp. Know that his visit to her the night before last was proclaimed in the Council of the Captains as a theme for jest and rude laughter. By the head of Zeus, how thinkest thou to profit by the stealthy wooings of this black browed Spartan? Knowest thou not that his laws forbid him to marry Cleonice? Wouldst thou have him dishonor her? Speak out to him as thou speakest to men, and tell him that the maidens of Byzantium are not in the control of the General of the Greeks."

"Youth, youth," cried Diagoras, greatly agitated, "wouldst thou bring my gray hairs to a bloody grave? wouldst thou see my daughter reft from me by force — and —"

"How darest thou speak thus, old man?" interrupted the indignant Chian. "If Pausanias wronged a virgin, all Hellas would rise against him."

"Yes, but not till the ill were done, till my throat were cut, and my child dishonored. Listen. At first

indeed, when, as ill-luck would have it, Pausanias, lodging a few days under my roof, saw and admired Cleonice, I did venture to remonstrate, and how think you he took it? ‘Never,’ quoth he, with his stern quivering lip, — ‘never did conquest forego its best right to the smiles of beauty. The legends of Hercules, my ancestor, tell thee that to him who labors for men, the gods grant the love of women. Fear not that I should wrong thy daughter, — to woo her is not to wrong. But close thy door on me; immure Cleonice from my sight; and nor armed slaves, nor bolts, nor bars shall keep love from the loved one.’ Therewith he turned on his heel and left me. But the next day came a Lydian in his train, with a goodly pannier of rich stuffs and a short Spartan sword. On the pannier was written ‘*Friendship*,’ on the sword ‘*Wruth*,’ and Aleman gave me a scrap of parchment, whereon, with the cursed brief wit of a Spartan, was inscribed ‘*Choose!*’ Who could doubt which to take? who, by the Gods, would prefer three inches of Spartan iron in his stomach to a basketful of rich stuffs for his shoulders? Wherefore, from that hour, Pausanias comes as he lists. But Cleonice humors him not, let tongues wag as they may. Easier to take three cities than that child’s heart.”

“Is it so indeed?” exclaimed the Chian, joyfully; “Cleonice loves him not?”

“Laughs at him to his beard: that is, would laugh if he wore one.”

“O Diagoras!” cried Antagoras, “hear me, hear me. I need not remind thee that our families are united by the hospitable ties; that amongst thy treasures thou wilt find the gifts of my ancestors for five generations; that when, a year since, my affairs brought me to Byzantium, I came to thee with the symbols of my

right to claim thy hospitable cares. On leaving thee we broke the sacred die. I have one half, thou the other. In that visit I saw and loved Cleonice. Fain would I have told my love, but then my father lived, and I feared lest he should oppose my suit; therefore, as became me, I was silent. On my return home, my fears were confirmed; my father desired that I, a Chian, should wed a Chian. Since I have been with the fleet, news has reached me that the urn holds my father's ashes." Here the young Chian paused. "Alas, alas!" he murmured, smiting his breast, "and I was not at hand to fix over thy doors the sacred branch, to give thee the parting kiss, and receive into my lips thy latest breath. May Hermes, O father, have led thee to pleasant groves!"

Diagoras, who had listened attentively to the young Chian, was touched by his grief, and said pityingly:—

"I know thou art a good son, and thy father was a worthy man, though harsh. It is a comfort to think that all does not die with the dead. His money at least survives him."

"But," resumed Antagoras, not heeding this consolation,—"but now I am free: and ere this, so soon as my mourning garment had been laid aside, I had asked thee to bless me with Cleonice, but that I feared her love was gone,—gone to the haughty Spartan. Thou reassurtest me; and in so doing, thou confirmest the fair omens with which Aphrodite has received my offerings. Therefore, I speak out. No dowry ask I with Cleonice, save such, more in name than amount, as may distinguish the wife from the concubine, and assure her an honored place amongst my kinsmen. Thou knowest I am rich; thou knowest that my birth dates from the oldest citizens of Chios. Give me thy child, and

deliver her thyself at once from the Spartan's power. Once mine, all the fleets of Hellas are her protection, and our marriage torches are the swords of a Grecian army. O Diagoras, I clasp thy knees; put thy right hand in mine. Give me thy child as wife!"

The Byzantine was strongly affected. The suitor was one who, in birth and possessions, was all that he could desire for his daughter; and at Byzantium there did not exist that feeling against intermarriages with the foreigner which prevailed in towns more purely Greek, though in many of them, too, that antique prejudice had worn away. On the other hand, by transferring to Antagoras his anxious charge, he felt that he should take the best course to preserve it untarnished from the fierce love of Pausanias, and there was truth in the Chian's suggestion. The daughter of a Byzantine might be unprotected; the wife of an Ionian captain was safe, even from the power of Pausanias. As these reflections occurred to him, he placed his right hand in the Chian's, and said:—

"Be it as thou wilt; I consent to betroth thee to Cleonice. Follow me; thou art free to woo her."

So saying, he rose, and, as if in fear of his own second thoughts, he traversed the hall with hasty strides to the interior of the mansion. He ascended a flight of steps, and, drawing aside a curtain suspended between two columns, Antagoras, who followed timidly behind, beheld Cleonice.

As was the wont in the domestic life of all Grecian states, her handmaids were around the noble virgin. Two were engaged on embroidery, one in spinning, a fourth was reading aloud to Cleonice, and that at least was a rare diversion to women, for few had the education of the fair Byzantine. Cleonice herself was half

reclined upon a bench inlaid with ivory and covered with cushions; before her stood a small tripod table on which she leaned the arm, the hand of which supported her cheek, and she seemed listening to the lecture of the slave with earnest and absorbed attention, so earnest, so absorbed, that she did not for some moments perceive the entrance of Diagoras and the Chian.

“Child,” said the former, and Cleonice started to her feet, and stood modestly before her father, her eyes downcast, her arms crossed upon her bosom, — “child, I bid thee welcome my guest-friend, Antagoras of Chios. Slaves, ye may withdraw.”

Cleonice bowed her head; and an unquiet, anxious change came over her countenance.

As soon as the slaves were gone, Diagoras resumed, —

“ Daughter, I present to thee a suitor for thy hand; receive him as I have done, and he shall have my leave to carve thy name on every tree in the garden, with the lover’s epithet of ‘Beautiful,’ attached to it. Antagoras, look up, then, and speak for thyself.”

But Antagoras was silent; and a fear unknown to his frank hardy nature came over him. With an arch smile, Diagoras, deeming his presence no longer necessary or expedient, lifted the curtain, and lover and maid were left alone.

Then, with an effort, and still with hesitating accents, the Chian spoke, —

“ Fair virgin, — not in the groves of Byzantium will thy name be first written by the hand of Antagoras. In my native Chios the myrtle trees are already eloquent of thee. Since I first saw thee, I loved. Maiden, wilt thou be my wife? ”

Thrice moved the lips of Cleonice, and thrice her voice seemed to fail her. At length she said, “ Chian,

thou art a stranger, and the laws of the Grecian cities dishonor the stranger whom the free citizen stoops to marry."

" Nay," cried Antagoras, " such cruel laws are obsolete in Chios. Nature and custom, and love's almighty goddess, long since have set them aside. Fear not, the haughtiest matron of my native state will not be more honored than the Byzantine bride of Antagoras."

" Is it in Sparta only that such laws exist?" said Cleonice, half unconsciously, and to the sigh with which she spoke a deep blush succeeded.

" Sparta!" exclaimed Antagoras, with a fierce and jealous pang,— " ah, are thy thoughts then upon the son of Sparta? Were Pausanias a Chian, wouldest thou turn from him scornfully as thou now dost from me?"

" Not scornfully, Antagoras," answered Cleonice (who had indeed averted her face, at his reproachful question; but now turned it full upon him, with an expression of sad and pathetic sweetness), " not scornfully do I turn from thee, though with pain; for what worthier homage canst thou render to woman, than honorable love? Gratefully do I hearken to the suit that comes from thee; but gratitude is not the return thou wouldest ask, Antagoras. My hand is my father's; my heart, alas, is mine. Thou mayest claim from him the one; the other, neither he can give, nor thou receive."

" Say not so, Cleonice," cried the Chian; " say not, that thou canst not love me, if so I am to interpret thy words. Love brings love with the young. How canst thou yet know thine own heart? Tarry till thou hast listened to mine. As the fire on the altar spreads from offering to offering, so spreads love; its flame envelops all that are near to it. Thy heart will catch the heavenly spark from mine."

“ Chian,” said Cleonice, gently withdrawing the hand that he sought to clasp, “ when as my father’s guest-friend thou wert a sojourner within these walls, oft have I heard thee speak, and all thy words spoke the thoughts of a noble soul. Were it otherwise, not thus would I now address thee. Didst thou love gold, and wooed in me but the child of the rich Diagoras, or wert thou one of those who would treat for a wife, as a trader for a slave, invoking Herè, but disdaining Aphrodite, I should bow my head to my doom. But thou, Antagoras, askest love for love; this I cannot give thee. Spare me, O generous Chian. Let not my father enforce his right to my obedience.”

“ Answer me but one question,” interrupted Antagoras in a low voice, though with compressed lips: “ Dost thou then love another?”

The blood mounted to the virgin’s cheeks, it suffused her brow, her neck, with burning blushes, and then receding, left her face colorless as a statue. Then with tones low and constrained as his own, she pressed her hand on her heart, and replied, “ Thou sayest it; I love another.”

“ And that other is Pausanias? Alas, thy silence, thy trembling, answer me.”

Antagoras groaned aloud and covered his face with his hands; but after a short pause, he exclaimed with great emotion, “ No, no,—say not that thou lovest Pausanias; say not that Aphrodite hath so accursed thee: for to love Pausanias is to love dishonor.”

“ Hold, Chian! Not so: for my love has no hope. Our hearts are not our own, but our actions are.”

Antagoras gazed on her with suspense and awe; for as she spoke her slight form dilated, her lip curled, her cheek glowed again, but with the blush less of love

than of pride. In her countenance, her attitude, there was something divine and holy, such as would have beseemed a priestess of Diana.

“Yes,” she resumed, raising her eyes, and with a still and mournful sweetness in her upraised features.

“What I love is not Pausanias: it is the glory of which he is the symbol, it is the Greece of which he has been the savior. Let him depart, as soon he must, let these eyes behold him no more; still there exists for me all that exists now,—a name, a renown, a dream. Never for me may the nuptial hymn resound, or the marriage torch be illumined. O goddess of the silver bow, O chaste and venerable Artemis! receive, protect thy servant; and ye, O funereal gods, lead me soon, lead the virgin unreluctant to the shades.”

A superstitious fear, a dread as if his earthly love would violate something sacred, chilled the ardor of the young Chian; and for several moments both were silent.

At length, Antagoras, kissing the hem of her robe, said,—

“Maiden of Byzantium,—like thee then, I will love, though without hope. I will not, I dare not, profane thy presence by prayers which pain thee, and seem to me, having heard thee, almost guilty, as if proffered to some nymph circling in choral dance the moonlit mountain-tops of Delos. But ere I depart, and tell thy father that my suit is over, O place at least thy right hand in mine, and swear to me, not the bride’s vow of faith and troth, but that vow which a virgin sister may pledge to a brother, mindful to protect and to avenge her. Swear to me, that if this haughty Spartan, contemning alike men, laws, and the household gods, should seek to constrain thy purity to his will; if thou shouldst

have cause to tremble at power and force; and fierce desire should demand what gentle love would but reverently implore,—then, Cleonice, seeing how little thy father can defend thee, wilt thou remember Antagoras, and through him, summon around thee all the majesty of Hellas? Grant me but this prayer, and I leave thee, if in sorrow, yet not with terror."

"Generous and noble Chian," returned Cleonice as her tears fell upon the hand he extended to her,— "why, why do I so ill repay thee? Thy love is indeed that which ennobles the heart that yields it, and her who shall one day recompense thee for the loss of me. Fear not the power of Pausanias: dream not that I shall need a defender, while above us reign the gods, and below us lies the grave. Yet, to appease thee, take my right hand, and hear my oath. If the hour comes when I have need of man's honor against man's wrong, I will call on Antagoras as a brother."

Their hands closed in each other; and not trusting himself to speech, Antagoras turned away his face, and left the room.

CHAPTER V.

FOR some days an appearance at least of harmony was restored to the contending factions in the Byzantine camp.

Pausanias did not dismiss Gongylus from the government of the city; but he sent one by one for the more important of the Ionian complainants, listened to their grievances, and promised redress. He adopted a more popular and gracious demeanor, and seemed, with a noble grace, to submit to the policy of conciliating the allies.

But discontent arose from causes beyond his power, had he genuinely exerted it, to remove. For it was a discontent that lay in the hostility of race to race. Though the Spartan Equals had preached courtesy to the Ionians, the ordinary manner of the Spartan warriors was invariably offensive to the vain and susceptible confederates of a more polished race. A Spartan, wherever he might be placed, unconsciously assumed superiority. The levity of an Ionian was ever displeasing to him. Out of the actual battle-field, they could have no topics in common, none which did not provoke irritation and dispute. On the other hand, most of the Ionians could ill conceal their disaffection, mingled with something of just contempt at the notorious and confessed incapacity of the Spartans for maritime affairs, while a Spartan was yet the commander of the fleet. And many of them, wearied with inaction, and anxious to return home, were willing to seize any reasonable pretext for desertion. In this last

motive lay the real strength and safety of Pausanias; and to this end his previous policy of arrogance was not so idle as it had seemed to the Greeks, and appears still in the page of history. For a Spartan really anxious to preserve the pre-eminence of his country, and to prevent the sceptre of the seas passing to Athens, could have devised no plan of action more sagacious and profound than one which would disperse the Ionians, and the Athenians themselves, and reduce the operations of the Grecian force to that land warfare in which the Spartan pre-eminence was equally indisputable and undisputed. And still Pausanias, even in his change of manner, plotted and intrigued and hoped for this end. Could he once sever from the encampment the Athenians and the Ionian allies, and yet remain with his own force at Byzantium until the Persian army could collect on the Phrygian frontier, the way seemed clear to his ambition. Under ordinary circumstances, in this object he might easily have succeeded. But it chanced that all his schemes were met with invincible mistrust by those in whose interest they were conceived, and on whose co-operation they depended for success. The means adopted by Pausanias in pursuit of his policy were too distasteful to the national prejudices of the Spartan government, to enable him to elicit from the national ambition of that government sufficient sympathy with the object of it. The more he felt himself uncomprehended and mistrusted by his countrymen, the more personal became the character, and the more unscrupulous the course, of his ambition. Unhappily for Pausanias, moreover, the circumstances which chafed his pride, also thwarted the satisfaction of his affections; and his criminal ambition was stimulated by that less guilty passion which shared with it the mastery of a

singularly turbulent and impetuous soul. Not his the love of sleek, gallant, and wanton youth; it was the love of man in his mature years, but of man to whom love till then had been unknown. In that large and dark and stormy nature all passions once admitted took the growth of Titans. He loved as those long lonely at heart alone can love; he loved as love the unhappy when the unfamiliar bliss of the sweet human emotion descends like dew upon the desert. To him Cleonice was a creature wholly out of the range of experience. Differing in every shade of her versatile humor from the only women he had known, the simple, sturdy, uneducated maids and matrons of Sparta, her softness enthralled him, her anger awed. In his dreams of future power, of an absolute throne and unlimited dominion, Pausanias beheld the fair Byzantine crowned by his side. Fiercely as he loved, and little as the *sentiment* of love mingled with his *passion*, he yet thought not to dishonor a victim, but to elevate a bride. What though the laws of Sparta were against such nuptials, was not the hour approaching when these laws should be trampled under his armed heel? Since the contract with the Persians, which Gongylus assured him Xerxes would joyously and promptly fulfil, Pausanias already felt, in a soul whose arrogance arose from the consciousness of powers that had not yet found their field, as if he were not the subject of Sparta, but her lord and king. In his interviews with Cleonice, his language took a tone of promise and of hope that at times lulled her fears, and communicated its sanguine colorings of the future to her own dreams. With the elasticity of youth, her spirits rose from the solemn despondency with which she had replied to the reproaches of Antagoras. For though Pausanias spoke not openly

of his schemes, though his words were mysterious, and his replies to her questions ambiguous and equivocal, still it seemed to her, seeing in him the hero of all Hellas, so natural that he could make the laws of Sparta yield to the weight of his authority, or relax in homage to his renown, that she indulged the belief that his influence would set aside the iron customs of his country. Was it too extravagant a reward to the conqueror of the Mede to suffer him to select at least the partner of his hearth? No, Hope was not dead in that young breast. Still might she be the bride of him whose glory had dazzled her noble and sensitive nature, till the faults that darkened it were lost in the blaze. Thus insensibly to herself her tones became softer to her stern lover, and her heart betrayed itself more in her gentle looks. Yet again were there times when doubt and alarm returned with more than their earlier force; times when, wrapt in his lurid and absorbing ambition, Pausanias escaped from his usual suppressed reserve,—times when she recalled that night in which she had witnessed his interview with the strangers of the East, and had trembled lest the altar should be kindled upon the ruins of his fame. For Cleonice was wholly, ardently, sublimely Greek, filled in each crevice of her soul with its lovely poetry, its beautiful superstition, its heroic freedom. As Greek, she had loved Pausanias, seeing in him the lofty incarnation of Greece itself. The descendant of the demigod, the champion of Platæa, the saviour of Hellas,—theme for song till song should be no more: these attributes were what she beheld and loved; and not to have reigned by his side over a world would she have welcomed one object of that evil ambition which renounced the loyalty of a Greek for the supremacy of a king.

Meanwhile, though Antagoras had, with no mean degree of generosity, relinquished his suit to Cleonice, he detected with a jealous vigilance the continued visits of Pausanias, and burned with increasing hatred against his favored and powerful rival. Though, in common with all the Greeks out of the Peloponnesus, he was very imperfectly acquainted with the Spartan constitution, he could not be blinded, like Cleonice, into the belief that a law so fundamental in Sparta, and so general in all the primitive states of Greece, as that which forbade intermarriage with a foreigner, could be cancelled for the Regent of Sparta, and in favor of an obscure maiden of Byzantium. Every visit Pausanias paid to Cleonice but served, in his eyes, as a prelude to her ultimate dishonor. He lent himself, therefore, with all the zeal of his vivacious and ardent character, to the design of removing Pausanias himself from Byzantium. He plotted with the implacable Uliades and the other Ionian captains to send to Sparta a formal mission stating their grievances against the Regent, and urging his recall. But the altered manner of Pausanias deprived them of their just pretext; and the Ionians, more and more under the influence of the Athenian chief, were disinclined to so extreme a measure without the consent of Aristides and Cimon. These two chiefs were not passive spectators of affairs so critical to their ambition for Athens,—they penetrated into the motives of Pausanias in the novel courtesy of demeanor that he adopted, and they foresaw that if he could succeed in wearing away the patience of the allies and dispersing the fleet, yet without giving occasion for his own recall, the golden opportunity of securing to Athens the maritime ascendancy would be lost. They resolved, therefore, to make the occasion which the wiles of the

Regent had delayed; and towards this object Antagoras, moved by his own jealous hate against Pausanias, worked incessantly. Fearless and vigilant, he was ever on the watch for some new charge against the Spartan chief, ever relentless in stimulating suspicion, aggravating discontent, inflaming the fierce, and arguing with the timid. His less exalted station allowed him to mix more familiarly with the various Ionian officers than would have become the high-born Cimon, and the dignified repute of Aristides. Seeking to distract his mind from the haunting thought of Cleonice, he flung himself with the ardor of his Greek temperament into the social pleasures, which took a zest from the design that he carried into them all. In the banquets, in the sports, he was ever seeking to increase the enemies of his rival, and where he charmed a gay companion, there he often enlisted a bold conspirator.

Pausanias, the unconscious or the careless object of the Ionian's jealous hate, could not resist the fatal charm of Cleonice's presence; and if it sometimes exasperated the more evil elements of his nature, at other times it so lulled them to rest, that had the Fates given him the rightful claim to that single treasure, not one guilty thought might have disturbed the majesty of a soul which, though undisciplined and uncultured, owed half its turbulence and half its rebellious pride to its baffled yearnings for human affection and natural joy. And Cleonice, unable to shun the visits which her weak and covetous father, despite his promised favor to the suit of Antagoras, still encouraged; and feeling her honor, at least, if not her peace, was secured by that ascendancy which, with each successive interview between them, her character more and more asserted over the Spartan's higher nature, relinquished the torment-

ing levity of tone whereby she had once sought to elude his earnestness, or conceal her own sentiments. An interest in a fate so solemn, an interest far deeper than mere human love, stole into her heart and elevated its instincts. She recognized the immense compassion which was due to the man so desolate at the head of armaments, so dark in the midst of glory. Centuries roll, customs change, but, ever since the time of the earliest mother, woman yearns to be the soother.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was the hour of the day when between the two principal meals of the Greeks men surrendered themselves to idleness or pleasure; when groups formed in the market-place, or crowded the barber's shops to gossip and talk of news; when the tale-teller or ballad-singer collected round him on the quays his credulous audience; when on playgrounds that stretched behind the taverns or without the walls the more active youths assembled, and the quoit was hurled, or mimic battles waged with weapons of wood, or the Dorians weaved their simple, the Ionians their more intricate or less decorous, dances. At that hour Lysander, wandering from the circles of his countrymen, walked musingly by the sea-shore.

“And why,” said the voice of a person who had approached him unperceived,—“and why, O Lysander, art thou absent from thy comrades, thou model and theme of the youths of Sparta, foremost in their manly sports, as in their martial labors ?”

Lysander turned and bowed low his graceful head; for he who accosted him was scarcely more honored by the Athenians, whom his birth, his wealth, and his popular demeanor dazzled, than by the plain sons of Sparta, who, in his simple garb, his blunt and hasty manner, his professed admiration for all things Spartan, beheld one Athenian at least congenial to their tastes.

“The child that misses its mother,” answered Lysander, “has small joy with its playmates. And I, a Spartan, pine for Sparta.”

“ Truly,” returned Cimon, “ there must be charms in thy noble country of which we other Greeks know but little, if amidst all the luxuries and delights of Byzantium thou canst pine for her rugged hills. And although, as thou knowest well, I was once a sojourner in thy city as ambassador from my own, yet to foreigners so little of the inner Spartan life is revealed, that I pray thee to satisfy my curiosity and explain to me the charm that reconciles thee and thine to institutions which seem to the Ionians at war with the pleasures and the graces of social life.”¹

“ Ill can the native of one land explain to the son of another why he loves it,” returned Lysander. “ That which the Ionian calls pleasure is to me but tedious vanity; that which he calls grace is to me but enervate levity. Me it pleases to find the day, from sunrise to night, full of occupations that leave no languor; that employ, but not excite. For the morning, our gymnasia, our military games, the chase,—diversions that brace the limbs and leave us in peace fit for war; diversions,

¹ Alexander, King of Macedon, had visited the Athenians with overtures of peace and alliance from Xerxes and Mardonius. These overtures were confined to the Athenians alone, and the Spartans were fearful lest they should be accepted. The Athenians, however, generously refused them. Gold, said they, hath no amount, earth no territory how beautiful soever that could tempt the Athenians to accept conditions from the Mede for the servitude of Greece. On this the Persians invaded Attica, and the Athenians, after waiting in vain for promised aid from Sparta, took refuge at Salamis. Meanwhile, they had sent messengers or ambassadors to Sparta, to remonstrate on the violation of their agreement in delaying succor. This chanced at the very time when, by the death of his father Cleombrotus, Pausanias became Regent. Slowly, and after much hesitation, the Spartans sent them aid under Pausanias. Two of the ambassadors were Aristides and Cimon.

which, unlike the brawls of the wordy Agora, bless us with the calm mind and clear spirit resulting from vigorous habits, and ensuring jocund health. Noon brings our simple feast, shared in public, enlivened by jest; late at eve we collect in our *Leschæ*, and the winter nights seem short, listening to the old men's talk of our sires and heroes. To us life is one serene yet active holiday. No Spartan condescends to labor, yet no Spartan can womanize himself by ease. For us, too, differing from you Ionian Greeks,—for us women are companions, not slaves. Man's youth is passed under the eyes and in the presence of those from whom he may select, as his heart inclines, the future mother of his children. Not for us your feverish and miserable ambitions, the intrigues of demagogues, the drudgery of the mart, the babble of the populace; we alone know the quiet repose of heart. That which I see everywhere else, the gnawing strife of passion, visits not the stately calm of the Spartan life. We have the leisure, not of the body alone, but of the soul. Equality with us is the all in all, and we know not that jealous anguish,—the desire to rise one above the other. We busy ourselves not in making wealth, in ruling mobs, in ostentatious rivalries of state, and gaud, and power,—struggles without an object. When we struggle it is for an end. Nothing moves us from our calm, but danger to Sparta, or woe to Hellas. Harmony, peace, and order,—these are the graces of our social life. Pity us, O Athenian!"

Cimon had listened with profound attention to a speech unusually prolix and descriptive for a Spartan; and he sighed deeply as it closed. For that young Athenian, destined to so renowned a place in the history of his country, was, despite his popular manners, no favorer of the popular passions. Lofty and calm, and

essentially an aristocrat by nature and opinion, this picture of a life unruffled by the restless changes of democracy, safe and aloof from the shifting humors of the multitude, charmed and allured him. He forgot for the moment those counter-propensities which made him still Athenian,—the taste for magnificence, the love of women, and the desire of rule. His busy schemes slept within him, and he answered:—

“ Happy is the Spartan who thinks with you. Yet,” he added, after a pause,—“ yet own that there are amongst you many to whom the life you describe has ceased to proffer the charms that enthrall you and who envy the more diversified and exciting existence of surrounding States. Lysander’s eulogiums shame his chief Pausanias.”

“ It is not for me, nor for thee, whose years scarce exceed my own, to judge of our elders in renown,” said Lysander, with a slight shade over his calm brow. “ Pausanias will surely be found still a Spartan, when Sparta needs him; and the heart of the Heracleid beats under the robe of the Mede.”

“ Be frank with me, Lysander; thou knowest that my own countrymen often jealously accuse me of loving Sparta too well. I imitate, say they, the manners and dress of the Spartan, as Pausanias those of the Mede. Trust me then, and bear with me, when I say that Pausanias ruins the cause of Sparta. If he tarry here longer in the command he will render all the allies enemies to thy country. Already he has impaired his fame and dimmed his laurels; already, despite his pretexts and excuses, we perceive that his whole nature is corrupted. Recall him to Sparta, while it is yet time,—time to reconcile the Greeks with Sparta, time to save the hero of Platæa from the contaminations of the

East. Preserve his own glory, dearer to thee as his special friend than to all men, yet dear to me, though an Athenian, from the memory of the deeds which delivered Hellas."

Cimon spoke with the blunt and candid eloquence natural to him, and to which his manly countenance and earnest tone and character for truth gave singular effect.

Lysander remained long silent. At length he said, "I neither deny nor assent to thine arguments, son of Miltiades. The Ephors alone can judge of their wisdom."

"But if we address them, by message, to the Ephors, thou and the nobler Spartans will not resent our remonstrances?"

"All that injures Pausanias Lysander will resent. Little know I of the fables of poets, but Homer is at least as familiar to the Dorian as to the Ionian, and I think with him that between friends there is but one love and one anger."

"Then are the frailties of Pausanias dearer to thee than his fame, or Pausanias himself dearer to thee than Sparta,— the erring brother than the venerable mother."

Lysander's voice died on his lips; the reproof struck home to him. He turned away his face, and with a slow wave of his hand seemed to implore forbearance. Cimon was touched by the action and the generous embarrassment of the Spartan; he saw, too, that he had left in the mind he had addressed thoughts that might work as he had designed, and he judged by the effect produced on Lysander what influence the same arguments might effect addressed to others less under the control of personal friendship. Therefore, with a few gentle words, he turned aside, continued his way, and left Lysander alone.

Entering the town, the Athenian threaded his path through some of the narrow lanes and alleys that wound from the quays towards the citadel, avoiding the broader and more frequented streets. The course he took was such as rendered it little probable that he should encounter any of the higher classes, and especially the Spartans, who from their constitutional pride shunned the resorts of the populace. But as he came nearer the citadel stray Helots were seen at times, emerging from the inns and drinking houses, and these stopped short and inclined low if they caught sight of him at a distance, for his hat and staff, his majestic stature, and composed step, made them take him for a Spartan.

One of these slaves, however, emerging suddenly from a house close by which Cimon passed, recognized him, and, retreating within abruptly, entered a room in which a man sat alone, and seemingly in profound thought; his cheek rested on one hand, with the other he leaned upon a small lyre, his eyes were bent on the ground, and he started, as a man does dream-like from a reverie, when the Helot touched him and said abruptly, and in a tone of surprise and inquiry,—

“Cimon, the Athenian, is ascending the hill towards the Spartan quarter.”

“The Spartan quarter! Cimon!” exclaimed Alcman, for it was he. “Give me thy cap and hide.”

Hastily enduing himself in these rough garments, and drawing the cap over his face, the Mothon hurried to the threshold, and, seeing the Athenian at the distance, followed his footsteps, though with the skill of a man used to ambush he kept himself unseen,—now under the projecting roofs of the houses, now skirting the wall, which, heavy with buttresses, led towards the out-works of the citadel. And with such success did he

pursue his track that when Cimon paused at last at the place of his destination, and gave one vigilant and searching glance around him, he detected no living form.

He had then reached a small space of table-land on which stood a few trees of great age,—all that time and the encroachments of the citadel and the town had spared of the sacred grove which formerly surrounded a rude and primitive temple, the gray columns of which gleamed through the heavy foliage. Passing, with a slow and cautious step, under the thick shadow of the trees, Cimon now arrived before the open door of the temple, placed at the east so as to admit the first beams of the rising sun. Through the threshold, in the middle of the fane, the eye rested on the statue of Apollo, raised upon a lofty pedestal and surrounded by a rail,—a statue not such as the later genius of the Athenian represented the god of light, and youth, and beauty; not wrought from Parian marble, or smoothest ivory, and in the divinest proportions of the human form, but rude, formal, and roughly hewn from the wood of the yew-tree: some early effigy of the god, made by the simple piety of the first Dorian colonizers of Byzantium. Three forms stood mute by an altar, equally homely and ancient, and adorned with horns, placed a little apart, and considerably below the statue.

As the shadow of the Athenian, who halted at the threshold, fell long and dark along the floor, the figures turned slowly, and advanced towards him. With an inclination of his head Cimon retreated from the temple; and, looking round, saw abutting from the rear of the building a small cell or chamber, which doubtless in former times had served some priestly purpose, but now, doorless, empty, desolate, showed the utter neglect into which the ancient shrine of the Dorian god had

fallen amidst the gay and dissolute Byzantians. To this cell Cimon directed his steps; the men he had seen in the temple followed him, and all four, with brief and formal greeting, seated themselves, Cimon on a fragment of some broken column, the others on a bench that stretched along the wall.

“Peers of Sparta,” said the Athenian, “ye have doubtless ere this revolved sufficiently the grave matter which I opened to you in a former conference, and in which, to hear your decision, I seek at your appointment these sacred precincts.”

“Son of Miltiades,” answered the blunt Polydorus, “you inform us that it is the intention of the Athenians to despatch a messenger to Sparta demanding the instant recall of Pausanias. You ask us to second that request. But without our aid the Athenians are masters to do as they will. Why should we abet your quarrel against the Regent?”

“Friend,” replied Cimon, “we, the Athenians, confess to no quarrel with Pausanias; what we demand is to avoid all quarrel with him or yourselves. You seem to have overlooked my main arguments. Permit me to re-urge them briefly. If Pausanias remains, the allies have resolved openly to revolt; if you, the Spartans, assist your chief, as methinks you needs must do, you are at once at war with the rest of the Greeks. If you desert him you leave Hellas without a chief, and we will choose one of our own. Meanwhile, in the midst of our dissensions, the towns and states well affected to Persia will return to her sway; and Persia herself falls upon us as no longer an united enemy but an easy prey. For the sake, therefore, of Sparta and of Greece, we entreat you to co-operate with us; or rather, to let the recall of Pausanias be effected more by the wise

precaution of the Spartans than by the fierce resolve of the other Greeks. So you save best the dignity of your State, and so, in reality, you best serve your chief. For less shameful to him is it to be recalled by you than to be deposed by us."

"I know not," said Gelon surlily, "what Sparta hath to do at all with this foreign expedition; we are safe in our own defiles."

"Pardon me, if I remind you that you were scarcely safe at Thermopylæ, and that had the advice Demaratus proffered to Xerxes been taken, and that island of Cithera, which commands Sparta itself, been occupied by Persian troops, as in a future time, if Sparta desert Greece, it may be, you were undone. And, wisely or not, Sparta is now in command at Byzantium, and it behoves her to maintain, with the dignity she assumes, the interests she represents. Grant that Pausanias be recalled, another Spartan can succeed him. Whom of your countrymen would you prefer to that high post, if you, O Peers, aid us in the dismissal of Pausanias?"¹

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¹ This chapter was left unfinished by the author; probably with the intention of recasting it. Such an intention, at least, is indicated by the marginal marks upon the MS.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE fountain sparkled to the noonday, the sward around it was sheltered from the sun by vines formed into shadowy arcades, with interlaced leaves for roof. Afar through the vistas thus formed gleamed the blue of a sleeping sea.

Under the hills, or close by the margin of the fountain, Cleonice was seated upon a grassy knoll, covered with wild flowers. Behind her, at a little distance, grouped her handmaids, engaged in their womanly work, and occasionally conversing in whispers. At her feet reposed the grand form of Pausanias. Aleman stood not far behind him, his hand resting on his lyre, his gaze fixed upon the upward jet of the fountain.

“Behold,” said Cleonice, “how the water soars up to the level of its source!”

“As my soul would soar to thy love,” said the Spartan amorphously.

“As thy soul should soar to the stars. O son of Hercules, when I hear thee burst into thy wild flights of ambition, I see not thy way to the stars.”

“Why dost thou ever thus chide the ambition which may give me thee?”

“No, for thou mightest then be as much below me as thou art now above. Too humble to mate with the

Heracleid, I am too proud to stoop to the Tributary of the Mede."

" Tributary for a sprinkling of water and a handful of earth. Well, my pride may revolt, too, from that tribute. But, alas! what is the tribute Sparta exacts from me now? — personal liberty, freedom of soul itself. The Mede's Tributary may be a king over millions; the Spartan Regent is a slave to the few."

" Cease, cease, cease. I will not hear thec," cried Cleonice, placing her hands on her ears

Pausanias gently drew them away; and, holding them both captive in the large clasp of his own right hand, gazed eagerly into her pure, unshrinking eyes.

" Tell me," he said, " for in much thou art wiser than I am, unjust though thou art, — tell me this. Look onward to the future with a gaze as steadfast as now meets mine, and say if thou canst discover any path except that which it pleases thee to condemn, which may lead thee and me to the marriage altar!"

Down sank those candid eyes, and the virgin's cheek grew first rosy red, and then pale, as if every drop of blood had receded to the heart.

" Speak!" insisted Pausanias, softening his haughty voice to its meekest tone.

" I cannot see the path to the altar," murmured Cleonice, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

" And if thou seest it not," returned Pausanias, " art thou brave enough to say, ' Be we lost to each other for life? ' I, though man and Spartan, am not brave enough to say that!"

He released her hands as he spoke, and clasped his own over his face. Both were long silent.

Alcman had for some moments watched the lovers with deep interest, and had caught into his listening ears the

purport of their words. He now raised his lyre, and swept his hand over the chords. The touch was that of a master, and the musical sounds produced their effect on all. The handmaids paused from their work. Cleonice turned her eyes wistfully towards the Mothon. Pausanias drew his hands from his face, and cried joyously, "I accept the omen. Foster-brother, I have heard that measure to a Hymeneal Song. Sing us the words that go with the melody."

"Nay," said Alcman, gently, "the words are not those which are sung before youth and maiden when they walk over perishing flowers to bridal altars. They are the words which embody a legend of the land in which the heroes of old dwell, removed from earth, yet preserved from Hades."

"Ah," said Cleonice, — and a strange expression, calmly mournful, settled on her features, — "then the words may haply utter my own thoughts. Sing them to us, I pray thee."

The Mothon bowed his head, and thus began: —

THE ISLE OF SPIRITS.

Many wonders on the ocean
By the moonlight may be seen ;
Under moonlight on the Euxine
Rose the blessed silver isle,

As Leostratus of Croton,
At the Pythian God's behest,
Steer'd along the troubled waters
To the tranquil spirit-land.

In the earthquake of the battle,
When the Locrians reel'd before
Croton's shock of marching iron,
Strode a Phantom to their van :

Strode the shade of Locrian Ajax,
Guarding still the native soil,
And Leostratus, confronting,
Wounded fell before the spear.

Leech and herb the wound could heal not ;
Said the Pythian God, " Depart,
Voyage o'er the troubled Euxine
To the tranquil spirit-land.

"There abides the Locrian Ajax,
He who gave the wound shall heal ;
Godlike souls are in their mercy
Stronger yet than in their wrath."

While at ease on lullèd waters
Rose the blessed silver isle,
Purple vines in lengthening vistas
Knit the hill-top to the beach.

And the beach had sparry caverns,
And a floor of golden sands,
And wherever soared the cypress,
Underneath it bloomed the rose.

Glimmered there amid the vine trees,
Thoro' cavern, over beach,
Lifelike shadows of a beauty
Which the living know no more,

Towering statuary of great heroes,
They who fought at Thebes and Troy ;
And with looks that poets dream of,
Beam'd the women heroes loved.

Kingly, forth before their comrades,
As the vessel touch'd the shore,
Came the stateliest Two, by Hymen
Ever hallowed into One.

As He strode, the forests trembled
To the awe that crown'd his brow ;
As She stepp'd, the ocean dinpled
To the ray that left her smile.

“ Welcome hither, fearless warrior ! ”
Said a voice in which there slept
Thunder-sounds to scatter armies,
As a north-wind scatters leaves.

“ Welcome hither, wounded sufferer,”
Said a voice of music, low
As the coo of doves that nestle
Under summer boughs at noon.

“ Who are ye, O shapes of glory ? ”
Ask'd the wondering living man :
Quoth the Man-ghost, “ This is Helen,
And the Fair is for the Brave.

“ Fairest prize to bravest victor ;
Whom doth Greece her bravest deem ? ”
Said Leostratus, “ Achilles ; ”
“ Bride and bridegroom then are we.”

“ Low I kneel to thee, Pelides,
But, O marvel, she thy bride,
She whose guilt unpeopled Hellas,
She whose marriage lights fired Troy ? ”

· Frown'd the large front of Achilles,
Overshadowing sea and sky,
Even as when between Olympus
And Oceanus hangs storm.

“ Know, thou dullard,” said Pelides,
“ That on the funereal pyre
Earthly sins are purged from glory
And the Soul is as the Name.

“ If to her in life — a Paris,
If to me in life — a slave,
Helen’s mate is *here* Achilles,
Mine, — the sister of the stars.

“ Nought of her survives but beauty,
Nought of me survives but fame,
Here the Beautiful and Famous
Intermingle evermore.”

Then throughout the Blessed Island
Sang aloud the Race of Light,
“ Know, the Beautiful and Famous
Marry here for evermore ! ”

“ Thy song bears a meaning deeper than its words,” said Pausanias; “ but if that meaning be consolation, I comprehend it not.”

“ I do,” said Cleonice. “ Singer, I pray thee draw near. Let us talk of what my lost mother said was the favorite theme of the grander sages of Miletus. Let us talk of what lies afar and undiscovered amid waters more troubled than the Euxine. Let us speak of the Land of Souls.”

“ Who ever returned from that land to tell us of it ? ” said Pausanias. “ Voyagers that never voyaged thither save in song.”

“ Son of Cleombrotus,” said Alcman, “ hast thou not heard that in one of the cities founded by thine ancestor, Hercules, and named after his own name, there yet dwells a Priesthood that can summon to living eyes the Phantoms of the dead ? ”

“ No,” answered Pausanias, with the credulous wonder common to eager natures which philosophy has not withdrawn from the realm of superstition.

“ But,” asked Cleonice, “ does it need the necromancer to convince us that the soul does not perish when the breath leaves the lips? If I judge the burden of thy song aright, thou art not, O singer, uninitiated in the divine and consoling doctrines which, emanating, it is said, from the schools of Miletus, established the immortality of the soul, not for Demigods and Heroes only, but for us all; which imply the soul’s purification from earthly sins, in some regions less chilling and stationary than the sunless and melancholy Hades.”

Alcman looked at the girl surprised.

“ Art thou not, maiden,” said he, “ one of the many female disciples whom the successors of Pythagoras the Samian have enrolled? ”

“ Nay,” said Cleonice, modestly; “ but my mother had listened to great teachers of wisdom, and I speak imperfectly the thoughts I have heard her utter when she told me she had no terror of the grave.”

“ Fair Byzantine,” returned the Mothon, while Pausanias, leaning his upraised face on his hand, listened mutely to themes new to his mind and foreign to his Spartan culture,—“ fair Byzantine, we in Lacedæmon, whether free or enslaved, are not educated to the subtle learning which distinguishes the intellect of Ionian Sages. But I, born and licensed to be a poet, converse eagerly with all who swell the stores which enrich the treasure-house of song. And thus, since we have left the land of Sparta, and more especially in yon city, the centre of many tribes and of many minds, I have picked up, as it were, desultory and scattered notions, which, for want of a fitting teacher, I bind and arrange for myself as well as I may. And since the ideas that now float through the atmosphere of Hellas are not confined to the great, nay, perhaps are less visible to them than

to those whose eyes are not riveted on the absorbing substances of ambition and power, so I have learned something, I know not how, save that I have listened, and reflected. And here, where I have heard what sages conjecture of a world which seems so far off, but to which we are so near that we may reach it in a moment, my interest might indeed be intense. For what is this world to him who came into it a slave!"

"Alcman!" exclaimed Pausanias, "the foster-brother of the Heracleid is no more a slave."

The Mothon bowed his head gratefully, but the expression on his face retained the same calm and sombre resignation.

"Alas," said Cleonice, with the delicacy of female consolation, "who in this life is really free? Have citizens no thraldom in custom and law? Are we not all slaves?"

"True. All slaves!" murmured the royal victor. "Envy none, O Alcman. Yet," he continued gloomily, "what is the life beyond the grave which sacred tradition and ancient song holds out to us? Not thy silver island, vain singer, unless it be only for an early race more immediately akin to the Gods. Shadows in the shade are the dead; at the best reviving only their habits when on earth, in phantom-like delusions; aiming spectral darts like Orion at spectral lions; things bloodless and pulseless; existences followed to no purpose through eternity, as dreams are through a night. Who cares so to live again? Not I."

"The sages that now rise around, and speak oracles different from those heard at Delphi," said Alcman, "treat not thus the Soul's immortality. They begin by inquiring how creation rose; they seek to find the primitive element; what that may be they dispute; some say the fiery, some the airy, some the ethereal element.

Their language here is obscure. But it is a something which forms, harmonizes, works, and lives on forever. And of that something is the Soul; creative, harmonious, active, an element in itself. Out of its development here, that soul comes on to a new development elsewhere. If here the beginning lead to that new development in what we call virtue, it moves to light and joy,—if it can only roll on through the grooves it has here made for itself, in what we call vice and crime, its path is darkness and wretchedness."

"In what we call virtue,—what we call vice and crime? Ah," said Pausanias, with a stern sneer, "Spartan virtue, O Aleman, is what a Helot may call crime. And if ever the Helot rose and shouted freedom, would he not say, 'This is virtue?' Would the Spartan call it virtue, too, my foster-brother?"

"Son of Cleombrotus," answered Aleman, "it is not for me to vindicate the acts of the master; nor to blame the slave who is of my race. Yet the sage definers of virtue distinguish between the Conscience of a Polity and that of the Individual Man. Self-preservation is the instinct of every community, and all the ordinances ascribed to Lycurgus are designed to preserve the Spartan existence. For what are the pure Spartan race? a handful of men established as lords in the midst of a hostile population. Close by the eyrie thine eagle-fathers built in the rocks, hung the silent Amyclæ, a city of foes that cost the Spartans many generations to subdue. Hence thy state was a camp, its citizens sentinels; its children were brought up from the cradle to support the stern life to which necessity devoted the men. Hardship and privation were second nature. Not enough to be brave; vigilance was equally essential. Every Spartan life was precious; therefore came the

cunning which characterizes the Spartan; therefore the boy is permitted to steal, but punished if detected; therefore the whole Commonwealth strives to keep aloof from the wars of Greece unless itself be threatened. A single battle in a common cause might suffice to depopulate the Spartan race, and leave it at the mercy of the thousands that so reluctantly own its dominion. Hence the ruthless determination to crush the spirit, to degrade the class of the enslaved Helots; hence its dread lest the slumbering brute force of the Servile find in its own masses a head to teach the consciousness, and a hand to guide the movements, of its power. These are the necessities of the Polity, its vices are the outgrowth of its necessities; and the life that so galls thee, and which has sometimes rendered mad those who return to it from having known another, and the danger that evermore surrounds the lords of a sullen multitude, are the punishments of these vices. Comprehendest thou?"

"I comprehend."

"But individuals have a conscience apart from that of the Community. Every community has its errors in its laws. No human laws, how skilfully soever framed, but give to a national character defects as well as merits, merits as well as defects. Craft, selfishness, cruelty to the subdued, inhospitable frigidity to neighbors, make the defects of the Spartan character. But," added Alcman, with a kind of reluctant anguish in his voice, "the character has its grand virtues, too, or would the Helots not be the masters? Valor indomitable; grand scorn of death; passionate ardor for the State which is so severe a mother to them; antique faith in the sacred altars; sublime devotion to what is held to be duty. Are these not found in the Spartan beyond all the Greeks, as thou seest them in thy friend Lysander; in that soul,

stately, pure, compact in its own firm substance as a statue within a temple is in its Parian stone? But what the Gods ask from man is virtue in himself, according as he comprehends it. And, therefore, here all societies are equal; for the Gods pardon in the man the faults he shares with his Community, and ask from him but the good and the beautiful, such as the nature of his Community will permit him to conceive and to accomplish. Thou knowest that there are many kinds of music — for instance, the Doric, the *Æolian*, the Ionian — in Hellas. The Lydians have their music, the Phrygians theirs too. The Scyth and the Mede doubtless have their own. Each race prefers the music it cultivates, and finds fault with the music of other races. And yet a man who has learned melody and measure, will recognize a music in them all. So it is with virtue, the music of the human soul. It differs in differing races. But he who has learned to know what virtue is can recognize its harmonies, wherever they be heard. And thus the soul that fulfils its own notions of music, and carries them up to its idea of excellence, is the master soul; and in the regions to which it goes, when the breath leaves the lips, it pursues the same art, set free from the trammels that confined and the false judgments that marred it here. For then the soul is no longer Spartan or Ionian, Lydian, Median, or Scythian. Escaped into the upper air, it is the citizen of universal freedom and universal light. And hence it does not live as a ghost in gloomy shades, being merely a pale memory of things that have passed away; but in its primitive being as an emanation from the one divine principle which penetrates everywhere, vivifies all things, and enjoys in all. This is what I weave together from the doctrines of varying schools; schools that collect from the fields of thought

flowers of different kinds which conceal, by adorning it, the ligament that unites them all: this, I say, O Pausanias, is my conception of the soul."

Cleonice rose softly, and taking from her bosom a rose, kissed it fervently, and laid it at the feet of the singer.

"Were this my soul," cried she, "I would ask thee to bind it in the wreath."

Vague and troubled thoughts passed meanwhile through the mind of the Heracleid; old ideas being disturbed and dislodged, the new ones did not find easy settlement in a brain occupied with ambitious schemes and a heart agitated by stormy passions. In much superstitious, in much sceptical, as education had made him the one, and experience but of worldly things was calculated to make him the other, he followed not the wing of the philosophy which passed through heights not occupied by Olympus, and dived into depths where no Tartarus echoed to the wail of Cocytus.

After a pause he said in his perplexity, —

"Well mayst thou own that no Delphian oracle tells thee all this. And when thou speakest of the Divine Principle as One, dost thou not, O presumptuous man, depopulate the Halls of Ida? Nay, is it not Zeus himself whom thou dethronest; is not thy Divine Principle the Fate which Zeus himself must obey?"

"There is a young man of Clazomenæ," answered the singer, "named Anaxagoras, who avoiding all active life, though of birth the noblest, gives himself up to contemplation, and whom I have listened to in the city as he passed through it, on his way into Egypt. And I heard him say, 'Fate is an empty name.'¹ Fate is blind, the Divine is All-seeing."

¹ Anaxagoras was then between twenty and thirty years of age. — See Ritter, vol. ii., for the sentiment here ascribed to him, and a general view of his tenets.

"How!" cried Cleonice. "An empty name, — she! Necessity the All-compelling."

The musician drew from the harp one of the most artful of Sappho's exquisite melodies.

"What drew forth that music?" he asked, smiling. "My hand and my will from a genius not present, not visible. Was that genius a blind fate? no, it was a grand intelligence. Nature is to the Deity what my hand and will are to the unseen genius of the musician. They obey an intelligence and they form a music. If creation proceed from an intelligence, what we call fate is but the consequence of its laws. And Nature operates not in the external world alone, but in the core of all life; therefore in the mind of man obeying only what some supreme intelligence has placed there; therefore in man's mind producing music or discord, according as he has learned the principles of harmony, that is, of good. And there be sages who declare that Intelligence and Love are the same. Yet," added the Mothon, with an aspect solemnly compassionate, "not the love thou mockest by the name of Aphrodite. No mortal eye hath ever seen that love within the known sphere, yet all insensibly feel its reign. What keeps the world together but affection? What makes the earth bring forth its fruits, but the kindness which beams in the sunlight and descends in the dews? What makes the lioness watch over her cubs, and the bird, with all air for its wanderings, come back to the fledglings in its nest? Strike love, the conjoiner, from creation, and creation returns to a void. Destroy love the parental, and life is born but to perish. Where stop the influence of love or how limit its multiform degrees? Love guards the fatherland; crowns with turrets the walls of the freeman. What but love binds the citizens of States together, and

frames and heeds the laws that submit individual liberty to the rule of the common good? Love creates, love cements, love enters and harmonizes all things. And as like attracts like, so love attracts in the hereafter the loving souls that conceived it here. From the region where it summons them, its opposites are excluded. There ceases war; there ceases pain. There indeed intermingle the beautiful and glorious, but beauty purified from earthly sin, the glorious resting from earthly toil. Ask ye how to know on earth where love is really presiding? Not in Paphos, not in Amathus. Wherever thou seest beauty and good, wherever thou seest life, and that life pervaded with faculties of joy, there thou seest love; there thou shouldst recognize the Divinity."

"And where I see misery and hate," said the Spartan, "what should I recognize there?"

"Master," returned the singer. "can the good come without a struggle? Is the beautiful accomplished without strife? Recall the tales of primeval chaos, when, as sang the Ascrean singer, love first darted into the midst; imagine the heave and throe of joining elements; conjure up the first living shapes, born of the fluctuating slime and vapor. Surely they were things incomplete, deformed ghastly fragments of being, as are the dreams of a maniac. Had creative Love stopped there, and then, standing on the height of some fair completed world, had viewed the warring portents, wouldest thou not have said, 'But these are the works of Evil and Hate?' Love did not stop there, — it worked on; and out of the chaos once ensouled, this glorious world swung itself into ether, the completed sister of the stars. Again, O my listeners, contemplate the sculptor, when the block from the granite shaft first stands rude and shapeless before him. See him in his earlier strife with the obstinate matter, —

how uncouth the first outline of limb and feature; unlovelier often in the rugged commencements of shape, than when the dumb mass stood shapeless. If the sculptor had stopped there, the thing might serve as an image for the savage of an abominable creed, engaged in the sacrifice of human flesh. But he pauses not, he works on. Stroke by stroke comes from the stone a shape of more beauty than man himself is endowed with, and in a human temple stands a celestial image.

“Thus is it with the soul in the mundane sphere; it works its way on through the adverse matter. We see its work half completed; we cry, ‘Lo this is misery, this is hate,’ — because the chaos is not yet a perfected world, and the stone block is not yet a statue of Apollo. But for that reason must we pause? — no, we must work on, till the victory brings the repose.

“All things come into order from the war of contraries, — the elements fight and wrestle to produce the wild flower at our feet; from a wild flower man hath striven and toiled to perfect the marvellous rose of the hundred leaves. Hate is necessary for the energies of love, evil for the activity of good; until, I say, the victory is won, until Hate and Evil are subdued, as the sculptor subdues the stone; and then rises the divine image serene forever, and rests on its pedestal in the Uranian Temple. Lift thine eyes; that temple is yonder. O Pausanias, the sculptor’s work-room is the earth.”

Alcman paused, and, sweeping his hand once more over his lyre, chanted as follows:

“Dewdrop that weepest on the sharp-barbèd thorn,
Why didst thou fall from Day’s golden chalices?
‘My tears bathe the thorn,’ said the Dewdrop,
‘To nourish the bloom of the rose.’

“ Soul of the Infant, why to calamity
 Comest thou wailing from the calm spirit-source ?
 ‘ Ask of the Dew,’ said the Infant,
 ‘ Why it descends on the thorn ! ’

“ Dewdrop from storm, and soul from calamity
 Vanish soon, — whither ? let the Dew answer thee ;
 ‘ Have not my tears been my glory ?
 Tears drew me up to the sun.’

“ What were thine uses, that thou art glorified ?
 What did thy tears give, profiting earth or sky ?
 ‘ There, to the thorn-stem a blossom,
 Here, to the Iris a tint.’ ”

Aleman had modulated the tones of his voice into a sweetness so plaintive and touching, that, when he paused, the handmaidens had involuntarily risen and gathered round, hushed and noiseless. Cleonice had lowered her veil over her face and bosom ; but the heaving of its tissue betrayed her half-suppressed, gentle sob ; and the proud mournfulness on the Spartan’s swarthy countenance had given way to a soft composure, melancholy still, but melancholy as a lulled, though dark water, over which starlight steals through disparted cloud.

Cleonice was the first to break the spell which bound them all.

“ I would go within,” she murmured faintly. “ The sun, now slanting, strikes through the vine-leaves, and blinds me with its glare.”

Pausanias approached timidly, and taking her by the hand, drew her aside, along one of the grassy alleys that stretched onwards to the sea.

The handmaidens tarried behind to cluster nearer round the singer. They forgot he was a slave.

CHAPTER II.

“THOU art weeping still, Cleonice!” said the Spartan, “and I have not the privilege to kiss away thy tears.”

“Nay, I weep not,” answered the girl, throwing up her veil; and her face was calm, if still sad: the tear yet on the eyelids, but the smile upon the lip,—*δακρυόεν γελάοισα*. “Thy singer has learned his art from a teacher heavenlier than the Pierides, and its name is Hope.”

“But if I understand him aright,” said Pausanias, “the Hope that inspires him is a goddess who blesses us little on the earth.”

As if the Mothon had overheard the Spartan, his voice here suddenly rose behind them, singing:

“*There the Beautiful and Glorious
Intermingle evermore.*”

Involuntarily both turned. The Mothon seemed as if explaining to the handmaids the allegory of his marriage song upon Helen and Achilles, for his hand was raised on high, and again with an emphasis, he chanted:

“*There, throughout the Blessed Islands,
And amid the Race of Light,
Do the Beautiful and Glorious
Intermingle evermore.*”

“Canst thou not wait, if thou so lovest me?” said Cleonice with more tenderness in her voice than it had ever yet betrayed to him; “life is very short. Hush!” she continued, checking the passionate interruption that

burst from his lips; “ I have something I would confide to thee: listen. Know that in my childhood I had a dear friend, a maiden a few years older than myself, and she had the divine gift of trance which comes from Apollo. Often, gazing into space, her eyes became fixed, and her frame still as a statue’s; then a shiver seized her limbs, and prophecy broke from her lips. And she told me, in one of these hours, when, as she said, ‘ All space and all time seemed spread before her like a sunlit ocean,’ she told me of my future, so far as its leaves have yet unfolded from the stem of my life. Spartan, she prophesied that I should see thee — and — ” Cleonice paused, blushing, and then hurried on, “ and she told me that suddenly her eye could follow my fate on the earth no more, that it vanished out of the time and the space on which it gazed, and saying it she wept, and broke into funeral song. And therefore, Pausanias, I say life is very short for me at least — ”

“ Hold,” cried Pausanias; “ torture not me, nor delude thyself with the dreams of a raving girl. Lives she near? Let me visit her with thee, and I will prove thy prophetess an impostor.”

“ They whom the Priesthood of Delphi employ throughout Hellas to find the fit natures for a Pythoness heard of her, and heard herself. She whom thou callest impostor gives the answer to perplexed nations from the Pythian shrine. But wherefore doubt her? — where the sorrow? I feel none. If love does rule the worlds beyond, and does unite souls who love nobly here, yonder we shall meet, O descendant of Hercules, and human laws will not part us there.”

“ Thou die! die before me! thou, scarcely half my years! And I be left here, with no comfort but a singer’s dreamy verse, not even mine ambition! Thrones

would vanish out of earth and turn to cinders in thine urn."

" Speak not of thrones," said Cleonice, with imploring softness, " for the prophetess, too, spake of steps that went towards a throne, and vanished at the threshold of darkness, beside which sat the Furies. Speak not of thrones, dream but of glory and Hellas, — of what thy soul tells thee is that virtue which makes life an Uranian music, and thus unites it to the eternal symphony, as the breath of the single flute melts when it parts from the instrument into the great concord of the choir. Knowest thou not that in the creed of the Persians each mortal is watched on earth by a good spirit and an evil one? And they who loved us below, or to whom we have done beneficent and gentle deeds, if they go before us into death, pass to the side of the good spirit, and strengthen him to save and to bless thee against the malice of the bad, and the bad is strengthened in his turn by those whom we have injured. Wouldst thou have all the Greeks whose birthright thou wouldest barter, whose blood thou wouldest shed for barbaric aid to thy solitary and lawless power, stand by the side of the evil Fiend? And what could I do against so many? what could my soul do," added Cleonice with simple pathos, " by the side of the kinder spirit?"

Pausanias was wholly subdued. He knelt to the girl, he kissed the hem of her robe, and for the moment ambition, luxury, pomp, pride fled from his soul, and left there only the grateful tenderness of the man, and the lofty instincts of the hero. But just then, — was it the evil spirit that sent him? — the boughs of the vine were put aside, and Gongylus the Eretrian stood before them. His black eyes glittered keen upon Pausanias, who rose from his knee, startled and displeased.

"What brings thee hither, man?" said the Regent, haughtily.

"Danger," answered Gongylus, in a hissing whisper. "Lose not a moment, — come."

"Danger!" exclaimed Cleonice, tremblingly, and clasping her hands, and all the human love at her heart was visible in her aspect. "Danger, and to *him*!"

"Danger is but as the breeze of my native air," said the Spartan, smiling; "thus I draw it in and thus breathe it away. I follow thee, Gongylus. Take my greeting, Cleonice, — the Good to the Beautiful. Well, then, keep Alcman yet awhile to sing thy kind face to repose, and this time let him tune his lyre to songs of a more Dorian strain, — songs that show what a Heracleid thinks of danger."

He waved his hand, and the two men, striding hastily, passed along the vine alley, darkened its vista for a few minutes, then vanishing down the descent to the beach, the wide blue sea again lay lone and still before the eyes of the Byzantine maid.

CHAPTER III.

PAUSANIAS and the Eretrian halted on the shore.

"Now speak," said the Spartan Regent. "Where is the danger?"

"Before thee," answered Gongylus, and his hand pointed to the ocean.

"I see the fleet of the Greeks in the harbor,—I see the flag of my galley above the forest of their masts. I see detached vessels skimming along the waves hither and thither as in holiday and sport; but discipline slackens where no foe dares to show himself. Eretrian, I see no danger."

"Yet danger is there, and where danger is thou shouldst be. I have learned from my spies, not an hour since, that there is a conspiracy formed,—a mutiny on the eve of an outburst. Thy place now should be in thy galley."

"My boat waits yonder in that creek, overspread by the wild shrubs," answered Pausanias; "a few strokes of the oar, and I am where thou seest. And in truth, without thy summons, I should have been on board ere sunset, seeing that on the morrow I have ordered a general review of the vessels of the fleet. Was that to be the occasion for the mutiny?"

"So it is supposed."

"I shall see the faces of the mutineers," said Pausanias with a calm visage, and an eye which seemed to brighten the very atmosphere. "Thou shakest thy head; is this all?"

"Thou art not a bird,—this moment in one place, that moment in another. There, with yon armament, is the danger thou canst meet. But yonder sails a danger which thou canst not, I fear me, overtake."

"Yonder!" said Pausanias, his eye following the hand of the Eretrian. "I see nought save the white wing of a seagull,—perchance, by its dip into the water, it foretells a storm."

"Farther off than the seagull, and seeming smaller than the white spot of its wing, seest thou nothing?"

"A dim speck on the farthest horizon, if mine eyes mistake not."

"The speck of a sail that is bound to Sparta. It carries with it a request for thy recall."

This time the cheek of Pausanias paled, and his voice slightly faltered as he said,

"Art thou sure of this?"

"So I hear that the Samian captain, Uliades, has boasted at noon in the public baths."

"A Samian!—is it only a Samian who hath ventured to address to Sparta a complaint of her General?"

"From what I could gather," replied Gongylus, "the complaint is more powerfully backed. But I have not as yet heard more, though I conjecture that Athens has not been silent, and before the vessel sailed Ionian captains were seen to come with joyous faces from the lodgings of Cimon."

The Regent's brow grew yet more troubled. "Cimon, of all the Greeks out of Laconia, is the one whose word would weigh most in Sparta. But my Spartans themselves are not suspected of privity and connivance in this mission?"

"It is not said that they are."

Pausanias shaded his face with his hand for a moment in deep thought. Gongylus continued,—

"If the Ephors recall thee before the Asian army is on the frontier, farewell to the sovereignty of Hellas!"

"Ha!" cried Pausanias, "tempt me not. Thinkest thou I need other tempter than I have here?" — smiting his breast.

Gongylus recoiled in surprise. "Pardon me, Pausanias, but temptation is another word for hesitation. I dreamed not that I could tempt; I did not know that thou didst hesitate."

The Spartan remained silent.

"Are not thy messengers on the road to the great king? — nay, perhaps already they have reached him. Didst thou not say how intolerable to thee would be life henceforth in the iron thraldom of Sparta, — and now?"

"And now, — I forbid thee to question me more. Thou hast performed thy task, leave me to mine."

He sprang with the spring of the mountain goat from the crag on which he stood, — over a precipitous chasm, lighted on a narrow ledge, from which a slip of the foot would have been sure death, another bound yet more fearful, and his whole weight hung suspended by the bough of the ilex which he grasped with a single hand; then from bough to bough, from crag to crag, the Eretrian saw him descending till he vanished amidst the trees that darkened over the fissures at the foot of the cliff.

And before Gongylus had recovered his amaze at the almost preterhuman agility and vigor of the Spartan, and his dizzy sense at the contemplation of such peril braved by another, a boat shot into the sea from the green creek, and he saw Pausanias seated beside Lysander on one of the benches, and conversing with him, as if in calm earnestness, while the ten rowers sent the boat

towards the fleet with the swiftness of an arrow to its goal.

“ Lysander,” said Pausanias, “ hast thou heard that the Ionians have offered to me the insult of a mission to the Ephors demanding my recall ? ”

“ No. Who would tell me of insult to thee ? ”

“ But hast thou any conjecture that other Spartans around me, and who love me less than thou, would approve, nay, have approved, this embassy of spies and malcontents ? ”

“ I think none have so approved. I fear some would so approve. The Spartans round thee would rejoice did they know that the pride of their armies, the Victor of Platæa, were once more within their walls.”

“ Even to the danger of Hellas from the Mede ? ”

“ They would rather all Hellas were Medized than Pausanias the Heracleid.”

“ Boy, boy,” said Pausanias, between his ground teeth, “ dost thou not see that what is sought is the disgrace of Pausanias the Heracleid ? Grant that I am recalled from the head of this armament, and on the charge of Ionians, and I am dishonored in the eyes of all Greece. Dost thou remember in the last Olympiad that when Themistocles, the only rival now to me in glory, appeared on the Altis, assembled Greece rose to greet and do him honor ? And if I, deposed, dismissed, appeared at the next Olympiad, how would assembled Greece receive me ? Couldst thou not see the pointed finger and hear the muttered taunt, ‘ That is Pausanias, whom the Ionians banished from Byzantium ’ ? No, I must abide here ; I must prosecute the vast plans which shall dwarf into shadow the petty genius of Themistocles. I must counteract this mischievous embassy to the Ephors. I must send to them an ambassador of my own. Lysander,

wilt thou go, and burying in thy bosom thine own Spartan prejudices, deem that thou canst only serve me by proving the reasons why I should remain here, pleading for me, arguing for me, and winning my suit?"

"It is for thee to command and for me to obey thee," answered Lysander, simply. "Is not that the duty of soldier to chief? When we converse as friends I may contend with thee in speech. When thou sayest, Do this, I execute thine action. To reason with thee would be revolt."

Pausanias placed his clasped hands on the young man's shoulder, and leaving them there, impressively said, —

"I select thee for this mission because thee alone can I trust. And of me hast thou a doubt? — tell me."

"If I saw thee taking the Persian gold I should say that the Demon had mocked mine eyes with a delusion. Never could I doubt, unless — unless — "

"Unless what?"

"Thou wert standing under Jove's sky against the arms of Hellas."

"And then, if some other chief bade thee raise thy sword against me, thou art Spartan and wouldest obey?"

"I am Spartan, and cannot believe that I should ever have a cause, or listen to a command, to raise my sword against the chief I now serve and love," replied Lysander.

Pausanias withdrew his hands from the young man's broad shoulder. He felt humbled beside the quiet truth of that sublime soul. His own deceit became more black to his conscience. "Methinks," he said tremulously, "I will not send thee after all, — and perhaps the news may be false."

The boat had now gained the fleet, and steering

amidst the crowded triremes, made its way towards the floating banner of the Spartan Serpent. More immediately round the General's galley were the vessels of the Peloponnesian allies, by whom he was still honored. A welcoming shout rose from the seamen lounging on their decks as they caught sight of the renowned Heracleid. Cimon, who was on his own galley at some distance, heard the shout.

"So Pausanias," he said, turning to the officers round him, "has deigned to come on board, to direct, I suppose, the manœuvres for to-morrow."

"I believe it is but the form of a review for manœuvres," said an Athenian officer, "in which Pausanias will inspect the various divisions of the fleet, and if more be intended, will give the requisite orders for a subsequent day. No arrangements demanding much preparation can be anticipated, for Antagoras, the rich Chian, gives a great banquet this day, — a supper to the principal captains of the Isles."

"A frank and hospitable reveller is Antagoras," answered Cimon. "He would have extended his invitation to the Athenians, — me included; but in their name I declined."

"May I ask wherefore?" said the officer who had before spoken. "Cimon is not held adverse to wine-cup and myrtle-bough."

"But things are said over some wine-cups and under some myrtle-boughs," answered Cimon, with a quiet laugh, "which it is imprudence to hear and would be treason to repeat. Sup with me here on deck, friends: a supper for sober companions, — sober as the Laconian Syssitia, and let not Spartans say that *our* manners are spoiled by the luxuries of Byzantium."

CHAPTER IV.

IN an immense peristyle of a house which a Byzantine noble, ruined by lavish extravagance, had been glad to cede to the accommodation of Antagoras and other officers of Chios, the young rival of Pausanias feasted the chiefs of the *Ægean*. However modern civilization may in some things surpass the ancient, it is certainly not in luxury and splendor. And although the Hellenic States had not, at that period, aimed at the pomp of show and the refinements of voluptuous pleasure which preceded their decline; and although they never did carry luxury to the wondrous extent which it reached in Asia, or even in Sicily, yet even at that time a wealthy sojourner in such a city as Byzantium could command an entertainment that no monarch in our age would venture to parade before royal guests, and submit to the criticism of tax-paying subjects.

The columns of the peristyle were of dazzling alabaster, with their capitals richly gilt. The space above was roofless, but an immense awning of purple, richly embroidered in Persian looms,—a spoil of some gorgeous Mede,—shaded the feasters from the summer sky. The couches on which the banqueters reclined were of citron wood, inlaid with ivory, and covered with the tapestries of Asiatic looms. At the four corners of the vast hall played four fountains, and their spray sparkled to a blaze of light from colossal candelabra, in which burned perfumed oil. The guests were not assembled at a single table, but in small

groups; to each group its tripod of exquisite workmanship. To that feast of fifty revellers no less than seventy cooks had contributed the inventions of their art, but under one great master, to whose care the banquet had been consigned by the liberal host, and who ransacked earth, sky, and sea for dainties more various than this degenerate age ever sees accumulated at a single board. And the epicure who has but glanced over the elaborate page of Athenæus, must own with melancholy self-humiliation that the ancients must have carried the art of flattering the palate to a perfection as absolute as the art which built the Parthenon, and sculptured out of gold and ivory the Olympian Jove. But the first course, with its profusion of birds, flesh, and fishes, its marvellous combinations of forced meats, and inventive poetry of sauces, was now over. And in the interval preceding that second course, in which gastronomy put forth its most exquisite masterpieces, the slaves began to remove the tables, soon to be replaced. Vessels of fragrant waters, in which the banqueters dipped their fingers, were handed round; perfumes, which the Byzantine marts collected from every clime, escaped from their precious receptacles.

Then were distributed the garlands. With these each guest crowned locks that steamed with odors; and in them were combined the flowers that most charm the eye, with bud or herb that most guard from the head the fumes of wine: with hyacinth and flax, with golden asphodel and silver lily, the green of ivy and parsley leaf was thus entwined; and above all the rose, said to convey a delicious coolness to the temples on which it bloomed. And now for the first time wine came to heighten the spirits and test the charm of the garlands. Each, as the large goblet passed to him, poured from

the brim, before it touched his lips, his libation to the good spirit. And as Antagoras, rising first, set this pious example, out from the further end of the hall, behind the fountains, burst a concert of flutes, and the great Hellenic Hymn of the Pæan.

As this ceased, the fresh tables appeared before the banqueters, covered with all the fruits in season, and with those triumphs in confectionery, of which honey was the main ingredient, that well justified the favor in which the Greeks held the bee.

Then, instead of the pure juice of the grape, from which the libation had been poured, came the wines, mixed at least three parts with water, and deliciously cooled.

Up again rose Antagoras, and every eye turned to him.

“Companions,” said the young Chian, “it is not held in free States well for a man to seize by himself upon supreme authority. We deem that a magistracy should only be obtained by the votes of others. Nevertheless, I venture to think that the latter plan does not always insure to us a good master. I believe it was by election that we Greeks have given to ourselves a generalissimo, not contented, it is said, to prove the invariable wisdom of that mode of government; wherefore this seems an occasion to revive the good custom of tyranny. And I propose to do so in my person by proclaiming myself Symposiarch and absolute commander in the Commonwealth here assembled. But if ye prefer the chance of the die —”

“No, no,” cried the guests, almost universally; “Antagoras, the Symposiarch, we submit. Issue thy laws.”

“Hearken then, and obey. First, then, as to the strength of the wine. Behold the crater in which

there are three Naiades to one Dionysos. He is a match for them; not for more. No man shall put into his wine more water than the slaves have mixed. Yet if any man is so diffident of the god that he thinks three Naiades too much for him, he may omit one or two, and let the wine and the water fight it out upon equal terms. So much for the quality of the drink. As to quantity, it is a question to be deliberated hereafter. And now this cup to Zeus the Preserver."

The toast went round.

"Music, and the music of Lydia!" then shouted Antagoras, and resumed his place on the couch beside Uliades.

The music proceeded, the wines circled.

"Friend," whispered Uliades to the host, "thy father left thee wines, I know. But if thou givest many banquets like this, I doubt if thou wilt leave wines to thy son."

"I shall die childless, perhaps," answered the Chian; "and any friend will give me enough to pay Charon's fee across the Styx."

"That is a melancholy reflection," said Uliades, "and there is no subject of talk that pleases me less than that same Styx. Why dost thou bite thy lip, and choke the sigh? By the Gods! art thou not happy?"

"Happy!" repeated Antagoras, with a bitter smile. "Oh, yes!"

"Good! Cleonice torments thee no more. I myself have gone through thy trials; ay, and oftentimes. Seven times at Samos, five at Rhodes, once at Miletus, and forty-three times at Corinth have I been an impassioned and unsuccessful lover. Courage; I love still."

Antagoras turned away. By this time the hall was yet more crowded, for many not invited to the supper

came, as was the custom with the Greeks, to the Symposium; but these were all of the Ionian race.

"The music is dull without the dancers," cried the host. "Ho, there! the dancing girls. Now would I give all the rest of my wealth to see among these girls one face that yet but for a moment could make me forget—"

"Forget what, or whom?" said Uliades; "not Cleonice?"

"Man, man, wilt thou provoke me to strangle thee?" muttered Antagoras.

Uliades edged himself away.

"Ungrateful!" he cried. "What are a hundred Byzantine girls to one tried male friend?"

"I will not be ungrateful, Uliades, if thou stand by my side against the Spartan."

"Thou art, then, bent upon this perilous hazard?"

"Bent on driving Pausanias from Byzantium, or into Hades,—yes."

"Touch!" said Uliades, holding out his right hand. "By Cypris, but these girls dance like the daughters of Oceanus; every step undulates as a wave."

Antagoras motioned to his cup-bearer. "Tell the leader of that dancing choir to come hither." The cup-bearer obeyed.

A man with a solemn air came to the foot of the Chian's couch, bowing low. He was an Egyptian,—one of the meanest castes.

"Swarthy friend," said Antagoras, "didst thou ever hear of the Pyrrhic dance of the Spartans?"

"Surely, of all dances am I teacher and preceptor."

"Your girls know it, then?"

"Somewhat, from having seen it; but not from practice. 'T is a male dance and a warlike dance, O magnanimous, but, in this instance, untutored Chian!"

“Hist, and listen.” Antagoras whispered. The Egyptian nodded his head, returned to the dancing girls, and when their measure had ceased, gathered them round him.

Antagoras again rose.

“Companions, we are bound now to do homage to our masters,—the pleasant, affable, and familiar warriors of Sparta.”

At this the guests gave way to their applauding laughter.

“And therefore the delicate maidens will present to us that flowing and Amathusian dance, which the Graces taught to Spartan sinews. Ho, there! begin.”

The Egyptian had by this time told the dancers what they were expected to do; and they came forward with an affectation of stern dignity, the burlesque humor of which delighted all those lively revellers. And when with adroit mimicry their slight arms and mincing steps mocked that grand and masculine measure so associated with images of Spartan austerity and decorum, the exhibition became so humorously ludicrous, that perhaps a Spartan himself would have been compelled to laugh at it. But the merriment rose to its height, when the Egyptian, who had withdrawn for a few minutes, reappeared with a Median robe and mitred cap, and calling out in his barbarous African accent, “Way for the conqueror!” threw into his mien and gestures all the likeness to Pausanias himself, which a practised mime and posture-master could attain. The laughter of Antagoras alone was not loud,—it was low and sullen, as if sobs of rage were stifling it; but his eye watched the effect produced, and it answered the end he had in view.

As the dancers now, while the laughter was at its

loudest roar, vanished behind the draperies, the host rose, and his countenance was severe and grave,—

“Companions, one cup more, and let it be to Harmodius and Aristogiton. Let the song in their honor come only from the lips of free citizens, of our Ionian comrades. Uliades, begin. I pass to thee a myrtle bough; and under it I pass a sword.”

Then he began the famous hymn ascribed to Callistratus, commencing with a clear and sonorous voice, and the guests repeating each stanza after him with the enthusiasm which the words usually produced among the Hellenic republicans:—

I in a myrtle bough the sword will carry,
As did Harmodius and Aristogiton;
When they the tyrant slew,
And back to Athens gave her equal laws.

Thou art in nowise dead, best-loved Harmodius;
Isles of the Blessed are, they say, thy dwelling,
There swift Achilles dwells,
And there, they say, with thee dwells Diomed.

I in a myrtle bough the sword will carry,
As did Harmodius and Aristogiton,
When to Athene's shrine
They gave their sacrifice,— a tyrant man.

Ever on earth for both of you lives glory,
O loved Harmodius, loved Aristogiton,
For ye the tyrant slew,
And back to Athens ye gave equal laws.

When the song had ceased, the dancers, the musicians, the attendant slaves had withdrawn from the hall, dismissed by a whispered order from Antagoras.

He, now standing up, took from his brows the floral

crown, and first sprinkling them with wine, replaced the flowers by a wreath of poplar. The assembly, a little while before so noisy, was hushed into attentive and earnest silence. The action of Antagoras, the expression of his countenance, the exclusion of the slaves, prepared all present for something more than the convivial address of a Symposiarch.

“ Men and Greeks,” said the Chian, “ on the evening before Teucer led his comrades in exile over the wide waters to found a second Salamis, he sprinkled his forehead with Lyæan dews, being crowned with the poplar leaves,— emblems of hardihood and contest: and, this done, he invited his companions to dispel their cares for the night, that their hearts might with more cheerful hope and bolder courage meet what the morrow might bring to them on the ocean. I imitate the ancient hero, in honor less of him than of the name of Salamis. We, too, have a Salamis to remember, and a second Salamis to found. Can ye forget that, had the advice of the Spartan leader Eurybiades been adopted, the victory of Salamis would never have been achieved? He was for retreat to the Isthmus; he was for defending the Peloponnese, because in the Peloponnesus was the unsocial, selfish Sparta, and leaving the rest of Hellas to the armament of Xerxes. Themistocles spoke against the ignoble counsel; the Spartan raised his staff to strike him. Ye know the Spartan manners. ‘ Strike if you will, but hear me,’ cried Themistocles. He was heard, Xerxes was defeated, and Hellas saved. I am not Themistocles; nor is there a Spartan staff to silence free lips. But I too say, ‘ Hear me! ’ for a new Salamis is to be won. What was the former Salamis?—the victory that secured independence to the Greeks, and delivered them from the Mede and the Medizing traitors.

Again we must fight a Salamis. Where, ye say, is the Mede? — not at Byzantium, it is true, in person; but the Medizing traitor is here."

A profound sensation thrilled through the assembly.

"Enough of humility do the maritime Ionians practise when they accept the hegemony of a Spartan landsman; enough of submission do the free citizens of Hellas show when they suffer the imperious Dorian to sentence them to punishments only fit for slaves. But when the Spartan appears in the robes of the Mede, when the imperious Dorian places in the government of a city, which our joint arms now occupy, a recreant who has changed an Eretrian birthright for a Persian satrapy; when prisoners, made by the valor of all Hellas, mysteriously escape the care of the Lacedæmonian, who wears their garb, and imitates their manners,— say, O ye Greeks, O ye warriors, if there is no second Salamis to conquer!"

The animated words, and the wine already drunk, produced on the banqueters an effect sudden, electrical, universal. They had come to the hall gay revellers; they were prepared to leave the hall stern conspirators.

Their hoarse murmur was as the voice of the sea before a storm.

Antagoras surveyed them with a fierce joy, and, with a change of tone, thus continued: "Ye understand me, — ye know already that a delivery is to be achieved. I pass on: I submit to your wisdom the mode of achieving it. While I speak, a swift-sailing vessel bears to Sparta the complaints of myself, of Uliades, and of many Ionian captains here present, against the Spartan general. And although the Athenian chiefs decline to proffer complaints of their own, lest their State, which has risked so much for the common cause, be suspected

of using the admiration it excites for the purpose of subserving its ambition, yet Cimon, the young son of the great Miltiades, who has ties of friendship and hospitality with families of high mark in Sparta, has been persuaded to add to our public statement a private letter to the effect, that speaking for himself, not in the name of Athens, he deems our complaints justly founded, and the recall of Pausanias expedient for the discipline of the armament. But can we say what effect this embassy may have upon a sullen and haughty government; against, too, a royal descendant of Hercules; against the general who at Plataea flattered Sparta with a renown to which her absence from Marathon, and her meditated flight from Salamis, gave but disputable pretensions?"

"And," interrupted Uliades, rising, "and—if, O Antagoras, I may crave pardon for standing a moment between thee and thy guests—and this is not all, for even if they recall Pausanias, they may send us another general as bad, and without the fame which somewhat reconciles our Ionian pride to the hegemony of a Dorian. Now, whatever my quarrel with Pausanias, I am less against a man than a principle. I am a seaman, and against the principle of having for the commander of the Greek fleet a Spartan who does not know how to handle a sail. I am an Ionian, and against the principle of placing the Ionian race under the imperious domination of a Dorian. Therefore I say, now is the moment to emancipate our blood and our ocean,—the one from an alien, the other from a landsman. And the hegemony of the Spartan should pass away."

Uliades sat down with an applause more clamorous than had greeted the eloquence of Antagoras, for the pride of race and of special calling is ever more strong

in its impulses than hatred to a single man. And despite of all that could be said against Pausanias, still these warriors felt awe for his greatness, and remembered that at Plataea, where all were brave, he had been proclaimed the bravest.

Antagoras, with the quickness of a republican Greek, trained from earliest youth to sympathy with popular assemblies, saw that Uliades had touched the right key, and swallowed down with a passionate gulp his personal wrath against his rival, which might otherwise have been carried too far, and have lost him the advantage he had gained.

“ Rightly and wisely speaks Uliades,” said he. “ Our cause is that of our whole race; and clear has that true Samian made it to you all, O Ionians and captains of the seas, that we must not wait for the lordly answer Sparta may return to our embassage. Ye know that while night lasts we must return to our several vessels; an hour more, and we shall be on deck. To-morrow Pausanias reviews the fleet, and we may be some days before we return to land, and can meet in concert. Whether to-morrow, or later, the occasion for action may present itself, is a question I would pray you to leave to those whom you intrust with the discretionary power to act.”

“ How act? ” cried a Lesbian officer.

“ Thus would I suggest,” said Antagoras, with well-dissembled humility; “ let the captains of one or more Ionian vessels perform such a deed of open defiance against Pausanias as leaves to them no option between death and success; having so done, hoist a signal, and sailing at once to the Athenian ships, place themselves under the Athenian leader: all the rest of the Ionian captains will then follow their example. And then, too

numerous and too powerful to be punished for a revolt, we shall proclaim a revolution, and declare that we will all sail back to our native havens unless we have the liberty of choosing our own hegemon."

"But," said the Lesbian who had before spoken, "the Athenians as yet have held back and declined our overtures, and without them we are not strong enough to cope with the Peloponnesian allies."

"The Athenians will be compelled to protect the Ionians, if the Ionians in sufficient force demand it," said Uliades. "For as we are nought without them, they are nought without us. Take the course suggested by Antagoras: I advise it. Ye know me, a plain man, but I speak not without warrant. And before the Spartans can either contemptuously dismiss our embassy or send us out another general, the Ionian will be the mistress of the Hellenic seas, and Sparta, the land of oligarchies, will no more have the power to oligarchize democracy. Otherwise, believe me, that power she has now from her hegemony, and that power, whenever it suit her, she will use."

Uliades was chiefly popular in the fleet as a rough good seaman, as a blunt and somewhat vulgar humorist. But whenever he gave advice, the advice carried with it a weight not always bestowed upon superior genius, because from the very commonness of his nature, he reached at the common sense and the common feelings of those whom he addressed. He spoke, in short, what an ordinary man thought and felt. He was a practical man, brave but not over-audacious, not likely to run himself or others into idle dangers, and when he said he had a warrant for his advice, he was believed to speak from his knowledge of the course which the

Athenian chiefs, Aristides and Cimon, would pursue if the plan recommended were actively executed.

“I am convinced,” said the Lesbian. “And since all are grateful to Athens for that final stand against the Mede, to which all Greece owes her liberties, and since the chief of her armaments here is a man of so modest a virtue, and so clement a justice, as we all acknowledge in Aristides, fitting is it for us Ionians to constitute Athens the maritime sovereign of our race.”

“Are ye all of that mind?” cried Antagoras, and was answered by the universal shout, “We are,—all!” or if the shout was not universal, none heeded the few whom fear or prudence might keep silent. “All that remains then is to appoint the captain who shall hazard the first danger and make the first signal. For my part, as one of the electors, I give my vote for Uliades, and this is my ballot.” He took from his temples the poplar wreath, and cast it into a silver vase on the tripod placed before him.

“Uliades by acclamation!” cried several voices.

“I accept,” said the Ionian; “and as Ulysses, a prudent man, asked for a colleague in enterprises of danger, so I ask for a companion in the hazard I undertake, and I select Antagoras.”

This choice received the same applauding acquiescence as that which had greeted the nomination of the Ionian.

And in the midst of the applause was heard without the sharp, shrill sound of the Phrygian pipe.

“Comrades,” said Antagoras, “ye hear the summons to our ships? Our boats are waiting at the steps of the quay, by the Temple of Neptune. Two sentences more, and then to sea. First, silence and fidelity; the finger to the lip, the right hand raised to Zeus Horkios. For

a pledge, here is an oath. Secondly, be this the signal: whenever ye shall see Uliades and myself steer our triremes out of the line in which they may be marshalled, look forth and watch breathless, and the instant you perceive that beside our flags of Samos and Chios we hoist the ensign of Athens, draw off from your stations, and follow the wake of our keels, to the Athenian navy. Then, as the Gods direct us. Hark, a second time shrills the fife."

CHAPTER V.

AT the very hour when the Ionian captains were hurrying towards their boats, Pausanias was pacing his decks alone, with irregular strides, and through the cordage and the masts the starshine came fitfully on his troubled features. Long undecided he paused, as the waves sparkled to the stroke of oars, and beheld the boats of the feasters making towards the division of the fleet in which lay the navy of the isles. Farther on, remote and still, anchored the ships of Athens. He clinched his hand, and turned from the sight.

“To lose an empire,” he muttered, “and without a struggle; an empire over yon mutinous rivals, over yon happy and envied Athens: an empire,—where its limits?—if Asia puts her armies to my lead, why should not Asia be Hellenized, rather than Hellas be within the tribute of the Mede? Dull, dull, stolid Sparta! methinks I could pardon the slavery thou inflictest on my life, didst thou but leave unshackled my intelligence. But each vast scheme to be thwarted, every thought for thine own aggrandizement beyond thy barren rocks, met and inexorably baffled by a selfish aphorism, a cramping saw, ‘Sparta is wide eno’ for Spartans.’—‘Ocean is the element of the fickle.’—‘What matters the ascendancy of Athens?—it does not cross the Isthmus.’—‘Venture nothing where I want nothing.’ Why, this is the soul’s prison! Ah, had I been born Athenian, I had never uttered a thought against my country. She and I would have expanded and aspired together.”

Thus arguing with himself, he at length confirmed his resolve, and with a steadfast step entered his pavilion. There, not on broidered cushions, but by preference on the hard floor, without coverlid, lay Lysander calmly sleeping, his crimson, warlike cloak weather-stained, partially wrapped around him; no pillow to his head but his own right arm.

By the light of the high lamp that stood within the pavilion, Pausanias contemplated the slumberer.

“He says he loves me, and yet can sleep,” he murmured bitterly. Then seating himself before a table he began to write, with slowness and precision, whether as one not accustomed to the task or weighing every word.

When he had concluded, he again turned his eyes to the sleeper. “How tranquil! Was my sleep ever as serene? I will not disturb him to the last.”

The fold of the curtain was drawn aside, and Aleman entered noiselessly.

“Thou hast obeyed?” whispered Pausanias.

“Yes; the ship is ready, the wind favors. Hast thou decided?”

“I have,” said Pausanias, with compressed lips.

He rose, and touched Lysander, lightly, but the touch sufficed; the sleeper woke on the instant, casting aside slumber easily as a garment.

“My Pausanias,” said the young Spartan, “I am at thine orders,—shall I go? Alas! I read thine eye, and I shall leave thee in peril.”

“Greater peril in the council of the Ephors and in the babbling lips of the hoary Gerontes, than amidst the meeting of armaments. Thou wilt take this letter to the Ephors. I have said in it but little; I have said that I confide my cause to thee. Remember that thou

insist on the disgrace to me, — the Heracleid, — and through me to Sparta, that my recall would occasion; remember that thou prove that my alleged harshness is but necessary to the discipline that preserves armies, and to the ascendancy of Spartan rule. And as to the idle tale of Persian prisoners escaped, why thou knowest how even the Ionians could make nothing of that charge. Crowd all sail, strain every oar, — no ship in the fleet so swift as that which bears thee. I care not for the few hours' start the talebearers have. Our Spartan forms are slow; they can scarce have an audience ere thou reach. The Gods speed and guard thee, beloved friend. With thee goes all the future of Pausanias."

Lysander grasped his hand in a silence more eloquent than words, and a tear fell on that hand which he clasped. "Be not ashamed of it," he said then, as he turned away, and, wrapping his cloak round his face, left the pavilion. Alcman followed, lowered a boat from the side, and in a few moments the Spartan and the Mothon were on the sea. The boat made to a vessel close at hand, — a vessel builded in Cyprus, manned by Bithynians; its sails were all up, but it bore no flag. Scarcely had Lysander climbed the deck than it heaved to and fro, swaying as the anchor was drawn up, then, righting itself, sprang forward, like a hound unleashed for the chase. Pausanias with folded arms stood on the deck of his own vessel, gazing after it, gazing long, till shooting far beyond the fleet, far towards the melting line between sea and sky, it grew less and lesser, and as the twilight dawned, it had faded into space.

The Heracleid turned to Alcman, who, after he had conveyed Lysander to the ship, had regained his master's side.

“ What thinkest thou, Aleman, will be the result of all this ? ”

“ The emancipation of the Helots,” said the Mothon quietly. “ The Athenians are too near thee, the Persians are too far. Wouldst thou have armies Sparta can neither give nor take away from thee, bind to thee a race by the strongest of human ties,—make them see in thy power the necessary conditon of their freedom.”

Pausanias made no answer. He turned within his pavilion, and flinging himself down on the same spot from which he had disturbed Lysander, said, “ Sleep here was so kind to him that it may linger where he left it. I have two hours yet for oblivion before the sun rise.”

CHAPTER VI.

IF we were enabled minutely to examine the mental organization of men who have risked great dangers, whether by the impulse of virtue, or in the perpetration of crime, we should probably find therein a large preponderance of hope. By that preponderance we should account for those heroic designs which would annihilate prudence as a calculator, did not a sanguine confidence in the results produce special energies to achieve them, and thus create a prudence of its own, being as it were the self-conscious admeasurement of the diviner strength which justified the preterhuman spring. Nor less should we account by the same cause for that audacity which startles us in criminals on a colossal scale, which blinds them to the risks of detection, and often at the bar of justice, while the evidences that insure condemnation are thickening round them, with the persuasion of acquittal or escape. Hope is thus alike the sublime inspirer or the arch corrupter; it is the foe of terror, the defier of consequences, the buoyant gamester which at every loss doubles the stakes, with a firm hand rattles the dice, and, invoking ruin, cries within itself, "How shall I expend the gain?"

In the character, therefore, of a man like Pausanias, risking so much glory, daring so much peril, strong indeed must have been this sanguine motive power of human action. Nor is a large and active development of hope incompatible with a temperament habitually

grave and often profoundly melancholy; for hope itself is often engendered by discontent. A vigorous nature, keenly susceptible to joy, and deprived of the possession of the joy it yearns for by circumstances that surround it in the present, is goaded on by its impatience and dissatisfaction: it hopes for the something it has not got, indifferent to the things it possesses, and saddened by the want which it experiences. And therefore it has been well said by philosophers, that real happiness would exclude desire; in other words not only at the gates of hell, but at the porch of heaven, he who entered would leave hope behind him. For perfect bliss is but suprême content. And if content could say to itself, "But I hope for something more," it would destroy its own existence.

From his brief slumber the Spartan rose refreshed. The trumpets were sounding near him, and the very sound brightened his aspect, and animated his spirits.

Agreeably to orders he had given the night before, the anchor was raised, the rowers were on their benches, the libation to the Carnean Apollo, under whose special protection the ship was placed, had been poured forth, and with the rising sea and to the blare of trumpets the gorgeous trireme moved forth from the bay.

It moved, as the trumpets ceased, to the note of a sweeter, but not less exciting music; for, according to Hellenic custom, to the rowers was allotted a musician, with whose harmony their oars, when first putting forth to sea, kept time. And on this occasion Alcman superseded the wonted performer by his own more popular song and the melody of his richer voice. Standing by the mainmast, and holding the large harp, which was stricken by the quill, its strings being deepened by a sounding-board, he chanted an *Io Pæan* to the Dorian

god of light and poesy. The harp at stated intervals was supported by a burst of flutes, and the burden of the verse was caught up by the rowers as in chorus. Thus, far and wide over the shining waves, went forth the hymn.

Io, Io Pæan ! slowly. Song and oar must chime together :
Io, Io Pæan ! by what title call Apollo ?

Clarian ? Xanthian ? Boedromian ?

Countless are thy names, Apollo.

Io Carnée ! Io Carnée !
By the margent of Eurotas,
'Neath the shadows of Täygetus,
Thee the sons of Lacedæmon
Name Carneus. Io, Io !
Io Carnée ! Io Carnée !

Io, Io Pæan ! quicker. Song and voice must chime together :
Io Pæan ! Io Pæan ! King Apollo, Io, Io !

Io Carnée !

For thine altars do the seasons
Paint the tributary flowers,
Spring thy hyacinth restores,
Summer greets thee with the rose,
Autumn the blue Cyane mingles
With the coronals of corn,
And in every wreath thy laurel
Weaves its everlasting green.

Io Carnée ! Io Carnée !
For the brows Apollo favors
Spring and winter does the laurel
Weave its everlasting green.

Io, Io Pæan ! louder. Voice and oar must chime together :
For the brows Apollo favors
Even Ocean bears the laurel.
Io Carnée ! Io Carnée !

Io, Io Pæan ! stronger. Strong are those who win the laurel

As the ship of the Spartan commander thus bore out to sea, the other vessels of the armament had been gradually forming themselves into a crescent, preserving still the order in which the allies maintained their several contributions to the fleet, the Athenian ships at the extreme end occupying the right wing, the Peloponnesians massed together at the left.

The Chian galleys adjoined the Samian; for Uliades and Antagoras had contrived that their ships should be close to each other, so that they might take counsel at any moment and act in concert.

And now when the fleet had thus opened its arms as it were to receive the commander, the great trireme of Pausanias began to veer round, and to approach the half-moon of the expanded armament. On it came, with its beaked prow, like a falcon swooping down on some array of the lesser birds.

From the stern hung a gilded shield and a crimson pennon. The heavy-armed soldiers in their Spartan mail occupied the centre of the vessel, and the sun shone full upon their armor.

“By Pallas the guardian,” said Cimon, “it is the Athenian vessels that the strategus honors with his first visit.”

And indeed the Spartan galley now came alongside that of Aristides, the admiral of the Athenian navy.

The soldiers on board the former gave way on either side. And a murmur of admiration circled through the Athenian ship, as Pausanias suddenly appeared. For, as if bent that day on either awing mutiny or conciliating the discontented, the Spartan chief had wisely laid aside the wondrous Median robes. He stood on her stern in the armor he had worn at Platæa, resting one hand upon his shield, which itself rested on the

deck. His head alone was uncovered, his long, sable locks gathered up into a knot, in the Spartan fashion, a crest as it were in itself to that lofty head. And so imposing were his whole air and carriage, that Cimon, gazing at him, muttered, " What profane hand will dare to rob that demigod of command ? "

CHAPTER VII.

PAUSANIAS came on board the vessel of the Athenian admiral, attended by the five Spartan chiefs who have been mentioned before as the warlike companions assigned to him. He relaxed the haughty demeanor which had given so much displeasure, adopting a tone of marked courtesy. He spoke with high and merited praise of the seaman-like appearance of the Athenian crews, and the admirable build and equipment of their vessels.

“Pity only,” said he, smiling, “that we have no Persians on the ocean now, and that instead of their visiting us we must go in search of them.”

“Would that be wise on our part?” said Aristides. “Is not Greece large enough for Greeks?”

“Greece has not done growing,” answered the Spartan; “and the Gods forbid that she should do so. When man ceases to grow in height he expands in bulk; when he stops there too, the frame begins to stoop, the muscles to shrink, the skin to shrivel, and decrepit old age steals on. I have heard it said of the Athenians that they think nothing done while aught remains to do. Is it not truly said, worthy son of Miltiades?”

Cimon bowed his head. “General, I cannot disavow the sentiment. But if Greece entered Asia, would it not be as a river that runs into a sea? — it expands, and is merged.”

“The river, Cimon, may lose the sweetness of its wave and take the brine of the sea. But the Greek can never lose the flavor of the Greek genius, and could he penetrate the universe, the universe would be Hellenized.

But if, O Athenian chiefs, ye judge that we have now done all that is needful to protect Athens, and awe the Barbarian, ye must be longing to retire from the armament and return to your homes."

"When it is fit that we should return, we shall be recalled," said Aristides quietly.

"What, is your State so unerring in its judgment? Experience does not permit me to think so, for it ostracized Aristides."

"An honor," replied the Athenian, "that I did not deserve; but an action that, had I been the adviser of those who sent me forth, I should have opposed as too lenient. Instead of ostracizing me, they should have cast both myself and Themistocles into the Barathrum."

"You speak with true Attic honor, and I comprehend that where, in commonwealths constituted like yours, party runs high, and the State itself is shaken, ostracism may be a necessary tribute to the very virtues that attract the zeal of a party and imperil the equality ye so prize. But what can compensate to a State for the evil of depriving itself of its greatest citizens?"

"Peace and freedom," said Aristides. "If you would have the young trees thrive you must not let one tree be so large as to overshadow them. Ah, general at Platæa," added the Athenian, in a benignant whisper, for the grand image before him moved his heart with a mingled feeling of generous admiration and prophetic pity, "ah, pardon me if I remind thee of the ring of Polycrates, and say that Fortune is a queen that requires tribute. Man should tremble most when most seemingly fortune-favored, and guard most against a fall when his rise is at the highest."

"But it is only at its highest flight that the eagle is safe from the arrow," answered Pausanias.

“And the nest the eagle has forgotten in her soaring is the more exposed to the spoiler.”

“Well, my nest is in rocky Sparta; hardy the spoiler who ventures thither. Yet, to descend from these speculative comparisons, it seems that thou hast a friendly and meaning purpose in thy warnings. Thou knowest that there are in this armament men who grudge to me whatever I now owe to Fortune, who would topple me from the height to which I did not climb, but was led by the congregated Greeks, and who, while perhaps they are forging arrow-heads for the eagle, have sent to place poison and a snare in its distant nest. So the Nausicaa is on its voyage to Sparta, conveying to the Ephors complaints against me, — complaints from men who fought by my side against the Mede.”

“I have heard that a Cyprian vessel left the fleet yesterday, bound to Laconia. I have heard that it does bear men charged by some of the Ionians with representations unfavorable to the continuance of thy command. It bears none from me as the Nauarchus of the Athenians. But — ”

“But — what ? ”

“But I have complained to thyself, Pausanias, in vain.”

“Hast thou complained of late, and in vain ? ”

“Nay.”

“Honest men may err; if they amend, do just men continue to accuse ? ”

“I do not accuse, Pausanias, — I but imply that those who do may have a cause, but it will be heard before a tribunal of thine own countrymen, and doubtless thou hast sent to the tribunal those who may meet the charge on thy behalf.”

“Well,” said Pausanias, still preserving his studied

urbanity and lofty smile, “ even Agamemnon and Achilles quarrelled, but Greece took Troy not the less. And, at least, since Aristides does not denounce me, if I have committed even worse faults than Agamemnon, I have not made an enemy of Achilles. And if,” he added after a pause, — “ if some of these Ionians, not waiting for the return of their envoys, openly mutiny, they must be treated as Thersites was.” Then he hurried on quickly, for observing that Cimon’s brow lowered, and his lips quivered, he desired to cut off all words that might lead to altercation.

“ But I have a request to ask of the Athenian Nauarchus. Will you gratify myself and the fleet by putting your Athenian triremes into play? Your seamen are so famous for their manœuvres, that they might furnish us with sports of more grace and agility than do the Lydian dancers. Landsman though I be, no sight more glads mine eye, than these sea lions of pine and brass, bounding under the yoke of their tamers. I presume not to give thee instructions what to perform. Who can dictate to the seamen of Salamis? But when your ships have played out their martial sport, let them exchange stations with the Peloponnesian vessels, and occupy for the present the left of the armament. Ye object not? ”

“ Place us where thou wilt, as was said to thee at Platæa,” answered Aristides.

“ I now leave ye to prepare, Athenians, and greet ye, saying, the Good to the Beautiful.”

“ A wondrous presence for a Greek commander! ” said Cimon, as Pausanias again stood on the stern of his own vessel, which moved off towards the ships of the islands.

“ And no mean capacity,” returned Aristides. “ See you not his object in transplacing us? ”

“ Ha, truly ; in case of mutiny on board the Ionian ships, he separates them from Athens. But woe to him if he thinks in his heart that an Ionian is a Thersites, to be silenced by the blow of a sceptre. Meanwhile let the Greeks see what manner of seamen are the Athenians. Methinks this game ordained to us is a contest before Neptune, and for a crown.”

Pausanias bore right on towards the vessels from the *Ægæan* Isles. Their masts and prows were heavy with garlands, but no music sounded from their decks, no welcoming shout from their crews.

“ Son of Cleombrotus,” said the prudent Erasinidas, “ sullen dogs bite. Unwise the stranger who trusts himself to their kennel. Pass not to those triremes ; let the captains, if thou wantest them, come to thee.”

Pausanias replied, “ Dogs fear the steady eye and spring at the recreant back. Helmsman, steer to yonder ship with the olive tree on the Parasemon, and the image of Baechus on the guardian standard. It is the ship of Antagoras the Chian captain.”

Pausanias turned to his warlike Five. “ This time, forgive me, I go alone.” And before their natural Spartan slowness enabled them to combat this resolution, their leader was by the side of his rival, alone in the Chian vessel, and surrounded by his sworn foes.

“ Antagoras,” said the Spartan, “ a Chian seaman’s ship is his dearest home. I stand on thy deck as at thy hearth, and ask thy hospitality ; a crust of thy honied bread, and a cup of thy Chian wine. For from thy ship I would see the Athenian vessels go through their nautical gymnastics.”

The Chian turned pale and trembled ; his vengeance was braved and foiled. He was powerless against the man who trusted to his honor, and asked to break of his

bread and drink of his cup. Pausanias did not appear to heed the embarrassment of his unwilling host, but turning round, addressed some careless words to the soldiers on the raised central platform, and then quietly seated himself, directing his eyes towards the Athenian ships. Upon these all the sails were now lowered. In nice manœuvres the seamen preferred trusting to their oars. Presently one vessel started forth, and with a swiftness that seemed to increase at every stroke.

A table was brought upon deck and placed before Pausanias, and the slaves began to serve to him such light food as sufficed to furnish the customary meal of the Greeks in the earlier forenoon.

“But where is mine host?” asked the Spartan. “Does Antagoras himself not deign to share a meal with his guest?”

On receiving the message, Antagoras had no option but to come forward. The Spartan eyed him deliberately, and the young Chian felt with secret rage the magic of that commanding eye.

Pausanias motioned to him to be seated, making room beside himself. The Chian silently obeyed.

“Antagoras,” said the Spartan in a low voice, “thou art doubtless one of those who have already infringed the laws of military discipline and obedience. Interrupt me not yet. A vessel without waiting my permission has left the fleet with accusations against me, thy commander; of what nature I am not even advised. Thou wilt scarcely deny that thou art one of those who sent forth the ship and shared in the accusations. Yet I had thought that if I had ever merited thine ill will, there had been reconciliation between us in the Council Hall. What has chanced since? Why shouldst thou hate me? Speak frankly; frankly have I spoken to thee.”

"General," replied Antagoras, "there is no hegemony over men's hearts; thou sayest truly, as man to man, I hate thee. Wherefore? Because as man to man, thou standest between me and happiness. Because thou wooest, and canst only woo to dishonor, the virgin in whom I would seek the sacred wife."

Pausanias slightly recoiled, and the courtesy he had simulated, and which was essentially foreign to his vehement and haughty character, fell from him like a mask. For with the words of Antagoras, jealousy passed within him, and for the moment its agony was such that the Chian was avenged. But he was too habituated to the stateliness of self-control, to give vent to the rage that seized him. He only said with a whitened and writhing lip, "Thou art right; all animosities may yield, save those which a woman's eye can kindle. Thou hatest me: be it so,—that is as man to man; but as officer to chieftain, I bid thee henceforth beware how thou givest me cause to set this foot on the head that lifts itself to the height of mine."

With that he rose, turned on his heel, and walked towards the stern, where he stood apart gazing on the Athenian triremes, which by this time were in the broad sea. And all the eyes in the fleet were turned towards that exhibition; for marvellous was the ease and beauty with which these ships went through their nautical movements: now as in chase of each other, now approaching as in conflict, veering off, darting aside, threading as it were a harmonious maze, gliding in and out, here, there, with the undulous celerity of the serpent. The admirable build of the ships; the perfect skill of the seamen; the noiseless docility and instinctive comprehension by which they seemed to seize and to obey the unforeseen signals of their Admiral,—all struck the

lively Greeks that beheld the display, and universal was the thought if not the murmur, There was the power that should command the Grecian seas.

Pausanias was too much accustomed to the sway of masses, not to have acquired that electric knowledge of what circles amongst them from breast to breast, to which habit gives the quickness of an instinct. He saw that he had committed an imprudence, and that in seeking to divert a mutiny, he had incurred a yet greater peril.

He returned to his own ship without exchanging another word with Antagoras, who had retired to the centre of the vessel, fearing to trust himself to a premature utterance of that defiance which the last warning of his chief provoked, and who was therefore arousing the soldiers to louder shouts of admiration at the Athenian skill.

Rowing back towards the wing occupied by the Peloponnesian allies, of whose loyalty he was assured, Pausanias then summoned on board their principal officer, and communicated to him his policy of placing the Ionians not only apart from the Athenians, but under the vigilance and control of Peloponnesian vessels in the immediate neighborhood. "Therefore," said he, "while the Athenians will occupy this wing, I wish you to divide yourselves; the Lacedæmonian ships will take the way the Athenians abandon, but the Corinthian triremes will place themselves between the ships of the Islands and the Athenians. I shall give further orders towards distributing the Ionian navy. And thus I trust either all chance of a mutiny is cut off, or it will be put down at the first outbreak. Now give orders to your men to take the places thus assigned to you; and having gratified the vanity of our friends the Athenians by their

holiday evolutions, I shall send to thank and release them from the fatigue so gracefully borne."

All those with whom he here conferred, and who had no love for Athens or Ionia, readily fell into the plan suggested. Pausanias then despatched a Laconian vessel to the Athenian Admiral, with complimentary messages and orders to cease the manœuvres, and then, heading the rest of the Laconian contingent, made slow and stately way towards the station deserted by the Athenians; but pausing once more before the vessels of the Isles, he despatched orders to their several commanders, which had the effect of dividing their array, and placing between them the powerful Corinthian service. In the orders of the vessels he forwarded for this change, he took especial care to dislocate the dangerous contiguity of the Samian and Chian triremes.

The sun was declining towards the west when Pausanias had marshalled the vessels he headed, at their new stations, and the Athenian ships were already anchored close and secured. But there was an evident commotion in that part of the fleet to which the Corinthian galleys had sailed. The Ionians had received with indignant murmurs the command which divided their strength. Under various pretexts each vessel delayed to move; and when the Corinthian ships came to take a vacant space, they found a formidable array,—the soldiers on the platforms armed to the teeth. The confusion was visible to the Spartan chief; the loud hubbub almost reached to his ears. He hastened towards the place; but anxious to continue the gracious part he had so unwontedly played that day, he cleared his decks of their formidable hoplites, lest he might seem to meet menace by menace, and drafting them into other vessels, and accompanied only by his personal serving-men and

rowers, he put forth alone, the gilded shield and the red banner still displayed at his stern.

But as he was thus conspicuous and solitary, and midway in the space left between the Laconian and Ionian galleys, suddenly two ships from the latter darted forth, passed through the centre of the Corinthian contingent, and steered with the force of all their rowers, right towards the Spartan's ship.

"Surely," said Pausanias, "that is the Chian's vessel. I recognize the vine tree and the image of the Bromian god; and surely that other one is the Chimera under Uliades, the Samian. They come hither, the Ionian with them, to harangue against obedience to my orders."

"They come hither to assault us," exclaimed Erasinidas; "their beaks are right upon us."

He had scarcely spoken, when the Chian's brass prows smote the gilded shield, and rent the red banner from its staff. At the same time, the Chimera, under Uliades, struck the right side of the Spartan ship, and with both strokes the stout vessel reeled and dived. "Know, Spartan," cried Antagoras, from the platform in the midst of his soldiers, "that we Ionians hold together. He who would separate, means to conquer, us. We disown thy hegemony. If ye would seek us, we are with the Athenians."

With that the two vessels, having performed their insolent and daring feat, veered and shot off with the same rapidity with which they had come to the assault; and as they did so, hoisted the Athenian ensign over their own national standards. The instant that signal was given, from the other Ionian vessels, which had been evidently awaiting it, there came a simultaneous shout; and all, vacating their place and either gliding

through or wheeling round the Corinthian galleys, steered towards the Athenian fleet.

The trireme of Pausanias, meanwhile, sorely damaged, part of its side rent away, and the water rushing in, swayed and struggled alone in great peril of sinking.

Instead of pursuing the Ionians, the Corinthian galleys made at once to the aid of the insulted commander.

“ Oh,” cried Pausanias, in powerless wrath,—“ oh, the accursed element! Oh, that mine enemies had attacked me on the land! ”

“ How are we to act? ” said Aristides.

“ We are citizens of a Republic, in which the majority govern,” answered Cimon; “ and the majority here tell us how we are to act. Hark to the shouts of our men, as they are opening way for their kinsmen of the Isles.”

The sun sank, and with it sank the Spartan maritime ascendancy over Hellas. And from that hour in which the Samian and the Chian insulted the galley of Pausanias, if we accord weight to the authority on which Plutarch must have based his tale, commenced the brief and glorious sovereignty of Athens. Commence when and how it might, it was an epoch most signal in the records of the ancient world for its results upon a civilization to which as yet human foresight can predict no end.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

WE pass from Byzantium,— we are in Sparta. In the Archeion or office of the Ephoralty, sat five men, all somewhat advanced in years. These constituted that stern and terrible authority which had gradually, and from unknown beginnings,¹ assumed a kind of tyranny over the descendants of Hercules themselves. They were the representatives of the Spartan people, elected without reference to rank or wealth,² and possessing jurisdiction not only over the Helots and Laconians, but over most of the magistrates. They could suspend or terminate any office, they could accuse the kings and bring them before a court in which they themselves were judges upon trial of life and death. They exercised control over the armies and the embassies sent abroad; and the king, at the head of his forces, was still bound to receive his instructions from this Council of Five. Their duty, in fact, was to act as a check upon the kings, and

¹ K. O. Müller (*Dorians*), Book 3, c. 7, § 2. According to Aristotle, Cicero, and others, the Ephoralty was founded by Theopompus subsequently to the mythical time of Lycurgus. To Lycurgus itself it is referred by Xenophon and Herodotus. Müller considers rightly that, though an ancient Doric institution, it was incompatible with the primitive constitution of Lycurgus, and had gradually acquired its peculiar character by causes operating on the Spartan State alone.

² Aristot. Pol. ii.

they were the representatives of that nobility which embraced the whole Spartan people, in contradistinction to the Laconians and Helots.

The conference in which they were engaged seemed to rivet their most earnest attention. And as the presiding Ephor continued the observations he addressed to them, the rest listened with profound and almost breathless silence.

The speaker, named Pericles, was older than the others. His frame, still upright and sinewy, was yet lean almost to emaciation, his face sharp, and his dark eyes gleamed with a cunning and sinister light under his gray brows.

“If,” said he, “we are to believe these Ionians, Pausanias meditates some deadly injury to Greece. As for the complaints of his arrogance, they are to be received with due caution. Our Spartans, accustomed to the peculiar discipline of the Laws of *Ægimius*, rarely suit the humors of Ionians and innovators. The question to consider is not whether he has been too imperious towards Ionians who were but the other day subjected to the Mede, but whether he can make the command he received from Sparta menacing to Sparta herself. We lend him iron, he hath holpen himself to gold.”

“Besides the booty at Plataea, they say that he has amassed much plunder at Byzantium,” said Zeuxidamus, one of the Ephors, after a pause.

Pericles looked hard at the speaker, and the two men exchanged a significant glance.

“For my part,” said a third, a man of a severe but noble countenance, the father of Lysander, and, what was not usual with the Ephors, belonging to one of the highest families of Sparta, “I have always held that Sparta should limit its policy to self-defence; that, since

the Persian invasion is over, we have no business with Byzantium. Let the busy Athenians obtain if they will the empire of the sea. The sea is no province of ours. All intercourse with foreigners, Asiatics and Ionians, enervates our men and corrupts our generals. Recall Pausanias, — recall our Spartans. I have said.”

“Recall Pausanias first,” said Pericles, “and we shall then hear the truth, and decide what is best to be done.”

“If he has Medized, if he has conspired against Greece, let us accuse him to the death,” said Agesilaus, Lysander’s father.

“We may accuse, but it rests not with us to sentence,” said Pericles, disapprovingly.

“And,” said a fourth Ephor, with a visible shudder, “what Spartan dare counsel sentence of death to the descendant of the Gods?”

“I dare,” replied Agesilaus; “but provided only that the descendant of the Gods had counselled death to Greece. And for that reason, I say that I would not, without evidence the clearest, even harbor the thought that a Heracleid could meditate treason to his country.”

Pericles felt the reproof and bit his lips.

“Besides,” observed Zeuxidamus, “fines enrich the State.”

Pericles nodded approvingly.

An expression of lofty contempt passed over the brow and lip of Agesilaus. But with national self-command, he replied gravely, and with equal laconic brevity, “If Pausanias hath committed a trivial error that a fine can expiate, so be it. But talk not of fines till ye acquit him of all treasonable connivance with the Mede.”

At that moment an officer entered on the conclave, and approaching the presiding Ephor, whispered in his ear.

"This is well," exclaimed Pericles aloud. "A messenger from Pausanias himself. Your son Lysander has just arrived from Byzantium."

"My son!" exclaimed Agesilaus eagerly, and then checking himself, added calmly, "That is a sign no danger to Sparta threatened Byzantium when he left."

"Let him be admitted," said Pericles.

Lysander entered; and, pausing at a little distance from the council board, inclined his head submissively to the Ephors; save a rapid interchange of glances, no separate greeting took place between son and father.

"Thou art welcome," said Pericles. "Thou hast done thy duty since thou hast left the city. Virgins will praise thee as the brave man; age, more sober, is contented to say thou hast upheld the Spartan name. And thy father without shame may take thy hand."

A warm flush spread over the young man's face. He stepped forward with a quick step, his eyes beaming with joy. Calm and stately, his father rose, clasped the extended hand, then releasing his own, placed it an instant on his son's bended head, and reseated himself in silence.

"Thou camest straight from Pausanias?" said Pericles.

Lysander drew from his vest the despatch intrusted to him, and gave it to the presiding Ephor. Pericles half rose as if to take with more respect what had come from the hand of the son of Hercules.

"Withdraw, Lysander," he said, "and wait without while we deliberate on the contents herein."

Lysander obeyed, and returned to the outer chamber.

Here he was instantly surrounded by eager, though not noisy groups. Some in that chamber were waiting on business connected with the civil jurisdiction of the Ephors. Some had gained admittance for the purpose

of greeting their brave countryman, and hearing news of the distant camp from one who had so lately quitted the great Pausanias. For men could talk without restraint of their General, though it was but with reserve and indirectly that they slid in some furtive question as to the health and safety of a brother or a son.

“ My heart warms to be amongst ye again,” said the simple Spartan youth. “ As I came thro’ the defiles from the sea-coast, and saw on the height the gleam from the old Temple of Pallas Chalcicæsus, I said to myself, ‘ Blessed be the Gods that ordained me to live with Spartans or die with Sparta! ’ ”

“ Thou wilt see how much we shall make of thee, Lysander,” cried a Spartan youth a little younger than himself, one of the superior tribe of the Hylleans. “ We have heard of thee at Platæa. It is said that had Pausanias not been there thou wouldest have been called the bravest Greek in the armament.”

“ Hush,” said Lysander, “ thy few years excuse thee, young friend. Save our General, we were all equals in the day of battle.”

“ So thinks not my sister Percalus,” whispered the youth archly; “ scold her as thou dost me, if thou dare.”

Lysander colored, and replied in a voice that slightly trembled, “ I cannot hope that thy sister interests herself in me. Nay, when I left Sparta, I thought—” He checked himself.

“ Thought what? ”

“ That among those who remained behind Percalus might find her betrothed long before I returned.”

“ Among those who remained *behind!* Percalus! How meanly thou must think of her.”

Before Lysander could utter the eager assurance that he was very far from thinking meanly of Percalus, the other bystanders, impatient at this whispered colloquy, seized his attention with a volley of questions to which he gave but curt and not very relevant answers, so much had the lad's few sentences disturbed the calm tenor of his existing self-possession. Nor did he quite regain his presence of mind until he was once more summoned into the presence of the Ephors.

CHAPTER II.

THE communication of Pausanias had caused an animated discussion in the Council and led to a strong division of opinion. But the faces of the Ephors, rigid and composed, revealed nothing to guide the sagacity of Lysander, as he re-entered the chamber. He himself, by a strong effort, had recovered the disturbance into which the words of the boy had thrown his mind, and he stood before the Ephors intent upon the object of defending the name, and fulfilling the commands of his chief. So reverent and grateful was the love that he bore to Pausanias, that he scarcely permitted himself even to blame the deviations from Spartan austerity which he secretly mourned in his mind; and as to the grave guilt of treason to the Hellenic cause, he had never suffered the suspicion of it to rest upon an intellect that only failed to be penetrating, where its sight was limited by discipline and affection. He felt that Pausanias had intrusted to him his defence, and though he would fain, in his secret heart, have beheld the Regent once more in Sparta, yet he well knew that it was the duty of obedience and friendship to plead against the sentence of recall which was so dreaded by his chief.

With all his thoughts collected towards that end, he stood before the Ephors, modest in demeanor, vigilant in purpose.

“Lysander,” said Pericles, after a short pause, “we know thy affection to the Regent, thy chosen friend; but we know also thy affection for thy native Sparta:

where the two may come into conflict it is, and it must be, thy country which will claim the preference. We charge thee, by virtue of our high powers and authority, to speak the truth on the questions we shall address to thee, without fear or favor."

Lysander bowed his head. "I am in presence of Sparta my mother, and Agesilaus my father. They know that I was not reared to lie to either."

"Thou say'st well. Now answer. Is it true that Pausanias wears the robes of the Mede?"

"It is true."

"And has he stated to thee his reasons?"

"Not only to me, but to others."

"What are they?"

"That in the mixed and half Medized population of Byzantium, splendor of attire has become so associated with the notion of sovereign power, that the Eastern dress and attributes of pomp are essential to authority; and that men bow before his tiara, who might rebel against the helm and the horsehair. Outward signs have a value, O Ephors, according to the notions men are brought up to attach to them."

"Good," said one of the Ephors. "There is in this departure from our habits, be it right or wrong, no sign then of connivance with the Barbarian."

"Connivance is a thing secret and concealed, and shuns all outward signs."

"But," said Periclides, "what say the other Spartan captains to this vain fashion, which savors not of the Laws of *Ægimius*?"

"The first law of *Ægimius* commands us to fight and to die for the king or the chief who has kingly sway. The Ephors may blame, but the soldier must not question."

"Thou speakest boldly for so young a man," said Pericles harshly.

"I was commanded to speak the truth."

"Has Pausanias intrusted the command of Byzantium to Gongylus the Eretrian, who already holds four provinces under Xerxes?"

"He has done so."

"Know you the reason for that selection?"

"Pausanias says that the Eretrian could not more show his faith to Hellas, than by resigning Eastern satrapies so vast."

"Has he resigned them?"

"I know not; but I presume that when the Persian king knows that the Eretrian is leagued against him with the other captains of Hellas, he will assign the satrapies to another."

"And is it true that the Persian prisoners, Ariamanes and Datis, have escaped from the custody of Gongylus?"

"It is true. The charge against Gongylus for that error was heard in a council of confederate captains, and no proof against him was brought forward. Cimon was intrusted with the pursuit of the prisoners. Pausanias himself sent forth fifty scouts on Thessalian horses. The prisoners were not discovered."

"Is it true," said Zeuxidamus, "that Pausanias has annexed much plunder at Byzantium?"

"What he has won as a conqueror was assigned to him by common voice, but he has spent largely out of his own resources in securing the Greek sway at Byzantium."

There was a silence. None liked to question the young soldier farther; none liked to put the direct question, whether or not the Ionian Ambassador could have cause for suspecting the descendant of Hercules of harm against the Greeks. At length Agesilaus said:—

"I demand the word and I claim the right to speak plainly. My son is young, but he is of the blood of Hyllus.

"Son, Pausanias is dear to thee. Man soon dies: man's name lives forever. Dear to thee if Pausanias is, dearer must be his name. In brief, the Ionian Ambassadors complain of his arrogance towards the Confederates; they demand his recall. Cimon has addressed a private letter to the Spartan host, with whom he lodged here, intimating that it may be best for the honor of Pausanias, and for our weight with the allies, to hearken to the Ionian Embassy. It is a grave question, therefore, whether we should recall the Regent or refuse to hear these charges. Thou art fresh from Byzantium; thou must know more of this matter than we. Loose thy tongue,—put aside equivocation. Say thy mind, it is for us to decide afterwards what is our duty to the State."

"I thank thee, my father," said Lysander, coloring deeply at a compliment paid rarely to one so young, "and thus I answer thee:—

"Pausanias, in seeking to enforce discipline and preserve the Spartan supremacy, was at first somewhat harsh and severe to these Ionians, who had indeed but lately emancipated themselves from the Persian yoke, and who were little accustomed to steady rule; but of late he has been affable and courteous, and no complaint was urged against him for austerity at the time when this embassy was sent to you. Wherefore was it then sent? Partly, it may be, from motives of private hate, not public zeal, but partly because the Ionian race sees with reluctance and jealousy the Hegemony of Sparta. I would speak plainly. It is not for me to say whether ye will or not that Sparta should retain the maritime

supremacy of Hellas, but if ye do will it, ye will not recall Pausanias. No other than the Conqueror of Platæa has a chance of maintaining that authority. Eager would the Ionians be upon any pretext, false or frivolous, to rid themselves of Pausanias. Artfully willing would be the Athenians in especial that ye listened to such pretexts; for, Pausanias gone, Athens remains and rules. On what belongs to the policy of the State it becomes not me to proffer a word, O Ephors. In what I have said I speak what the whole armament thinks and murmurs. But this I may say as soldier to whom the honor of his chief is dear:—the recall of Pausanias may or may not be wise as a public act, but it will be regarded throughout all Hellas as a personal affront to your general; it will lower the royalty of Sparta, it will be an insult to the blood of Hercules. Forgive me, O venerable magistrates. I have fought by the side of Pausanias, and I cannot dare to think that the great Conqueror of Platæa, the man who saved Hellas from the Mede, the man who raised Sparta on that day to a renown which penetrated the farthest corners of the East, will receive from you other return than fame and glory. And fame and glory will surely make that proud spirit doubly Spartan."

Lysander paused, breathing hard and coloring deeply, — annoyed with himself for a speech of which both the length and the audacity were much more Ionian than Spartan.

The Ephors looked at each other, and there was again silence.

"Son of Agesilaus," said Pericles, "thou hast proved thy Lacedæmonian virtues too well, and too high and general is thy repute amongst our army, as it is borne to our ears, for us to doubt thy purity and patriotism;

otherwise, we might fear that whilst thou speakest in some contempt of Ionian wolves, thou hadst learned the arts of Ionian Agoras. But enough: thou art dismissed. Go to thy home; glad the eyes of thy mother; enjoy the honors thou wilt find awaiting thee amongst thy coevals. Thou wilt learn later whether thou return to Byzantium, or whether a better field for thy valor may not be found in the nearer war with which Arcadia threatens us."

As soon as Lysander left the chamber, Agesilaus spoke:—

"Ye will pardon me, Ephors, if I bade my son speak thus boldly. I need not say I am no vain, foolish father, desiring to raise the youth above his years. But making allowance for his partiality to the Regent, ye will grant that he is a fair specimen of our young soldiery. Probably, as he speaks, so will our young men think. To recall Pausanias is to disgrace our general. Ye have my mind. If the Regent be guilty of the darker charges insinuated,—correspondence with the Persian against Greece,—I know but one sentence for him: death. And it is because I would have ye consider well how dread is such a charge, and how awful such a sentence, that I entreat ye not lightly to entertain the one unless ye are prepared to meditate the other. As for the maritime supremacy of Sparta, I hold, as I have held before, that it is not within our councils to strive for it; it must pass from us. We may surrender it later with dignity; if we recall our general on such complaints, we lose it with humiliation."

"I agree with Agesilaus," said another, "Pausanias is an Heracleid; my vote shall not insult him."

"I agree too with Agesilaus," said a third Ephor; "not because Pausanias is the Heracleid, but because he is the victorious general who demands gratitude and respect from every true Spartan."

“ Be it so,” said Pericles, who, seeing himself thus outvoted in the council, covered his disappointment with the self-control habitual to his race. “ But be we in no hurry to give these Ionian legates their answer to-day. We must deliberate well how to send such a reply as may be most conciliating and prudent. And for the next few days we have an excuse for delay in the religious ceremonials due to the venerable Divinity of Fear, which commence to-morrow. Pass we to the other business before us; there are many whom we have kept waiting. Agesilaus, thou art excused from the public table to-day if thou wouldest sup with thy brave son at home.”

“ Nay,” said Agesilaus, “ my son will go to his pheidian and I to mine,—as I did on the day when I lost my first-born.”

CHAPTER III.

ON quitting the Hall of the Ephors, Lysander found himself at once on the Spartan Agora, wherein that Hall was placed. This was situated on the highest of the five hills, over which the unwalled city spread its scattered population, and was popularly called the Tower. Before the eyes of the young Spartan rose the statues, rude and antique, of Latona, the Pythian Apollo, and his sister Artemis, — venerable images to Lysander's early associations. The place which they consecrated was called Chorus; for there, in honor of Apollo, and in the most pompous of all the Spartan festivals, the young men were accustomed to lead the sacred dance. The Temple of Apollo himself stood a little in the background, and near to it that of Hera. But more vast than any image of a god was a colossal statue which represented the Spartan people; while on a still loftier pinnacle of the hill than that table-land which enclosed the Agora, — dominating, as it were, the whole city, — soared into the bright blue sky the sacred Chalciceus, or Temple of the Brazen Pallas, darkening with its shadow another fane towards the left dedicated to the Lacedæmonian Muses, and receiving a gleam on the right from the brazen statue of Zeus, which was said by tradition to have been made by a disciple of Dædalus himself.

But short time had Lysander to note undisturbed the old familiar scenes. A crowd of his early friends had already collected round the doors of the Archeion, and rushed forward to greet and welcome him. The Spartan

coldness and austerity of social intercourse vanished always before the enthusiasm created by the return to his native city of a man renowned for valor; and Lysander's fame had come back to Sparta before himself. Joyously, and in triumph, the young men bore away their comrade. As they passed through the centre of the Agora, where assembled the various merchants and farmers, who, under the name of *Periœci*, carried on the main business of the Laconian mart, and were often much wealthier than the Spartan citizens, trade ceased its hubbub; all drew near to gaze on the young warrior; and now, as they turned from the Agora, a group of eager women met them on the road, and shrill voices exclaimed: "Go, Lysander, thou hast fought well, — go and choose for thyself the maiden that seems to thee the fairest. Go, marry and get sons for Sparta."

Lysander's step seemed to tread on air, and tears of rapture stood in his downcast eyes. But suddenly all the voices hushed: the crowds drew back; his friends halted. Close by the great Temple of Fear, and coming from some place within its sanctuary, there approached towards the Spartan and his comrades a majestic woman, — a woman of so grand a step and port, that, though her veil as yet hid her face, her form alone sufficed to inspire awe. All knew her by her gait; all made way for Alithea, the widow of a king, the mother of Pausanias the Regent. Lysander, lifting his eyes from the ground, impressed by the hush around him, recognized the form as it advanced slowly towards him, and, leaving his comrades behind, stepped forward to salute the mother of his chief. She, thus seeing him, turned slightly aside, and paused by a rude building of immemorial antiquity which stood near the temple. That building was the tomb of the mythical Orestes, whose bones were said to have

been interred there by the command of the Delphian Oracle. On a stone at the foot of the tomb sat calmly down the veiled woman, and waited the approach of Lysander. When he came near, and alone, — all the rest remaining aloof and silent, — Alithea removed her veil, and a countenance grand and terrible as that of a Fate lifted its rigid looks to the young Spartan's eyes. Despite her age, — for she had passed into middle life before she had borne Pausanias, — Alithea retained all the traces of a marvellous and almost preterhuman beauty. But it was not the beauty of woman. No softness sat on those lips; no love beamed from those eyes. Stern, inexorable, — not a fault in her grand proportions, — the stoutest heart might have felt a throb of terror as the eye rested upon that pitiless and imposing front. And the deep voice of the Spartan warrior had a slight tremor in its tone as it uttered its respectful salutation.

“Draw near, Lysander. What sayest thou of my son?”

“I left him well, and — ”

“Does a Spartan mother first ask of the bodily health of an absent man-child? By the tomb of Orestes and near the Temple of Fear, a king's widow asks a Spartan soldier what he says of a Spartan chief.”

“All Hellas,” replied Lysander, recovering his spirits, “might answer thee best, Alithea. For all Hellas proclaimed that the bravest man at Plataea was thy son, my chief.”

“And where did my son, thy chief, learn to boast of bravery? They tell me he inscribed the offerings to the Gods with his name as the victor of Plataea, — the battle won not by one man but assembled Greece. The inscription that dishonors him by its vainglory will be

erased. To be brave is nought. Barbarians may be brave. But to dedicate bravery to his native land becomes a Spartan. He who is everything against a foe should count himself as nothing in the service of his country."

Lysander remained silent under the gaze of those fixed and imperious eyes.

"Youth," said Alithea, after a short pause, "if thou returnest to Byzantium, say this from Alithea to thy chief:—‘From thy childhood, Pausanias, has thy mother feared for thee; and at the Temple of Fear did she sacrifice when she heard that thou wert victorious at Platæa: for in thy heart are the seeds of arrogance and pride; and victory to thine arms may end in ruin to thy name. And ever since that day does Alithea haunt the precincts of that temple. Come back and be Spartan, as thine ancestors were before thee, and Alithea will rejoice and think the Gods have heard her. But if thou seest within thyself one cause why thy mother should sacrifice to Fear, lest her son should break the laws of Sparta, or sully his Spartan name, humble thyself, and mourn that thou didst not perish at Platæa. By a temple and from a tomb I send thee warning.’ Say this. I have done; join thy friends.”

Again the veil fell over the face, and the figure of the woman remained seated at the tomb long after the procession had passed on, and the mirth of young voices was again released.

CHAPTER IV.

THE group that attended Lysander continued to swell as he mounted the acclivity on which his parental home was placed. The houses of the Spartan proprietors were at that day not closely packed together as in the dense population of commercial towns. More like the villas of a suburb, they lay a little apart, on the unequal surface of the rugged ground, perfectly plain and unadorned, covering a large space with ample court-yards, closed in, in front of the narrow streets. And still was in force the primitive law which ordained that doorways should be shaped only by the saw, and the ceilings by the axe; but in contrast to the rudeness of the private houses, at every opening in the street were seen the Doric pillars or graceful stairs of a temple; and high over all dominated the Tower-hill, or Acropolis, with the antique fane of Pallas Chalcœucus.

And so, loud and joyous, the procession bore the young warrior to the threshold of his home. It was an act of public honor to his fair repute and his proven valor. And the Spartan felt as proud of that unceremonious attendance as ever did Roman chief sweeping under arches of triumph in the curule car.

At the threshold of the door stood his mother,— for the tidings of his coming had preceded him,— and his little brothers and sisters. His step quickened at the sight of these beloved faces.

“ Bound forward, Lysander,” said one of the train; ‘ thou hast won the right to thy mother’s kiss.”

“ But fail us not at the pheidition before sunset,” cried another. “ Every one of the obe will send his best contribution to the feast to welcome thee back. We shall have a rare banquet of it.”

And so, as his mother drew him within the doors, his arm round her waist, and the children clung to his cloak, to his knees, or sprung up to claim his kiss, the procession set up a kind of chanted shout, and left the warrior in his home.

“ Oh, this is joy, joy!” said Lysander, with sweet tears in his eyes, as he sat in the women’s apartment, his mother by his side, and the little ones round him. “ Where, save in Sparta, does a man love a home?”

And this exclamation, which might have astonished an Ionian,—seeing how much the Spartan civilians merged the individual in the state,—was yet true, where the Spartan was wholly Spartan, where, by habit and association, he had learned to love the severities of the existence that surrounded him, and where the routine of duties which took him from his home, whether for exercises or the public tables, made yet more precious the hours of rest and intimate intercourse with his family; for the gay pleasures and lewd resorts of other Greek cities were not known to the Spartan. Not for him were the cook-shops and baths and revels of Ionian idlers. When the State ceased to claim him, he had nothing but his Home.

As Lysander thus exclaimed, the door of the room had opened noiselessly, and Agesilaus stood unperceived at the entrance, and overheard his son. His face brightened singularly at Lysander’s words. He came forward and opened his arms.

“ Embrace me now, my boy! my brave boy! embrace me now! The Ephors are not here.”

Lysander turned, sprang up, and was in his father's arms.

"So thou art not changed. Byzantium has not spoiled thee. Thy name is uttered with praise unmixed with fear. All Persia's gold, all the great king's satrapies could not Medize my Lysander. Ah," continued the father, turning to his wife, "who could have predicted the happiness of this hour? Poor child! he was born sickly. Hera had already given us more sons than we could provide for, ere our lands were increased by the death of thy childless relatives. Wife, wife! when the family council ordained him to be exposed on Taygetus, when thou didst hide thyself lest thy tears should be seen, and my voice trembled as I said 'Be the laws obeyed,' who could have guessed that the Gods would yet preserve him to be the pride of our house? Blessed be Zeus the savior and Hercules the warrior!"

"And," said the mother, "blessed be Pausanias, the descendant of Hercules, who took the forlorn infant to his father's home, and who has reared him now to be the example of Spartan youths."

"Ah," said Lysander, looking up into his father's eyes, "if I can ever be worthy of your love, O my father, forget not, I pray thee, that it is to Pausanias I owe life, home, and a Spartan's glorious destiny."

"I forget it not," answered Agesilaus, with a mournful and serious expression of countenance. "And on this I would speak to thee. Thy mother must spare thee awhile to me. Come, I lean on thy shoulder instead of my staff."

Agesilaus led his son into the large hall, which was the main chamber of the house; and, pacing up and down the wide and solitary floor, questioned him closely

as to the truth of the stories respecting the Regent which had reached the Ephors.

"Thou must speak with naked heart to me," said Agesilaus; "for I tell thee that, if I am Spartan, I am also man and father; and I would serve him, who saved thy life and taught thee how to fight for thy country, in every way that may be lawful to a Spartan and a Greek."

Thus addressed, and convinced of his father's sincerity, Lysander replied with ingenuous and brief simplicity. He granted that Pausanias had exposed himself with a haughty imprudence, which it was difficult to account for, to the charges of the Ionians. "But," he added, with that shrewd observation which his affection for Pausanias rather than his experience of human nature had taught him,—"but we must remember that in Pausanias we are dealing with no ordinary man. If he has faults of judgment, which a Spartan rarely commits, he has, O my father, a force of intellect and passion which a Spartan as rarely knows. Shall I tell you the truth? Our State is too small for him. But would it not have been too small for Hercules? Would the laws of Ægimius have permitted Hercules to perform his labors and achieve his conquests? This vast and fiery nature suddenly released from the cramps of our customs, which Pausanias never in his youth regarded save as galling, expands itself, as an eagle long caged would outspread its wings."

"I comprehend," said Agesilaus thoughtfully, and somewhat sadly. "There have been moments in my own life when I regarded Sparta as a prison. In my early manhood I was sent on a mission to Corinth. Its pleasures, its wild tumult of gay license dazzled and inebriated me. I said, 'This it is to live.' I came

back to Sparta sullen and discontented. But then, happily, I saw thy mother at the festival of Diana; we loved each other, we married, — and when I was permitted to take her to my home, I became sobered and was a Spartan again. I comprehend. Poor Pausanias! But luxury and pleasure, though they charm awhile, do not fill up the whole of a soul like that of our Heracleid. From these he may recover; but Ambition, — that is the true liver of Tantalus, and grows larger under the beak that feeds on it. What is his ambition, if Sparta be too small for him?"

"I think his ambition would be to make Sparta as big as himself."

Agesilaus stroked his chin musingly.

"And how?"

"I cannot tell, I can only guess. But the Persian war, if I may judge by what I hear and see, cannot roll away and leave the boundaries of each Greek State the same. Two States now stand forth prominent, Athens and Sparta. Themistocles and Cimon aim at making Athens the head of Hellas. Perhaps Pausanias aims to effect for Sparta what they would effect for Athens."

"And what thinkest thou of such a scheme?"

"Ask me not. I am too young, too inexperienced, and perhaps too Spartan to answer rightly."

"Too Spartan, because thou art too covetous of power for Sparta."

"Too Spartan, because I may be too anxious to keep Sparta what she is."

Agesilaus smiled. "We are of the same mind, my son. Think not that the rocky defiles which enclose us shut out from our minds all the ideas that new circumstance strikes from Time. I have meditated on what thou sayest Pausanias may scheme. It is true that the

invasion of the Mede must tend to raise up one State in Greece to which the others will look for a head. I have asked myself, can Sparta be that State? and my reason tells me, no. Sparta is lost if she attempt it. She may become something else, but she cannot be Sparta. Such a State must become maritime, and depend on fleets. Our inland situation forbids this. True we have ports in which the Periœci flourish; but did we use them for a permanent policy the Periœci must become our masters. These five villages would be abandoned for a mart on the sea-shore. This mother of men would be no more. A State that so aspires must have ample wealth at its command. We have none. We might raise tribute from other Greek cities, but for that purpose we must have fleets again, to overawe and compel, for no tribute will be long voluntary. A State that would be the active governor of Hellas must have lives to spare in abundance. We have none, unless we always do hereafter as we did at Platæa, raise an army of Helots, — seven Helots to one Spartan. How long, if we did so, would the Helots obey us, and meanwhile how would our lands be cultivated? A State that would be the centre of Greece, must cultivate all that can charm and allure strangers. We banish strangers, and what charms and allure them would womanize us. More than all, a State that would obtain the sympathies of the turbulent Hellenic populations, must have the most popular institutions. It must be governed by a Demus. We are an Oligarchic Aristocracy, — a disciplined camp of warriors, not a licentious Agora. Therefore, Sparta cannot assume the head of a Greek Confederacy except in the rare seasons of actual war; and the attempt to make her the head of such a confederacy would cause changes so repugnant to

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our manners and habits, that it would be fraught with destruction to him who made the attempt, or to us if he succeeded. Wherefore, to sum up, the ambition of Pausanias is in this impracticable, and must be opposed."

"And Athens," cried Lysander, with a slight pang of natural and national jealousy,—"Athens then must wrest from Pausanias the hegemony he now holds for Sparta, and Athens must be what the Athenian ambition covets."

"We cannot help it,—she must; but can it last?—Impossible. And woe to her if she ever comes in contact with the bronze of Laconian shields. But in the mean while, what is to be done with this great and awful Heracleid? They accuse him of Medizing, of secret conspiracy with Persia itself. Can that be possible?

"If so, it is but to use Persia on behalf of Sparta. If he would subdue Greece, it is not for the king,—it is for the race of Hercules."

"Ay, ay, ay," cried Agesilaus, shading his face with his hand. "All becomes clear to me now. Listen. Did I openly defend Pausanias before the Ephors, I should injure his cause. But when they talk of his betraying Hellas and Sparta, I place before them nakedly and broadly their duty if that charge be true. For if true, O my son, Pausanias must die as criminals die."

"Die—criminal—an Heracleid—king's blood—the victor of Platæa—my friend Pausanias!"

"Rather he than Sparta. What sayest thou?"

"Neither, neither," exclaimed Lysander, wringing his hands,—"impossible both."

"Impossible both, be it so. I place before the

Ephors the terrors of accrediting that charge, in order that they may repudiate it. For the lesser ones, it matters not; he is in no danger there, save that of fine. And his gold," added Agesilaus with a curved lip of disdain, "will both condemn and save him. For the rest, I would spare him the dishonor of being publicly recalled; and, to say truth, I would save Sparta the peril she might incur from his wrath, if she inflicted on him that slight. But mark me, he himself must resign his command, voluntarily, and return to Sparta. Better so for him and his pride, for he cannot keep the hegemony against the will of the Ionians, whose fleet is so much larger than ours, and it is to his gain if his successor lose it, not he. But better, not only for his pride, but for his glory and his name, that he should come from these scenes of fierce temptation, and, since birth made him a Spartan, learn here again to conform to what he cannot change. I have spoken thus plainly to thee. Use the words I have uttered as thou best may, after thy return to Pausanias, which I will strive to make speedy. But while we talk there goes on danger—danger still of his abrupt recall—for there are those who will seize every excuse for it. Enough of these grave matters: the sun is sinking towards the west, and thy companions await thee at thy feast; mine will be eager to greet me on thy return, and thy little-brothers, who go with me to my pheidition, will hear thee so praised that they will long for the *crýpteia*,—long to be men, and find some future Platæa for themselves. May the Gods forbid it! War is a terribleunsettler. Time saps States as a tide the cliff. War is an inundation, and when it ebbs, a landmark has vanished."

CHAPTER V.

NOTHING so largely contributed to the peculiar character of Spartan society as the uniform custom of taking the principal meal at a public table. It conduced to four objects: the precise status of aristocracy, since each table was formed according to title and rank; equality among aristocrats, since each at the same table was held the equal of the other; military union, for as they feasted so they fought, being formed into divisions in the field according as they messed together at home; and lastly, that sort of fellowship in public opinion which intimate association amongst those of the same rank and habit naturally occasions. These tables in Sparta were supplied by private contributions; each head of a family was obliged to send a certain portion at his own cost, and according to the number of his children. If his fortune did not allow him to do this, he was excluded from the public tables. Hence a certain fortune was indispensable to the pure Spartan, and this was one reason why it was permitted to expose infants if the family threatened to be too large for the father's means. The general arrangements were divided into syssitia, according, perhaps, to the number of families, and correspondent to the divisions or obes acknowledged by the State. But these larger sections were again subdivided into companies or clubs of fifteen, vacancies being filled up by ballot; but one vote could exclude. And since, as we have said, the companies were marshalled in the field according to their association at the

table, it is clear that fathers of grave years and of high station (station in Sparta increased with years) could not have belonged to the same table as the young men, their sons. Their boys under a certain age they took to their own pheiditia, where the children sat upon a lower bench, and partook of the simplest dishes of the fare.

Though the cheer at these public tables was habitually plain, yet upon occasion it was enriched by presents to the after-course, of game and fruit.

Lysander was received by his old comrades with that cordiality in which was mingled for the first time a certain manly respect, due to feats in battle, and so flattering to the young.

The prayer to the gods, correspondent to the modern grace, and the pious libations being concluded, the attendant Helots served the black broth, and the party fell to, with the appetite produced by hardy exercise and mountain air.

“What do the allies say to the black broth?” asked a young Spartan.

“They do not comprehend its merits,” answered Lysander.

CHAPTER VI.

EVERYTHING in the familiar life to which he had returned delighted the young Lysander; but for anxious thoughts about Pausanias, he would have been supremely blessed. To him the various scenes of his early years brought no associations of the restraint and harshness which revolted the more luxurious nature and the fiercer genius of Pausanias. The plunge into the frigid waters of Eurotas,—the sole bath permitted to the Spartans¹ at a time when the rest of Greece had already carried the art of bathing into voluptuous refinement; the sight of the vehement contests of the boys, drawn up as in battle, at the game of football, or in detached engagements, sparing each other so little, that the popular belief out of Sparta was that they were permitted to tear out each other's eyes,² but subjecting strength to every skilful art that gymnastics could teach; the mimic war on the island, near the antique trees of the Plane Garden, waged with weapons of wood and blunted iron, and the march regulated to the music of flutes and lyres; nay, even the sight of the stern altar, at which boys had learned to bear the anguish of stripes without a murmur,—all produced in this primitive and

¹ Except occasionally the dry, sudorific bath, all warm bathing was strictly forbidden as enervating.

² An evident exaggeration. The Spartans had too great a regard for the physical gifts as essential to warlike uses, to permit cruelties that would have blinded their young warriors. And they even forbade the practice of the paneratium as ferocious and needlessly dangerous to life.

intensely national intelligence an increased admiration for the ancestral laws, which, carrying patience, fortitude, address, and strength to the utmost perfection, had formed a handful of men into the calm lords of a fierce population, and placed the fenceless villages of Sparta beyond a fear of the external assaults and the civil revolutions which perpetually stormed the citadels and agitated the market-places of Hellenic cities. His was not the mind to perceive that much was relinquished for the sake of that which was gained, or to comprehend that there was more which consecrates humanity in one stormy day of Athens, than in a serene century of iron Lacedæmon. But there is ever beauty of soul where there is enthusiastic love of country; and the young Spartan was wise in his own Dorian way.

The religious festival which had provided the Ephors with an excuse for delaying their answer to the Ionian envoys occupied the city. The youths and the maidens met in the sacred chorus; and Lysander, standing by amidst the gazers, suddenly felt his heart beat. A boy pulled him by the skirt of his mantle.

"Lysander, hast thou yet scolded Percalus?" said the boy's voice, archly.

"My young friend," answered Lysander, coloring high, "Percalus hath vouchsafed me as yet no occasion; and, indeed, she alone, of all the friends whom I left behind, does not seem to recognize me."

His eyes, as he spoke, rested with a mute reproach in their gaze on the form of a virgin, who had just paused in the choral dance, and whose looks were bent obdurately on the ground. Her luxuriant hair was drawn upward from cheek and brow, braided into a knot at the crown of the head, in the fashion so trying to those

who have neither bloom nor beauty, so exquisitely becoming to those who have both; and the maiden, even amid Spartan girls, was pre-eminently lovely. It is true that the sun had somewhat embrowned the smooth cheek; but the stately throat and the rounded arms were admirably fair, — not, indeed, with the pale and dead whiteness which the Ionian women sought to obtain by art, but with the delicate rose-hue of Hebe's youth. Her garment of snow-white wool, fastened over both shoulders with large, golden clasps, was without sleeves, fitting not too tightly to the harmonious form, and leaving more than the ankle free to the easy glide of the dance. Taller than Hellenic women usually were, but about the average height of her Spartan companions, her shape was that which the sculptors give to Artemis. Light and feminine and virginlike, but with all the rich vitality of a divine youth, with a force, not indeed of a man, but such as art would give to the goddess whose step bounds over the mountain top, and whose arm can launch the shaft from the silver bow, — yet was there something in the mien and face of Percalus more subdued and bashful than in those of most of the girls around her; and, as if her ear had caught Lysander's words, a smile just now played round her lips, and gave to all the countenance a wonderful sweetness. Then, as it became her turn once more to join in the circling measure, she lifted her eyes, directed them full upon the young Spartan, and the eyes said plainly, "Ungrateful! I forget thee! I!"

It was but one glance, and she seemed again wholly intent upon the dance; but Lysander felt as if he had tasted the nectar, and caught a glimpse of the courts of the Gods. No further approach was made by either,

although intervals in the evening permitted it. But if on the one hand there was in Sparta an intercourse between the youth of both sexes wholly unknown in most of the Grecian States, and if that intercourse made marriages of love especially more common there than elsewhere, yet, when love did actually exist, and was acknowledged by some young pair, they shunned public notice; the passion became a secret, or confidants to it were few. Then came the charm of stealth:—to woo and to win, as if the treasure were to be robbed by a lover from the Heaven unknown to man. Accordingly Lysander now mixed with the spectators, conversed cheerfully, only at distant intervals permitted his eyes to turn to Percalus, and when her part in the chorus had concluded, a sign, undetected by others, seemed to have been exchanged between them, and, a little while after, Lysander had disappeared from the assembly.

He wandered down the street called the Aphetais, and after a little while the way became perfectly still and lonely, for the inhabitants had crowded to the sacred festival, and the houses lay quiet and scattered. So he went on, passing the ancient temple in which Ulysses is said to have dedicated a statue in honor of his victory in the race over the suitors of Penelope, and paused where the ground lay bare and rugged around many a monument to the fabled chiefs of the heroic age. Upon a crag that jutted over a silent hollow, covered with oleander and arbute and here and there the wild rose, the young lover sat down, waiting patiently; for the eyes of Percalus had told him he should not wait in vain. Afar he saw, in the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere, the Tænarium or Temple of Neptune, unprophetic of the dark connection that shrine would hereafter have with him whom

he then honored as a chief worthy, after death, of a monument amidst those heroes: and the gale that cooled his forehead wandered to him from the field of the Hellanium in which the envoys of Greece had taken council how to oppose the march of Xerxes, when his myriads first poured into Europe.

Alas, all the great passions that distinguished race from race pass away in the tide of generations. The enthusiasm of soul which gives us heroes and demigods for ancestors, and hallows their empty tombs; the vigor of thoughtful freedom which guards the soil from invasion, and shivers force upon the edge of intelligence; the heroic age and the civilized alike depart; and he who wanders through the glens of Laconia can scarcely guess where was the monument of Lelex, or the field of the Hellanium. And yet on the same spot where sat the young Spartan warrior, waiting for the steps of the beloved one, may, at this very hour, some rustic lover be seated, with a heart beating with like emotions, and an ear listening for as light a tread. Love alone never passes away from the spot where its footstep hath once pressed the earth, and reclaimed the savage. Traditions, freedom, the thirst for glory, art, laws, creeds, vanish; but the eye thrills the breast, and hand warms to hand, as before the name of Lycurgus was heard, or Helen was borne a bride to the home of Menelaus. Under the influence of this power, then, something of youth is still retained by nations the most worn with time. But the power thus eternal in nations is shortlived for the individual being. Brief, indeed, in the life of each is that season which lasts forever in the life of all. From the old age of nations glory fades away; but in their utmost decrepitude there is still a generation young enough to love. To the individual

man, however, glory alone remains when the snows of ages have fallen, and love is but the memory of a boyish dream. No wonder that the Greek genius, half incredulous of the soul, clung with such tenacity to youth. What a sigh from the heart of the old sensuous world breathes in the strain of Mimnermus, bewailing with so fierce and so deep a sorrow the advent of the years in which man is loved no more!

Lysander's eye was still along the solitary road, when he heard a low, musical laugh behind him. He started in surprise, and beheld Percalus. Her mirth was increased by his astonished gaze, till, in revenge, he caught both her hands, and drawing her towards him, kissed, not without a struggle, the lips into serious gravity. Extricating herself from him, the maiden put on an air of offended dignity, and Lysander, abashed at his own audacity, muttered some broken words of penitence.

"But indeed," he added, as he saw the cloud vanishing from her brow, — "indeed thou wert so provoking, and so irresistibly beauteous. And how camest thou here, as if thou hadst dropped from the heavens?"

"Didst thou think," answered Percalus demurely, "that I could be suspected of following thee? Nay; I tarried till I could accompany Euryclea to her home yonder, and then slipping from her by her door, I came across the grass and the glen to search for the arrow shot yesterday in the hollow below thee." So saying, she tripped from the crag by his side into the nooked recess below, which was all out of sight, in case some passenger should pass the road, and where, stooping down, she seemed to busy herself in searching for the shaft amidst the odorous shrubs.

Lysander was not slow in following her footstep.

"Thine arrow is here," said he, placing his hand to his heart.

"Fie! The Ionian poets teach thee these compliments."

"Not so. Who hath sung more of Love and his arrows than our own Alcman?"

"Mean you the Regent's favorite brother?"

"Oh, no! The ancient Alcman; the poet whom even the Ephors sanction."

Percalus ceased to seek for the arrow, and they seated themselves on a little knoll in the hollow, side by side, and frankly she gave him her hand, and listened, with rosy cheek and rising bosom, to his honest wooing. He told her truly, how her image had been with him in the strange lands; how faithful he had been to the absent, amidst all the beauties of the Isles and of the East. He reminded her of their early days, — how, even as children, each had sought the other. He spoke of his doubts, his fears, lest he should find himself forgotten or replaced; and how overjoyed he had been when at last her eye replied to his.

"And we understood each other so well, did we not, Percalus? Here we have so often met before; here we parted last; here thou knewest I should go; here I knew that I might await thee."

Percalus did not answer at much length, but what she said sufficed to enchant her lover. For the education of a Spartan maid did not favor the affected concealment of real feelings. It could not, indeed, banish what Nature prescribes to women: the modest self-esteem; the difficulty to utter by word, what eye and blush reveal; nor, perhaps, something of that arch and innocent malice, which enjoys to taste the power which beauty exercises before the warm heart will

freely acknowledge the power which sways itself. But the girl, though a little wilful and high-spirited, was a candid, pure, and noble creature, and too proud of being loved by Lysander to feel more than a maiden's shame to confess her own.

"And when I return," said the Spartan, "ah, then look out and take care; for I shall speak to thy father, gain his consent to our betrothal, and then carry thee away, despite all thy struggles, to the bridesmaid, and these long locks, alas, will fall."

"I thank thee for thy warning, and will find my arrow in time to guard myself," said Percalus, turning away her face, but holding up her hand in pretty menace; "but where is the arrow? I must make haste and find it."

"Thou wilt have time enough, courteous Amazon, in mine absence, for I must soon return to Byzantium."

Percalus. "Art thou so sure of that?"

Lysander. "Why,—dost thou doubt it?"

Percalus (rising and moving the arbute boughs aside with the tip of her sandal). "And, unless thou wouldest wait very long for my father's consent, perchance thou mayst have to ask for it very soon,—too soon to prepare thy courage for so great a peril."

Lysander (perplexed). "What canst thou mean? By all the Gods, I pray thee speak plain."

Percalus. "If Pausanias be recalled, wouldest thou still go to Byzantium?"

Lysander. "No; but I think the Ephors have decided not so to discredit their General."

Percalus (shaking her head incredulously). "Count not on their decision so surely, valiant warrior; and suppose that Pausanias is recalled, and that some one else, is sent in his place whose absence would prevent

thy obtaining that consent thou covetest, and so frustrate thy designs on — on — (she added, blushing scarlet) — on these poor locks of mine."

Lysander (starting). "Oh, *Percalus*, do I conceive thee aright? Hast thou any reason to think that thy father *Dorcis* will be sent to replace *Pausanias*, — the great *Pausanias*!"

Percalus (a little offended at a tone of expression which seemed to slight her father's pretensions). " *Dorcis*, my father, is a warrior whom Sparta reckons second to none; a most brave captain, and every inch a Spartan; but — but — "

Lysander. " *Percalus*, do not trifle with me. Thou knowest how my fate has been linked to the Regent's. Thou must have intelligence not shared even by my father, himself an *Ephor*. — What is it?"

Percalus. "Thou wilt be secret, my *Lysander*, for what I may tell thee I can only learn at the hearth-stone."

Lysander. "Fear me not. Is not all between us a secret?"

Percalus. "Well, then, *Pericles* and my father, as thou art aware, are near kinsmen. And when the Ionian envoys first arrived, it was my father who was specially appointed to see to their fitting entertainment. And that same night I overheard *Dorcis* say to my mother, 'If I could succeed *Pausanias*, and conclude this war, I should be consoled for not having commanded at *Plataea*.' And my mother, who is proud for her husband's glory, as a woman should be, said, 'Why not strain every nerve as for a crown in *Olympia*? *Pericles* will aid thee, — thou wilt win.' "

Lysander. "But that was the first night of the Ionians' arrival."

Percalus. “ Since then I believe that thy father and others of the Ephors overruled Periclides and Zeuxidamus, for I have heard all that passed between my father and mother on the subject. But early this morning, while my mother was assisting to attire me for the festival, Periclides himself called at our house, and before I came from home, my mother, after a short conference with Dorcis, said to me, in the exuberance of her joy, ‘ Go, child, and call here all the maidens, as thy father ere long will go to outshine all the Grecian chiefs.’ So that if my father does go, thou wilt remain in Sparta. Then, my beloved Lysander—and—and—but what ails thee? Is that thought so sorrowful ? ”

Lysander. “ Pardon me, pardon: thou art a Spartan maid; thou must comprehend what should be felt by a Spartan soldier when he thinks of humiliation and ingratitude to his chief. Gods! the man who rolled back the storm of the Mede to be insulted in the face of Hellas by the government of his native city! The blush of shame upon his cheek burns my own.”

The warrior bowed his face in his clasped hands.

Not a resentful thought natural to female vanity and exacting affection then crossed the mind of the Spartan girl. She felt at once, by the sympathy of kindred nurture, all that was torturing her lover. She was even prouder of him that he forgot her for the moment to be so truthful to his chief; and abandoning the innocent coyness she had before shown, she put her arm round his neck with a pure and sisterly fondness, and, kissing his brow, whispered soothingly, “ It is for me to ask pardon, that I did not think of this,—that I spoke so foolishly; but comfort,—thy chief is not disgraced even by recall. Let them recall Pausanias,—they cannot recall his glory. When, in Sparta, did

we ever hold a brave man discredited by obedience to the government? None are disgraced who do not disgrace themselves."

"Ah! my Percalus, so I should say; but so will not think Pausanias, nor the allies; and in this slight to him I see the shadow of the Erinnys. But it may not be true yet; nor can Periclides of himself dispose thus of the Lacedæmonian armies."

"We will hope so, dear Lysander," said Percalus, who, born to be man's helpmate, then only thought of consoling and cheering him. "And if thou dost return to the camp, tarry as long as thou wilt, thou wilt find Percalus the same."

"The gods bless thee, maiden!" said Lysander, with grateful passion, "and blessed be the State that rears such women; elsewhere Greece knows them not."

"And does Greece elsewhere know such men?" asked Percalus, raising her graceful head. "But so late,—is it possible? See where the shadows are falling! Thou wilt but be in time for thy pheidition. Farewell."

"But when to meet again?"

"Alas! when we can." She sprang lightly away; then, turning her face as she fled, added, "Look out! thou wert taught to steal in thy boyhood, — steal an interview. I will be thy accomplice."

CHAPTER VII.

THAT night, as Agesilaus was leaving the public table at which he supped, Pericles, who was one of the same company, but who had been unusually silent during the entertainment, approached him, and said, "Let us walk towards thy home together; the moon is up, and will betray listeners to our converse should there be any."

"And in default of the moon, thy years, if not yet mine, permit thee a lanthorn, Pericles."

"I have not drunk enough to need it," answered the Chief of the Ephors, with unusual peasantry; "but as thou art the younger man, I will lean on thine arm, so as to be closer to thine ear."

"Thou hast something secret and grave to say, then?"
Pericles nodded.

As they ascended the rugged acclivity, different groups, equally returning home from the public tables, passed them. Though the sacred festival had given excuse for prolonging the evening meal, and the wine-cup had been replenished beyond the abstemious wont, still each little knot of revellers passed, and dispersed in a sober and decorous quiet which perhaps no other eminent city in Greece could have exhibited; young and old equally grave and noiseless. For the Spartan youth, no fair Hetæræ then opened homes adorned with flowers, and gay with wit, no less than alluring with Beauty; but as the streets grew more deserted, there stood in the

thick shadow of some angle, or glided furtively by some winding wall, a bridegroom lover, tarrying till all was still to steal to the arms of the lawful wife, whom for years perhaps he might not openly acknowledge, and carry in triumph to his home.

But not of such young adventurers thought the sage Pericles, though his voice was as low as a lover's "hist!" and his step as stealthy as a bridegroom's tread.

"My friend," said he, "with the faint gray of the dawn there comes to my house a new messenger from the camp, and the tidings he brings change all our decisions. The Festival does not permit us as Ephors to meet in public, or, at least, I think thou wilt agree with me it is more prudent not to do so. All we should do now, should be in strict privacy."

"But hush! from whom the message, — Pausanias?"

"No; from Aristides the Athenian."

"And to what effect?"

"The Ionians have revolted from the Spartan hegemony, and ranged themselves under the Athenian flag."

"Gods! what I feared has already come to pass."

"And Aristides writes to me, with whom you remember that he has the hospitable ties, that the Athenians cannot abandon their Ionian allies and kindred who thus appeal to them, and that if Pausanias remain, open war may break out between the two divisions into which the fleet of Hellas is now rent."

"This must not be, for it would be war at sea; we and the Peloponnesians have far the fewer vessels, the less able seamen. Sparta would be conquered."

"Rather than Sparta should be conquered, must we not recall her General?"

"I would give all my lands, and sink out of the rank of Equal, that this had not chanced," said Agesilaus, bitterly.

"Hist! hist! not so loud."

"I had hoped we might induce the Regent himself to resign the command, and so have been spared the shame and the pain of an act that affects the hero-blood of our kings. Could not that be done yet?"

"Dost thou think so? Pausanias resign in the midst of a mutiny? Thou canst not know the man."

"Thou art right, — impossible. I see no option now. He must be recalled. But the Spartan hegemony is then gone — gone forever, gone to Athens."

"Not so. Sparta hath many a worthy son beside this too arrogant Heracleid."

"Yes; but where his genius of command? — where his immense renown? — where a man, I say, not in Sparta, but in all Greece, fit to cope with Aristides and Cimon in the camp, with Themistocles in the city of our rivals? If Pausanias fails, who succeeds?"

"Be not deceived. What must be, must; it is but a little time earlier than Necessity would have fixed. Wouldst thou take the command?"

"I? The Gods forbid."

"Then, if thou wilt not, I know but one man."

"And who is he?"

"Dorcis."

Agesilaus started, and, by the light of the moon, gazed full upon the face of the chief Ephor.

"Thy kinsman, Dorcis? Ah! Pericles, hast thou schemed this from the first?"

Pericles changed color at finding himself thus abruptly detected, and as abruptly charged; however, he answered with laconic dryness, —

"Friend, did I scheme the revolt of the Ionians? But if thou knowest a better man than Dorcis, speak. Is he not brave?"

"Yes."

"Skilful?"

"No. Tut! thou art as conscious as I am that thou mightest as well compare the hat on thy brow to the brain it hides as liken the stolid Dorcis to the fiery but profound Heracleid."

"Ay, ay. But there is one merit the hat has which the brow has not,—it can do no harm. Shall we send our chiefs to be made worse men by Eastern manners? Dorcis has dull wit, granted; no arts can corrupt it; he may not save the hegemony, but he will return as he went, a Spartan."

"Thou art right again, and a wise man, Pericles. I submit. Thou hast my vote for Dorcis. What else hast thou designed? for I see now that whatever thou designest that wilt thou accomplish; and our meeting on the Archeion is but an idle form."

"Nay, nay," said Pericles, with his austere smile; "thou givest me a wit and a will that I have not. But as chief of the Ephors I watch over the State. And though I design nothing, this I would counsel,—on the day we answer the Ionians, we shall tell them, 'What ye ask, we long since proposed to do. And Dorcis is already on the seas as successor to Pausanias.'"

"When will Dorcis leave?" said Agesilaus, curtly.

"If the other Ephors concur, to-morrow night."

"Here we are at my doors,—wilt thou not enter?"

"No; I have others yet to see. I knew we should be of the same mind."

Agesilaus made no reply; but as he entered the court yard of his house, he muttered uneasily,—

“ And if Lysander is right, and Sparta is too small for Pausanias, do not we bring back a giant who will widen it to his own girth, and raze the old foundations to make room for the buildings he would add ? ”

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(UNFINISHED.)

THE pages covered by the manuscript of this uncompleted story of "Pausanias" are scarcely more numerous than those which its author has filled with the notes made by him from works consulted with special reference to the subject of it. Those notes (upon Greek and Persian antiquities) are wholly without interest for the general public. They illustrate the author's conscientious industry, but they afford no clew to the plot of his romance. Under the saw-dust, however, thus fallen in the industrial process of an imaginative work, unhappily unfinished, I have found two specimens of original composition. They are rough sketches of songs expressly composed for "Pausanias;" and, since they are not included in the foregoing portion of it, I think they may properly be added here. The unrhymed lyrics introduced by my father into some of the opening chapters of this romance appear to have been suggested by some fragments of Mimnermus, and composed about the same time as "The Lost Tales of Miletus." Indeed, one of them has been already printed in that work. The following verses, however, which are rhymed, bear evidence of having been composed at a much earlier period. I know not whether it was my father's intention to discard them altogether, or to alter them materially, or to insert them without alteration in some later portion of the romance; but I print them here precisely as they are written.

L.

FOR PAUSANIAS.

Partially borrowed from Aristophanes' "Peace," v. 1127, etc.

Away, away, with the helm and greaves,
 Away with the leeks and cheese!¹
 I have conquer'd my passion for wounds and blows,
 And the worst that I wish to the worst of my foes
 Is the glory and gain
 Of a year's campaign
 On a diet of leeks and cheese.

I love to drink by my own warm hearth,
 Nourished with logs from the pine-clad heights,
 Which were hewn in the blaze of the summer sun
 To treasure his rays for the winter nights
 On the hearth where my grandam spun.

I love to drink of the grape I press,
 And to drink with a friend of yore ;
 Quick ! bring me a bough from the myrtle tree
 Which is budding afresh by Nicander's door.
 Tell Nicander himself he must sup with me,
 And along with the bough from his myrtle tree
 We will circle the lute, in a choral glee
 To the goddess of corn and peace.
 For Nicander and I were fast friends at school.
 Here he comes ! We are boys once more.

When the grasshopper chants in the bells of thyme
 I love to watch if the Lemnian grape²

¹ Τυροῦ τε καὶ κρομμύων. Cheese and onions, the rations furnished to soldiers in campaign.

² It ripened earlier than the others. The words of the Chorus are, τὰς Λημνίας ἀμπέλους εἰ πεπαίνουσιν ἥδη.

Is donning the purple that decks its prime
 And, as I sit at my porch to see,
 With my little one trying to scale my knee,
 To join in the grasshopper's chant, and sing
 To Apollo and Pan from the heart of Spring.¹

Listen, O list !

Hear ye not, neighbors, the voice of Peace ?
 " The swallow I hear in the household eaves."
 Io Ægien ! Peace !
 " And the skylark at poise o'er the bended sheaves,"
 Io Ægien ! Peace !

Here and there, everywhere, hear we Peace,
 Hear her, and see her, and clasp her, — Peace !
 The grasshopper chants in the bells of thyme,
 And the halcyon is back to her nest in Greece !

IN PRAISE OF THE ATHENIAN KNIGHTS.

Imitated from the "Knights" of Aristophanes, v. 565, etc.

CHANT the fame of the Knights, or in war or in peace,
 Chant the darlings of Athens,² the bulwarks of Greece,
 Pressing foremost to glory, on wave and on shore,
 Where the steed has no footing they win with the oar.³

On their bosoms the battle splits, wasting its shock.
 If they charge like the whirlwind, they stand like the rock,

¹ Variation, —

“ What a blessing is life in a noon of Spring.”

² Variation, —

“ The adorners of Athens, the bulwarks of Greece.”

³ Variation, —

“ Keenest races to glory, on wave or on shore,
 By the rush of the steed or the stroke of the oar !”

Ha ! they count not the numbers, they scan not the ground,
When a foe comes in sight on his lances they bound.

Fails a foot in its speed ? heed it not. One and all¹
Spurn the earth that they spring from, and own not a fall.
Oh, the darlings of Athens, the bulwarks of Greece,
Wherfore envy the lovelocks they perfume in peace !

Wherfore scowl if they fondle a quail or a dove,
Or inscribe on a myrtle the names that they love ?
Does Alcides not teach us how valor is mild ?
Lo, at rest from his labors he plays with a child.

When the slayer of Python has put down his bow,
By his lute and his lovelocks Apollo we know.
Fear'd, O rowers, those gallants their beauty to spoil
When they sat on your benches, and shared in your toil !

When with laughter they row'd to your cry " Hippopai,"
" On, ye coursers of wood, for the palm wreath, away ! "
Did those dainty youths ask you to store in your holds
Or a cask from their crypt or a lamb from their folds ?

No, they cried, " We are here both to fight and to fast,
Place us first in the fight, at the board serve us last !
Wheresoever is peril, we knights lead the way,
Wheresoever is hardship, we claim it as pay.

" Call us proud, O Athenians, we know it full well,
And we give you the life we 're too haughty to sell."
Hail the stoutest in war, hail the mildest in peace,
Hail the darlings of Athens, the bulwarks of Greece !

¹ Variation.—

" Falls there one ? never help him ! Our knights one and all."

